FOR THE MAN OF THE WORLD
oui
SEPTEMBER 1978
$2.00
A NONCELEBRITY INTERVIEW WITH JON VOIGHT
HOW WOMEN FEEL ABOUT THEIR BREASTS
DOWN ON THE FARM WITH DOPE GROWERS
SEX IN THE BACKSEAT
WHY PLUTONIUM IS FOREVER
FASHION ON THE CHEAP

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KING: 19 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine,
100's: 19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine,
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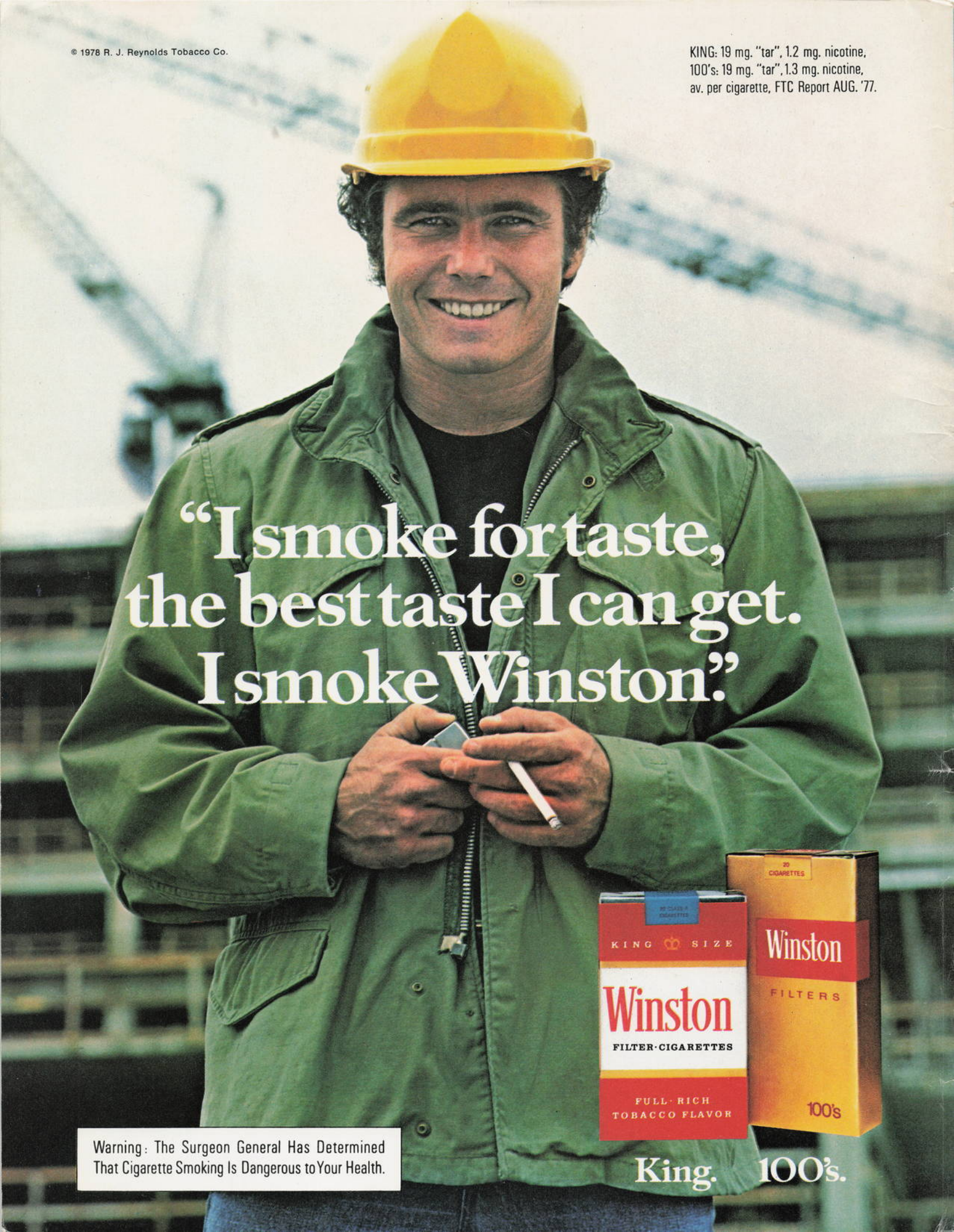

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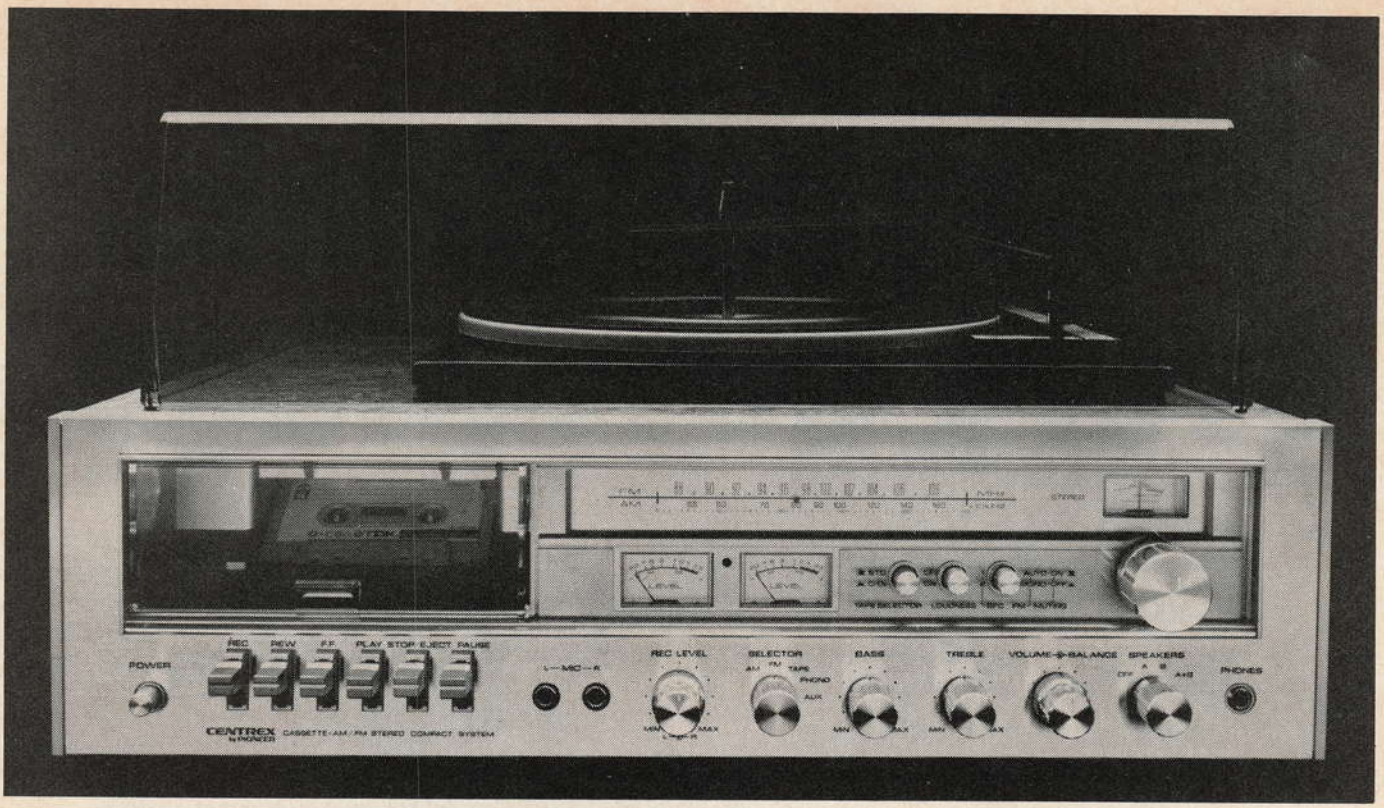
King. 100's.



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VOLUME 7 NUMBER 9

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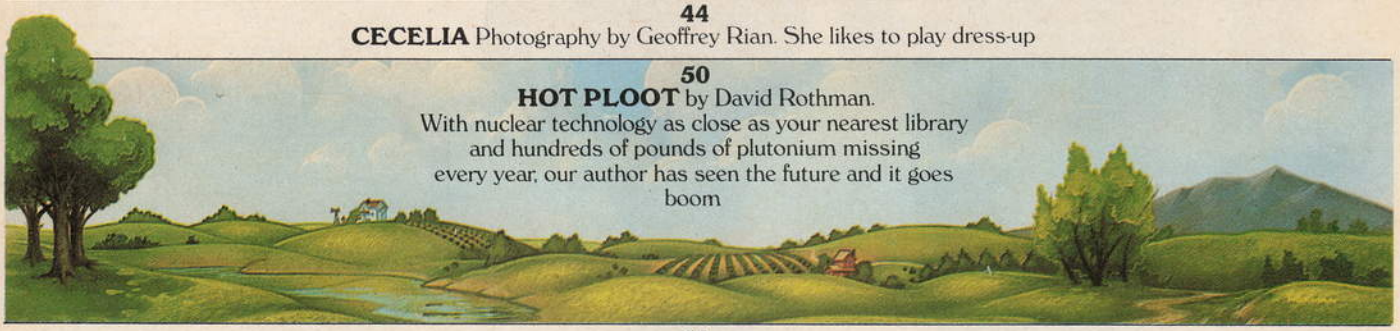
SEPTEMBER 1978

CONTENTS

FEATURES

44
CECELIA Photography by Geoffrey Rian. She likes to play dress-up



50
HOT PLOOT by David Rothman.
With nuclear technology as close as your nearest library and hundreds of pounds of plutonium missing every year, our author has seen the future and it goes boom

54
DR. FARCUS ANSWERS YOUR QUESTIONS ABOUT SEX by Robert Longe. The doctor is out

56
CONFESSIONS OF A RACETRACK JUNKIE by Burton Wolfe. An addiction to horse

60
JILL Photography by Eric Müller. Model behavior

70
A CONVERSATION WITH JON VOIGHT by Larry Grobel. Strength in gentleness

74 TITS
by Bury St. Edmund.
Most women have two apiece, but how do they

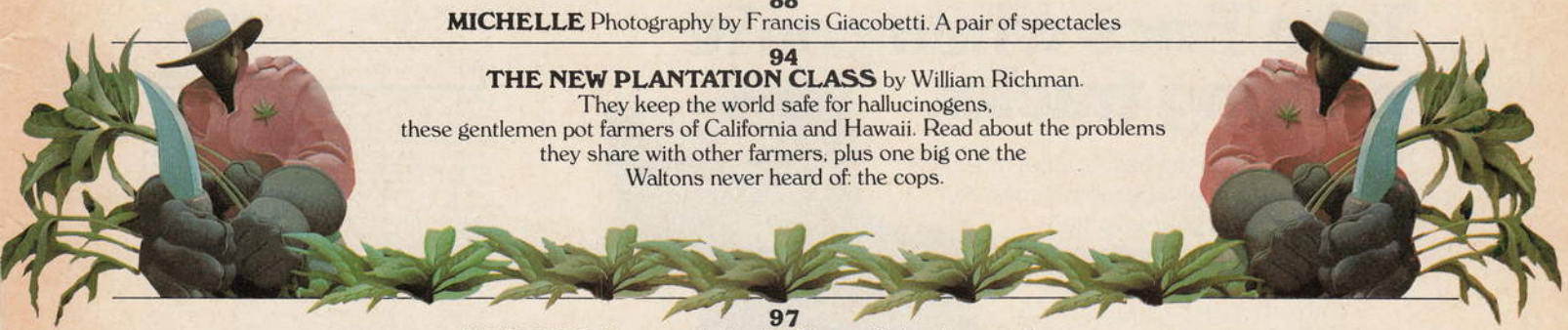
really feel about their breasts? St. Edmund buries himself in research.

78
FASHION: CHIC WITHIN REACH by Judith Smith Dan. Dressed to maim

84
A WIDE-EYED LOOK AT KOREAGATE by Vic Gold. Greed among the Choson People

88
MICHELLE Photography by Francis Giacobetti. A pair of spectacles

94
THE NEW PLANTATION CLASS by William Richman.
They keep the world safe for hallucinogens, these gentlemen pot farmers of California and Hawaii. Read about the problems they share with other farmers, plus one big one the Waltons never heard of: the cops.



97
THE LIMO Photography by Jeff Dunas. Going down on the town

DEPARTMENTS

6
MAIL Boos and cheers from readers

17
OPENERS Dirty dictionary and fun with PCP

25
SEX TAPES Ethnic sex

30
SPORT Intimate relationship with ugly

32
MUSIC The inherent racism in rock

36
FILM How to act artsy and fartsy

38
PRINT Should a straight read a gay novel?

40
MONEY Reading stocks

109
WHO Anita Ekberg puts on a few pounds

136
CLOSERS Last word in photography

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COVER: Fashion model Cynthia Mobley had a hard time sitting still for our September cover. She's an exercise buff, who jogs at least two or three miles every day. At night, however, she likes other sports: "I love doing crazy things with my main man when we make love," she told us. "My favorite erotic fantasy is having a ménage à trois with another woman and my boyfriend." Hope he's in shape, too.

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Don't Miss Sept.

This month PLAYBOY checks out the collegiate scene via our annual Pigskin Preview, plus an eye-filling overview of those natural wonders of the West: the Girls of the PAC 10. UCLA's Nancy Medhus here is just one fine example. Also this month, the definitive dope on dope: including a review of the legal and illegal varieties now on the scene, complete with reference chart. You'll also meet the real Sylvester Stallone in a very funny interview, find out what "good in bed" means for some of your favorite celebs, read the strange goings-on that led up to Watergate in a preview from the upcoming book *Spooks* — and, naturally, a lot more. All in September PLAYBOY.

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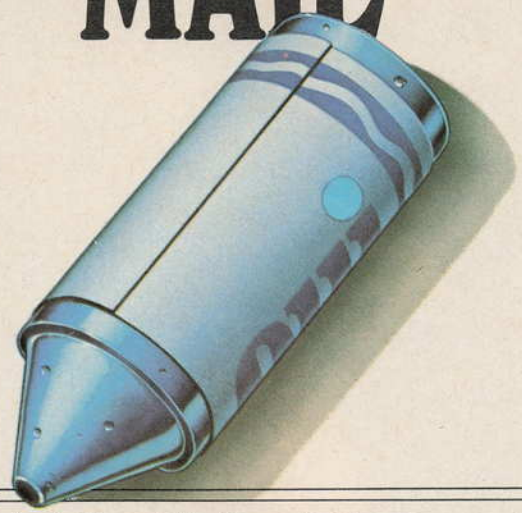


DIRTY HARRY COMES CLEAN

Movie critic Pauline Kael seems to get more actors and actresses upset than any other person in the movie business. Even Clint Eastwood (*A Conversation with Clint Eastwood,* June). I couldn't believe it. Murder, mayhem, spectacular car crashes—none of that bothers him, but some middle-aged critic from *The New Yorker* has him foaming at the mouth. I mean, what Clint Eastwood fan even reads *The New Yorker*? I must say, though, that Eastwood has an unusual way of defending himself. What other major actor gets back at a critic by saying, "She wanted to fuck me"? That Eastwood. He sure is a card. Or a jerk. I'm still not sure which.

DONNA FARBER
Miami, Florida

I'm a Clint Eastwood fan and I don't think there's anything wrong with having violence portrayed in movies. People should know that the world is not all peaches and cream. I know, because I'm writing this letter from the Indiana State Farm.

STEPHEN WYNDROSKI
Greencastle, Indiana

I'm not particularly crazy about Eastwood's movies, but I read the interview in OUI because of the incredible illustration by Alex Ebel. Riveting, absolutely riveting. Eastwood doesn't need to talk; he just needs to *look*. And maybe squint a little. He should take a cue from his early spaghetti Westerns and shut up. He's much more effective that way.

ELIZABETH GANNON
Rye, New York

PAINT YOUR WAGON

In the June *Openers* there's a girl in a painted-on bathing suit who eventually gets it hosed off. I really got a charge out of that. In fact, I think that plain paint will be the clothing of the future. Just imagine, when the temperature is evenly controlled, when we're all cloned into having gorgeous bodies, what better way to have an immediate change of fashion than to get a new coat of paint? I've been trying to convince my girlfriend to be the first to proclaim this new fashion trend, but I can't get the paint to stick to her bod. Is there a special brand that does the job?

B. GIBSON
Los Angeles, California

Use any water-based paint, but dip your brush in a little soap as you spread the stuff on. It'll last for hours—maybe days, if you

can keep your girl out of the tub. Our resident body artist admits, however, that he gets more jollies with his hose than he does with the brush.

BRUSSELL SPROUTS

In *The Mind of Mae Brussell* (May), Paul Krassner asks: "Is 'The Queen of Conspiracy' going to break the JFK case wide open, or is she just a paranoid housewife who likes to clip newspapers?" In my opinion, she is neither. There is often financial benefit to be obtained by becoming nationally known as a fruitcake. Look at those movie stars we know (not to mention politicians and ministers), who make asses of themselves just to get into the paper.

I bear Miss Brussell no ill will—after all, each of us must make a living. I'm quite sure that Mae herself gets quite a laugh from all the attention she receives. I sure hope she does, because I can't really conceive of anyone nuts enough to believe all that conspiracy mess.

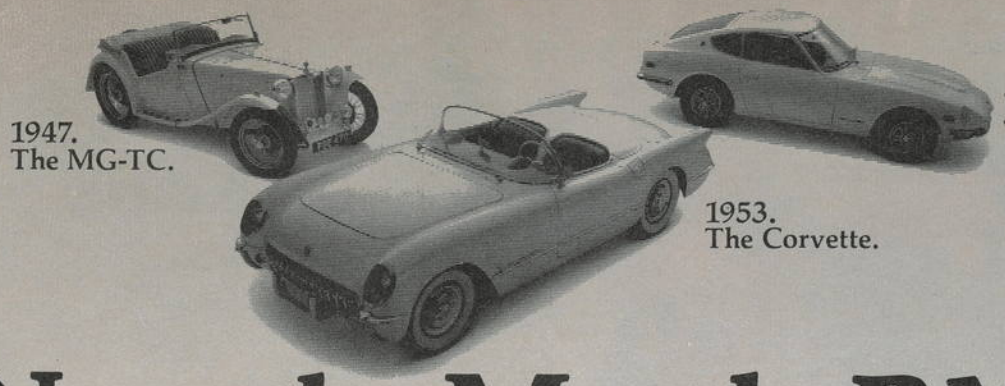
REV. JOHN B. DENSON
St. Augustine, Florida

Brussell replies: "I really can't conceive of anyone nuts enough to believe that there is money to be made by exposing corruption. I certainly haven't made any. Paul Krassner got paid for writing that article but I didn't get a cent. I have outlines for eight books that would break the conspiracy wide open, but I have yet to find a publisher who is interested in more than a superficial touching of the issues. By the way, one of the suggested actions of the FBI, in an effort to attack critics of the Warren Report, was to say that they were just in it to make money."

SNIFFING AT SEX

Howard Rheingold's article on pheromones (*The Smell of Things to Come,* June) really opened my eyes. The beauty and mystery of the world of smell is hinted at by no less than man's best friend, the dog, who prefers to "sniff things out," rather than rely on verbal cues. Dogs would rather take a good long whiff of a ripe, fresh turd than smell the most fragrant flower in the garden. Perhaps, to their highly refined senses, a turd contains volumes of history and melodrama compared to the provincial, prosaic message of the rose. A rose is a rose is a rose, but a piece of shit is something else again.

There is a problem, though, that pheromone buffs must contend with: the reluctance of humanity to communicate in radical new ways. Say, for example, you wish to express your undying devotion to



Now, the Mazda RX-7.

If not this time, when?

The MG-TC in 1947. Tweed caps and stringback gloves. The 'Vette in 1953. Easing into the drive-in with the top laid back. The 240-Z in 1970. Makin' it down to Malibu at 6,500 on the tach. Those were cars that made you feel different about driving. They don't come along very often. But now there's the 1979 Mazda RX-7.

It's performance: 0 to 50 in 6.3 seconds with the smooth power of Mazda's latest rotary engine. Surefooted handling with the impeccable balance of a front mid-engine design.

Yet the RX-7 is civilized, with standard features like AM/FM stereo with power antenna. Quartz clock. Electric rear window defroster and side window demisters. Tinted glass. Full instrumentation, including a combination tach and voltmeter. The GS-Model shown here adds things like 5-speed, wider tires, electric remote hatch release, windshield sunshade band, rear stabilizer and more.

For once in your life, do what you really want to do. How often do you get a chance to own a car you'll remember for the rest of your life?

WARRANTY *Mazda warrants that the basic engine block and its internal parts will be free of defects with normal use and prescribed maintenance for 3 years or 50,000 miles, whichever comes first, or Mazda will fix it free. This transferable limited warranty is free on all new rotary-engine Mazda RX-7's sold and serviced in the United States and Canada.*

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GS-Model shown: $6,995.*

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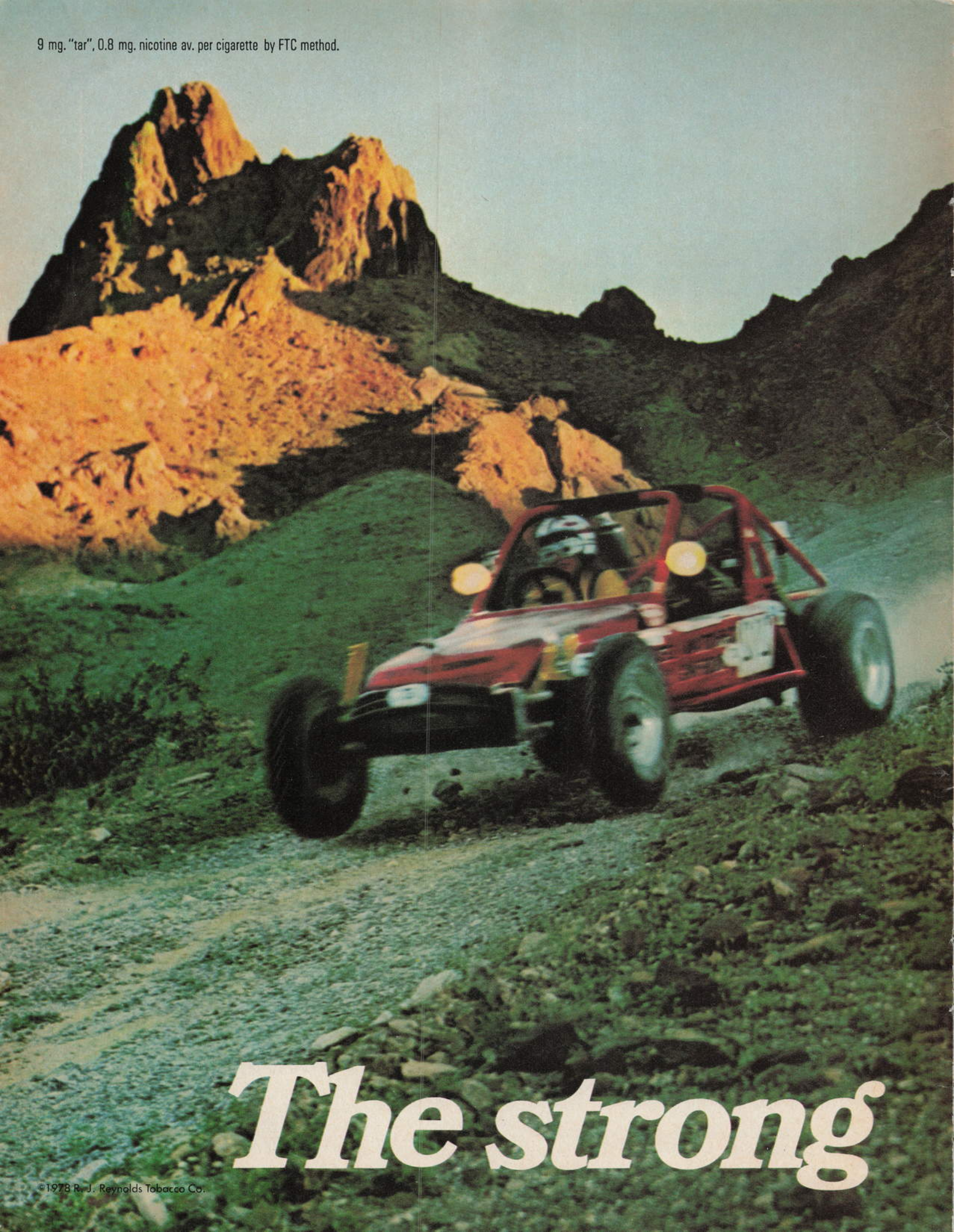

The strong

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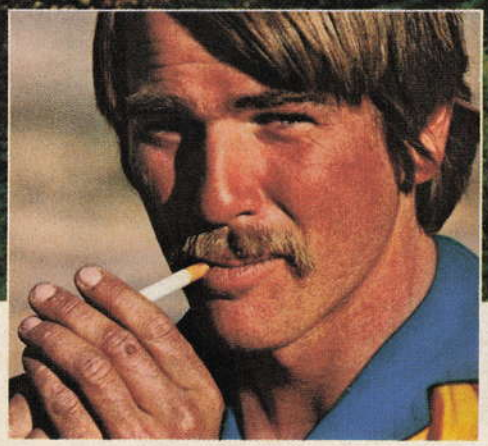

"Real tastes strong. More like a high tar."

I earned this smoke. When you finally know you're going to make Yuma in one piece you want rich strong taste. Taste that satisfies. And Real's got it. Yet it's low tar. Must be their special blend. All that good natural stuff. You want a smoke that's really got it?

Grab a pack of Real.

Only 9 mg. tar.

tasting low tar.

the object of your affection. You figure the message is contained in your pheromones. Words are not needed. So you piss on her doorstep. Most likely, the message will be misinterpreted.

It has occurred to me that, if Rheingold continues his investigations, we may be in for such future articles as *Torrid Tales of Tree Trunks* or *Fire Hydrant Fever.* If so, I suggest you change the title of your publication to OUI OUI.

KIM STAPLEY
San Francisco, California

An inspiring article. After reading it, I immediately decided to entirely forego bathing, so as to increase my transmission of lusty male molecular messengers and attract any nearby large-breasted females of the species. After a hard session of tennis, my sweaty jockstrap is no longer thrown into the washer but is now saved for wearing on my head later in the evening when I go to the disco.

While I'm dancing, women frequently make snide comments about my "low-rent skullcap," and these same ladies are the ones who go into lust convulsions when the pheromone-drenched item of athletic apparel is waved under their noses. I then drag them out to my waiting automobile, where I give them a taste of my own personally invented sexual aberration: the nose job. Stripping them naked in the backseat, I run my rather large proboscis rapidly across their various erogenous zones, violently inhaling through my nostrils all the while. This invariably causes orgasmic delight in the recipients, although my organ of smell hovers a micro-inch above their bodies without actually touching the flesh.

My next plan is to have a three-speed vibrating motor surgically installed in the tip of my nose and rent my entire head out as a sexual aid. Until then, I am happy to sit here in my apartment, sniffing contentedly at a bouquet of seats freshly stolen from ladies' bicycles.

MARSHALL SMITH
San Francisco, California

Fanfuckintastic! I really admire writers who can immerse themselves in a situation and yet not smell constrained to work out their schizophrenia on paper. Rheingold, aka Howard K. Martian, sure has a knack for demystifying (defumigating?) pheromones, and he certainly gives me something to stick my nose into. Let us smell more from this man.

M.R. RECALL
Los Angeles, California

FLASH OF THE CAN

Wow! Did Jeff Dunas really take girls out to theater openings and have them flash right there in the middle of a bunch of people (*Flash,* June)? It doesn't look like it's faked, but you never know with these sneaky photographers. And why were all the pictures taken at night? I should think it would be fun to flash in the daytime.

STEVE COHEN
Boston, Massachusetts

Now, Steve, use your head. How could we call a pictorial Flash *and not use a flashbulb? And not even Jeff Dunas uses a flashbulb in the daytime, although we wouldn't put it past him. However, in our*

continuing effort to please our most discriminating readers, we asked Dunas to stake out a flasher in the wee hours of the afternoon, and this is the picture he came up with. And yes, those are real people in the background.

I've been staring at those flashinating pictures for half an hour now and I'm absolutely positive that I've seen the girl in the opening photo somewhere before. Now, I know she's not my high school Spanish teacher, because she never wore *any* stockings, much less black ones with red garters. And it can't be my old girlfriend Rita, because Rita had auburn pubic hair. So who else could it be?

JIM WEATHERS
Atlanta, Georgia

It's Jolene, Eagle Eye. You saw her in the May pictorial titled, appropriately enough, Jolene.

SORTING OUT LASORDA

The best sense that I can make of *The Artful Dodger* (June) is that Lance Rentzel and Fred Dryer were assigned to do a profile on Tommy Lasorda but were probably too boozed up or fucked out or just plain lazy to hunt him down; so they made up this story instead. At least, that's the way it reads. There are some funny lines amid all the clichés, but the little editorial squib on the bottom of the second page sums up the thing pretty neatly: "Lance Rentzel and Fred Dryer last made a mockery of the writing profession with their Super Bowl coverage for *Sport.*"

HAROLD CLARK
Cincinnati, Ohio

I loved it! I didn't understand it but I loved it!

PHIL GIBSON
Vancouver, British Columbia

WATERS SPORTS

John Waters' *All My Trials* (May) is the most amusing piece I've read in *any* magazine in a long time. I know John, love him dearly and am happy to see that nobody over there at OUI tampered with his wicked sense of humor. And why should you? He is, as they say, "the greatest wit to come from Baltimore since Mencken."

JAMES MCKENZIE
College Park, Maryland

I once heard somebody say that if the United States of America needed an enema, Baltimore is where they'd put the tube. I think that just about sums up the sensibility of John Waters.

WESLEY DAVIS
Detroit, Michigan

After walking out in disgust upon seeing Divine eat dogshit in *Pink Flamingos,* I was reluctant to read or see anything connected with the not-so-divine film maker John Waters. I was surprised—and delighted—to discover that *All My Trials* is an amusing, original and—yes—even poignant piece of writing. And he's right; there is no form of theater more outrageous than that which takes place at a murder trial. A marvelous story.

ALTON JOHNSON
Dallas, Texas

ST. EDMUND BURIED

Bury St. Edmund's story, *Hurting* (June), really got me in the gut. I was brought up to think that sex was something tender and sacred, but then I met Samantha. We were both in college at the time. Sam always wore lacy, frilly stuff, even though all the rest of the girls wore blue jeans. She was gorgeous. I worshiped her. For weeks we made tender, romantic love, but she never had an orgasm. I read Masters and Johnson, I read Shere Hite, I tried everything I could think of, but there she lay—sweet, soft and completely unresponsive.

One night we got into a silly fight about whether to order in pizza or ribs. It was my place, so I insisted on pizza. When it arrived, Sam took one bite and then threw her piece at me. I guess I looked pretty funny with green pepper stuck in my hair, because Sam began to laugh. I got mad and took her over my knee to spank her. The next thing I knew, she was grabbing at my zipper, and we fell on the floor and had

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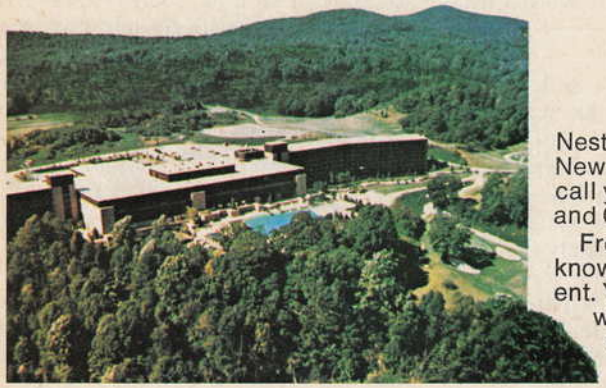

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From the moment you arrive, you'll know Playboy Great Gorge is different. You'll never be stuck in the "old wing" because there are no old wings. Every one of our 700 rooms is new and luxurious; most even have a balcony.

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When it comes to eating, we have a variety of restaurants to choose from—not one giant mess hall. So you can eat when you want to and not when you're told to. And how you'll eat! From Tournedos Rossini to hot dogs. From a Continental buffet to bagels and lox. Whatever you have a hunger for, we have a menu for.

For entertainment, see top name performers in our Cabaret. If dancing turns you on, come to the Bunny Hutch Disco. And of course you'll always find plenty going on at the Playmate Bar.

And if you have kids, bring them along, because we also have a complete day-camp program and baby-sitter service.

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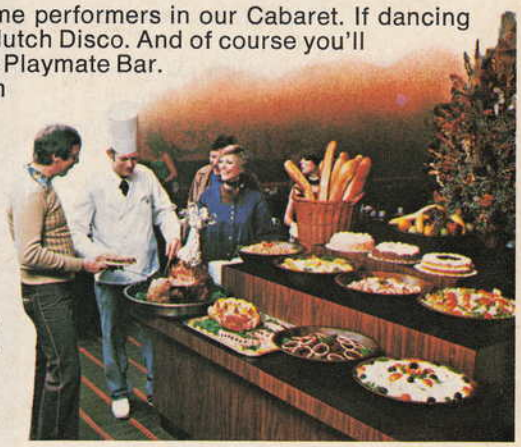

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the most glorious sexual experience I can remember.

The next night she wanted me to tie her up. Then she'd taunt me until I had to slap her. I couldn't believe what was happening to me, but it was all so erotic I didn't want to stop. I mean, *I* was the one doing the hitting, but I was completely at her mercy. I know it sounds crazy but that's the way it was. We finally split up when I refused to hit her anymore. I never told anybody this story, because I thought no one would believe me, that I wasn't a bully, you know. And, in a funny sort of way, I still feel guilty.

T.J.B.
Chicago, Illinois

That Bury St. Edmund should be buried in his own filth. I know several women who get beaten by their husbands and, believe me, there's nothing erotic about it. Any guy who says that he's being forced to hit a girl is just making up excuses for behavior he can't face.

MARY GLOVER
St. Louis, Missouri

HUMOR AS RUMOR

The Official Elvis Rumors (June) is an insult to the memory of a great American. Don Goldberg has one hell of a nerve referring to his article as "humor." It's just plain sick!

My advice to Goldberg is to let the dead rest in peace. Write about the living—they, at least, have a chance to fight back.

G. RIPCORD PULIGNANO
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

There has been so much phony bullshit written about Elvis since he died that it's refreshing to come across some *honest* bullshit for once. Why is it that, when some people die, we insist on turning them into saints? Thank God I can always depend on OUI to pop a few fatuous balloons. Besides, I bet Elvis himself would have laughed at the *Rumors*. I especially like the one that says: "Shaun Cassidy is Elvis' 17-year-old illegitimate daughter." That fellow Goldberg has one wicked sense of humor!

PAUL ANDERSON
Nashville, Tennessee

TEMPT ME NOT

Lead me not into the Temptations (*Give Us a Little Respect*, June), for theirs is the kingdom of boredom.

MILT COHEN
Cleveland, Ohio

I've rarely read such an honest piece on the music business as that interview with Otis Williams and Melvin Franklin. It's about time someone told the world what Motown is all about.

JIM BRAY
Detroit, Michigan

THE LOVELESS BOAT

The authors of *The Lay of the Land* (June) said that cruises are great places in which to get laid. Well, they didn't go on *my* cruise, one of those Princess ships that go to Mexico. Sure, the weather was nice and I saw a lot of silver—mostly on the heads of the little old ladies (not to mention their little old husbands) who filled up the boat. I've had better luck getting laid by hanging out at the Y swimming pool.

J. CHOATE
Fort Worth, Texas

SO SUE ME

Big-eyed, full-lipped blonds are my thing, so you can imagine my reaction to Sue, your June center girl. Try walking away from a newsstand after being turned on full blast! It's not easy, believe me. And when I found out that Sue was also your March cover girl, I immediately sent for a back issue. You know, the only thing wrong with your June issue is that it should have been 137 pages of Sue. There is no way the world can see enough of this lady. I keep turning the pages, wishing for just one more picture. How 'bout it, guys?

T.E. CLARK
Minneapolis, Minnesota

All right, already! After searching for hours (would you believe minutes?), we unearthed this heretofore unpublished picture of Sue. Just for you.

CONTINUED NEXT TRIP

I've been reading the various columns that run in the front of the magazine for several months now and I just thought I should write and tell you what a nice addition they are.

One column especially impressed me, and that was Jesse Kornbluth's *The Seeds and Stems of Writing* (June). I, too, have written the great American marijuana novel, but in my case it ran only to a page and a half. How anybody can type while stoned is beyond me, and I better stop right here while I still have a chance.

I want you to know that it took me almost two hours to write this letter.

NAME WITHHELD BY REQUEST
Battle Creek, Michigan

SOME LIKE IT CLONED

I just can't believe those amazing pictures of Linda Kerridge dressed up to look like Marilyn Monroe (*Marilyn*, May). The resemblance is positively uncanny. I was such a fan of the original Marilyn that I had her face tattooed on my arm years ago and have never regretted it.

Although Linda is very pretty, no one can ever take Marilyn's place in my heart.

CHARLES FASANELLA
San Pedro, California

It's beyond me why such a young, pretty girl would want to exploit Marilyn Monroe in such a nasty and trashy style. Linda Kerridge must surely be desperate for fame and fortune if the only way she can get noticed is to do sleazy imitations of the most famous actress of all time.

CHRIS MUNROE
New York, New York

My only complaint with the *Marilyn* pictures is that they didn't show enough. Sure, they're elegant and beautiful and all, but what we want is what the original Marilyn never dared to show: more skin.

TOM JACKSON
Albuquerque, New Mexico

THE CHECK'S IN THE MAIL . . .

Thieves! Distorters! Cultural plagiarists! We refer to the "Best Sexist Joke" in June's *The Best of Sex*. We quote: "How many women does it take to screw in a light bulb? Five. One to screw it in and the other four to write about the experience."

This is a gross affront to all women, and a misrepresentation of the original joke, which went: "How many *feminists* does it take to screw in a light bulb?" Nonfeminist women would not bother to write; they would simply telephone. And only two nonfeminist women are needed to screw in a bulb—one to screw it in and one to watch for rapists.

You see, we *do* have a sense of humor. After all, we submitted the original version of this joke to Robert S. Wieder, whom we live with, and he ripped it off and sold it to you weasels and still owes us $10 in either money or goods.

ALEXANDRA HUNT
PENELOPE BROOKS
El Cerrito, California

Address letters to:
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Los Angeles, California 90069

Now hi-fi big enough for your home made small enough for your car. Introducing Component Systems.™

Panasonic. The name you listen to in home hi-fi components now makes hi-fi components you can listen to in your car. Introducing Panasonic Component Systems. Hi-fi component performance. Hi-fi component styling.

Start with the Panasonic CX-1100 8-track tape player. It features a two-stage pre-amp and dual channel amplifier. Vertical head movement for precision tape performance. And separate continuous tone controls for each channel.

Or choose one of our component cassette systems: The Repeatrack CX-5100 has automatic playback once the rewind is complete. The Auto Reverse CX-7100 automatically plays the other side of the tape when it ends. They both feature individual tone controls. Fast forward/rewind/eject functions on one convenient control. And big power amplifiers.

Add our AM/FM stereo tuner, the CA-9500. It's designed like a hi-fi tuner should be with a linear dial scale for greater selectivity. A distant/local switch. AFC. And it has an AM/FM/FM auto switch for FM mono reception—important in weak signal areas.

To make our powerful decks and tuner sound monstrous there's our Power Booster, model CJ-3510. *10 watts per channel. Minimum RMS into 4 ohms at 400Hz with no more than 1.0% total harmonic distortion.* And separate bass and treble tone controls.

With all this power, you'll want speakers that pack real punch. Like Sound Pumps™ with our high-frequency equalizer. And Concert Sound, our all-new, high-compliance coaxial speakers.

Panasonic Component Systems. They might just turn your car into your favorite listening room.

Panasonic
just slightly ahead of our time.

Introducing Technics new belt-drive turntables. While their styling makes a big impression on your friends, their prices make a small impression on your bank balance.

But don't think that means you'll only get Technics reputation. You'll also get Technics specs. Wow and flutter is a mere 0.045% WRMS, while rumble is an incredibly low −70 dB (DIN B).

That puts belt-drive performance up near our famous direct-drive turntables. And this is what did it: Technics frequency-generator, servo-controlled DC motor. With the reliability of an IC design, it automatically detects and then corrects even the slightest deviation in turntable speed.

To eliminate any deviation that mechanical speed switching may cause, Technics eliminated the mechanical-speed switch. Now it's done electronically. And that's not all.

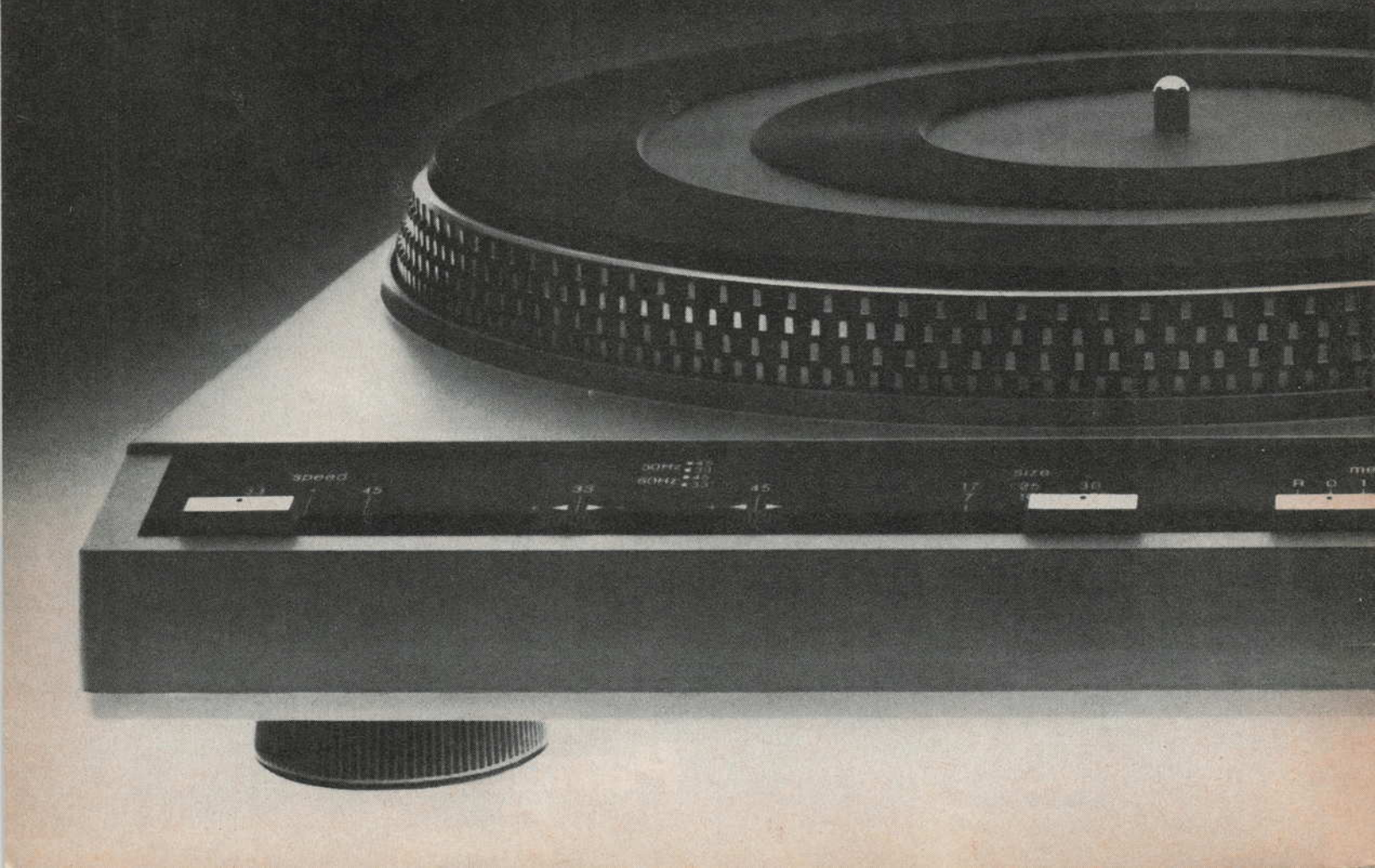
Once you've experienced the convenience of Technics front-panel controls, you'll wonder why you ever put up with anything less. Not only is everything within easy reach, but every function can be operated with the dust cover closed.

Each new Technics belt-drive turntable also comes with the accuracy of an S-shaped, gimbal-suspension tubular tonearm, so you can use the highest compliance cartridges. An anti-skate force control. And viscous-damped cueing in both directions.

With all that, what more could you want in a turntable? How about an illuminated stroboscope. Variable pitch control for each speed. And a hinged, detachable dust cover.

Technics new belt-drive turntables: the SL-210 manual, the SL-220 semi-automatic, the SL-230 fully automatic with Memo-Repeat (shown below), and the SL-235 changer with Memo-Gram repeat. Take a good look and a good listen. Either way you'll be impressed. So will your friends.

Our front-panel controls will impress your friends. Our specs will impress you.



Technics

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Frequency Generator Servo
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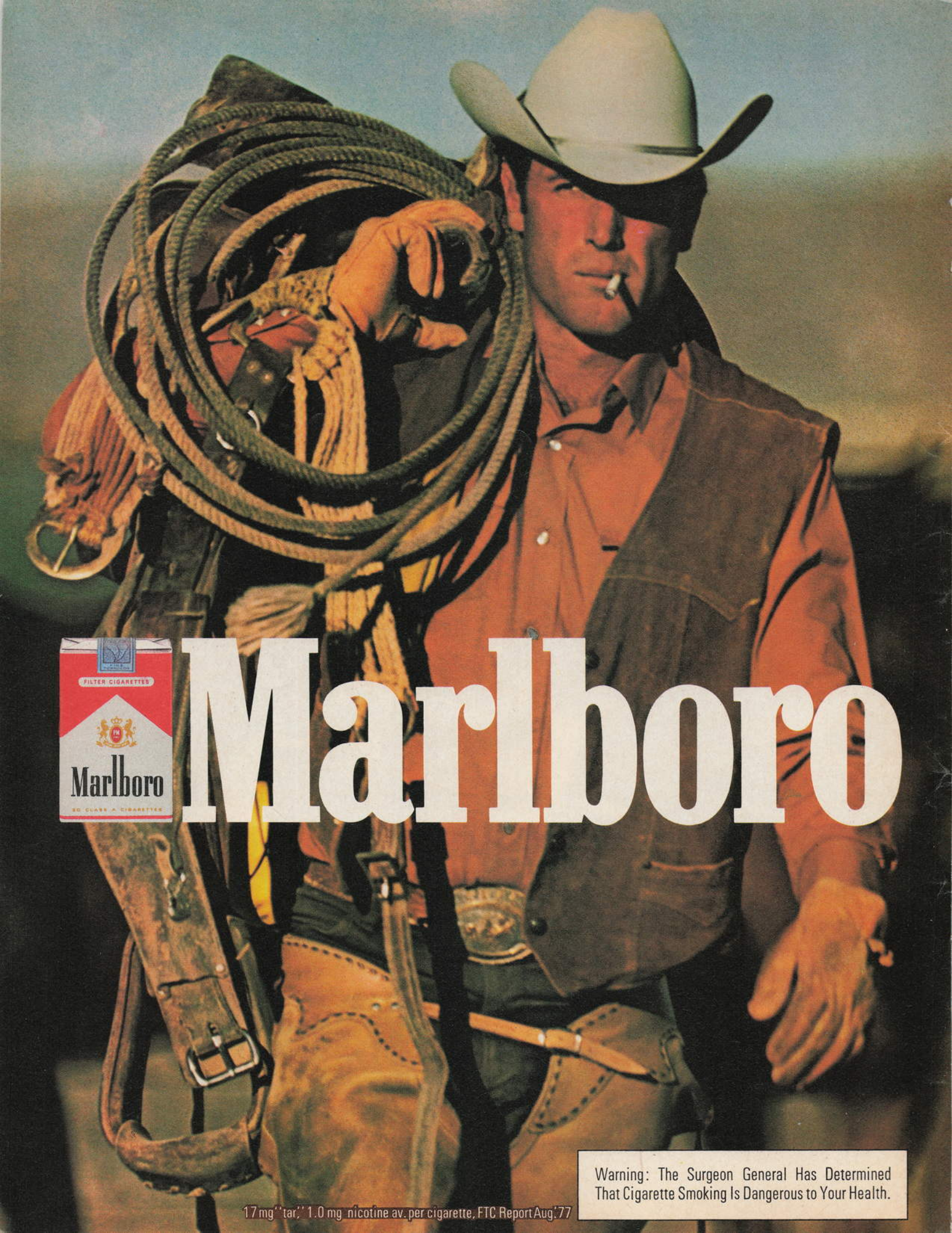
cueing


FILTER CIGARETTES
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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.
17 mg "tar," 1.0 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug.'77

OPENERS

DEVIL'S DIRT

• A Des Moines man, apparently under the influence of Angel Dust, said he was "starving for a steak" when arrested for shooting a cow.

• Only two out of 27 students high on Angel Dust could recall one word of the Pledge of Allegiance.

• A St. Louis teenager miraculously emerged from an Angel Dust–induced coma. The first thing he asked for was a slice of pizza.

• A couple taking a stroll while stoned on Dust disappeared into Lake Michigan during a snowstorm.

• A couple who were married in an Angel Dust wedding spent their honeymoon side by side in hospital beds after smashing their car on the way to Niagara Falls.

• Of six persons who claim they encountered UFOs while tripping on Angel Dust, two said there were aliens living in their house, two said that aliens took them to *their* house, and two said they had mated with aliens.

• A 27-year-old man, described by police as a Dust dealer, went berserk in midtown Manhattan during rush hour: He ran down a pedestrian, attacked a truck driver, hit a taxi driver and stole his cab, and then ran into four other taxicabs.

• A young man on a Dust trip burst past guards in San Francisco's Transamerica building. Wearing a pink T-shirt with a pyramid on the front, the youth ran up the stairs of the pyramid-shaped building, shouting, "I want to see the man on the top!" At the 30th floor, he started climbing down the air shaft, slipped and fell 342 feet to the cement floor below. When the ambulance crew removed him, he was singing various tunes, including *Camptown Races* and *Oh, What a Trip I'm On.*

SOCCER TO ME

Already, more people play soccer recreationally in the U. S. than any other sport. More people watched the 1970 World Cup finals on television than watched the first landing on the moon, and nearly one-third of the world's population watched

the 1974 play-offs.

⊙ While there are 1000 professional football players, there are over one million professional soccer players in the world.

⊙ A civil war in Biafra was once postponed for two days when Pelé arrived there to perform in two exhibition matches. After the games were over, the war resumed.

⊙ In a match between Honduras and El Salvador during an early qualifying round for the 1970 World Cup, there was a dispute over a goal that cost Honduras the match. In the spirit of good sportsmanship, Honduras promptly declared war on El Salvador.

⊙ The tradition of violence in soccer goes back to the days when warring Englishmen played the game with the heads of their Danish victims.

⊙ In Europe and South America, soccer fields are surrounded by moats and fences to keep spectators from mobbing the field and killing themselves and the players. The players enter the field through trapdoors behind the goals.

BEAVER WARS

A microdot municipality located in southeastern Wisconsin, Beaver Dam is the summer country cottage of the Jolly Green Giant, the home of Monarch Ranges, of Wayland Academy ("co-educational and college preparatory—established 1865") and, as the sign so blithely says, of "14,000 Busy Beavers!" One is immediately tempted to say, "Ah, come on; they can't *all* be busy at the same time."

These Beaver billboards are located on the town's outskirts at several points of ingress and herald a fascination with the furry little critter that borders almost on the perverse: The local girls' high school volleyball team (state champs for several years running) is dubbed (appropriately?) "the Beavers"; there is an honest-to-God Beaver Motel on Highway 151 just east of town; Beaver Lake squats to the west of town; one local restaurant sports a special called the "Beaver Burger" (which may bear an endemic relationship to a fur pie); the Beaver Floral Company decorates for weddings and funerals. Beaver Realty sells lodges. Beaver Transport Company helps townfolk move upstream; the Beaver Bar is their local hangout; and Lord knows what hidden delights are available at—the Beaver Theater.

If this trend continues, the town may become dammed up in what the *New York Times* has called "The Great Beaver War," a tooth-and-nail battle between New York and Oregon to decide which one can rightfully claim the little rodent as its official emblematic animal. Some harried judge may soon be forced to render a tight "split-beaver" decision in the affair. If the Wisconsin town is declared triumphant over two states, it will surely have to be by the skin of its teeth. And whether or not there's any substance in this logjam of revelations, that's the end of our broad, flat tale.

—CHARLES J. KRUMBEIN

CANDID CON MAN

Before I approach anyone for an interview, I run a financial check and examine a police report. As I expected, Bill Shut was worth well over a million. When I discovered he was also an ex-convict, I knew I had the makings for interesting stuff.

His office was located in his home: a penthouse apartment overlooking the San Francisco Bay. I seated myself in front of his small desk and handed him the check he had demanded for the interview. He casually inspected it before he attached it to a spindle clip that contained an inch-thick wad of checks. "Now, then," he said, "you have my complete attention for one hour, so get on with it."

I produced a national tabloid newspaper from my briefcase, opened it to the page with the small-ads section and pointed out the dozen or so advertisements under the heading BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES. "Mr. Shut," I said formally, "which of these ads is yours?" He answered without hesitation, "All of them."

"All of them?"

"Yes."

A typical ad read, "*Millions in the mail for you!* Free report: How to Make Big Cash Stuffing Envelopes!! Guaranteed Earnings! No experience needed."

"Are you saying that although each of these advertisements has a different address, all of the replies

(Continued on page 20)

Rene Moncada's New York Soho gallery is world famous among vaginamorous art collectors. Rene has hundreds of cuntemporary paintings, weavings, carvings and sculptures. "The design appears everywhere in nature," says Rene. "I'm just trying to bring it into people's living rooms."

FOR A TITILLATING TAN. . .

Now you can give your miss a fun new place to stick her sparklers. The latest in beach chic is the Sun Boobie Pillow, designed to eliminate the discomfort many well-endowed ladies experience when they lie on their stomachs. Send $19.95 (plus postage) to the Shardel Company, Box 1235, Levelland, Texas.

CRAMMING COEDS

These students are in the University Extension course at Ft. Lauderdale. We ran into them last spring while they were boning up for their mid-torso exam in Geography 136 ("Overdeveloped Nations of the World"). The wet T-shirt and wet nightgown contests at the Candy Store Disco in the Tradewinds Hotel always become a little frenzied before finals, but these scholars weren't about to let it "lower the curve." And although you may never see them on *It's Academic*, we're sure they made the grade.

(Continued from page 18)
eventually reach *your* desk?"

"Yes, in a roundabout way."

"Is that ethical?"

"Perhaps not, but it is perfectly legal for me to advertise my product."

"What is your product?"

"Information."

"Information about what?"

"Me, and how I became a millionaire."

"How did you become a millionaire?"

"I already told you—by selling information. I don't know how I can make it any simpler for you. . . . People send me ten dollars to fifty dollars and I send them my pamphlet."

"What does it say?"

"Do you always conduct your interviews this way? We seem to be going in circles. The pamphlet tells how I became a millionaire in the mail-order business, and I show them how they can do the same."

"In other words, you're not selling anything. Why, you're not only unethical; you're downright larcenous."

"That's correct, but it's legal and very lucrative. Whether you like it or not, this democratic society of ours breeds an overabundance of larceny-minded people. They think they can get something for nothing."

"Are you always this candid?"

"Certainly not."

"Then why are you telling me these things? You know I'm writing an article about you. Aren't you afraid you'll lose business when this is made public?"

"Certainly not! I expect business to pick up."

"You're kidding!"

"Certainly not. Let me tell you a little trade secret. Half the people who read your article will think it's fiction and get an amusing chuckle out of it; the other half will think it's the truth and get really upset about people like me. But eventually all of them will pick up a tabloid and seriously consider investing in my pamphlet."

"In other words, you don't believe there is a thing I can say that would hurt you?"

"Nope, not even if you published our conversation exactly the way it took place."

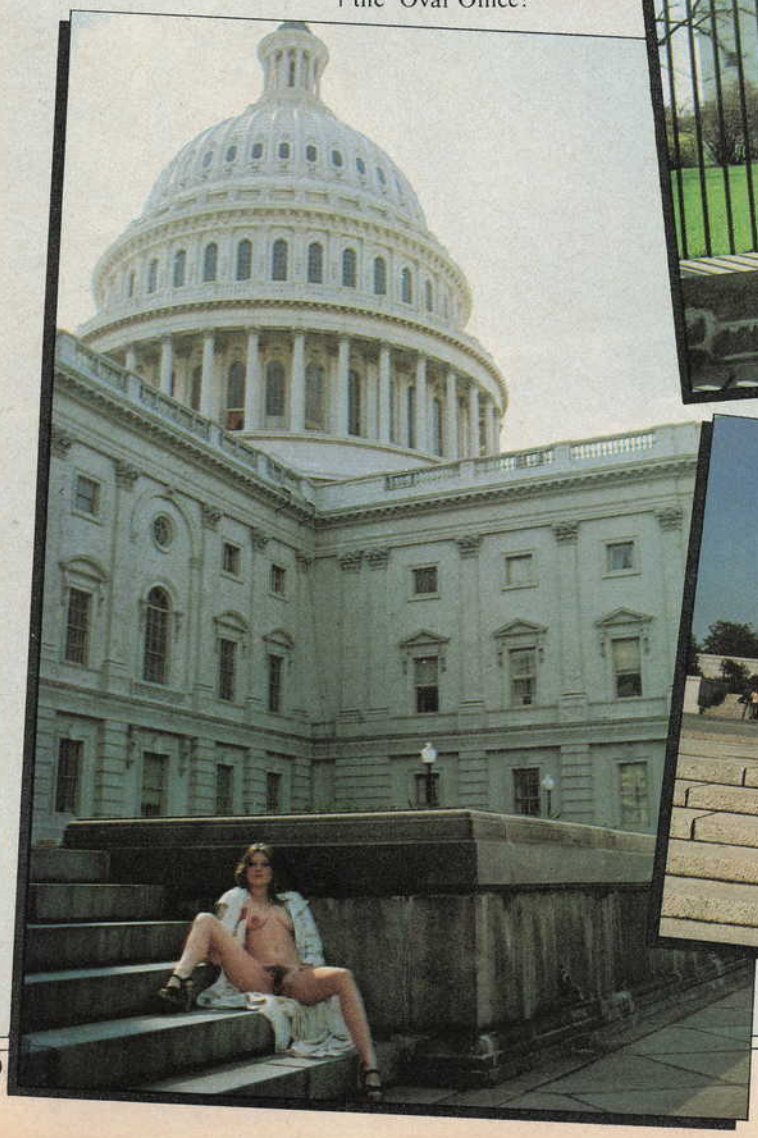
—BILL BUTZER

MATELESS CHECK

"Now you can play with yourself and not go blind," claim the folks at Staid Inc. However, you may go mad when their little machine beats you at a simple game of chess. The Compuchess I, (Continued on page 23)

FLASHER OF THE MONTH

Ken Vrana of Alexandria, Virginia, knew there was a story in Washington, D.C., that had to be uncovered. With the help of his own "Deep Throat," Kesha, Ken re-memorialized Lincoln, took a shot at the Capitol and even unbuttoned the tight security at the White House. Our daring and dedicated investigative team gets $250 for its efforts. Now, who's going to get *inside* the Oval Office?



IMPROVE YOUR VULGARBULARY

By Charles Pemberton

Sexual liberation has not yet reached the lexicographers. Sure, you can find a few of the basics in the latest *New Collegiate*: *clitoris, vagina, vulva, cunt* and, yes, even *fuck*. But, alas, you won't find their earthy, descriptive, action-packed compounds and derivatives like *zip-fuck, vaginarian, clitician* and *vulvanilla*. By omitting these important etymological relatives, those conspiring dictionary freaks are depriving us of some of the richest resonances of our language. *Openers* rejects this not-so-subtle form of literary sex discrimination and, hence, has compiled its own X-rated appendix.

C

CLITORIS

Cliterature n *Fanny Hill, My Secret Life*, Henry Miller, Times Square porn paperbacks

Clitician n Expert practitioner of recreational sex

Clitoritual n Foreplay

Clitumescent adj She gets it up

Clithyphallic adj (fr Gr. *ithyphallus*, erect penis) Clitoral erection. Also, lewd female.

Clitwitch n Clitoral jerk-ups during orgasm

CUNT

Cuntbroker n A pimp

Cuntimorous adj Reluctant virgin

Cuntemporary adj One-night stand

Cuntenant n Vaginal occupant

Cuntribution n "The priest always gave us an apple afterward"

Cuntbound adj Horny male on way to brothel

Cuntproud adj Miss America

Cuntopiary adj Ornamental trimming of the pubic bush

Cuntired adj Aging prostitute

Cuntrusty n A eunuch

Cuntractable adj Victorian wife

Cuntright n *Droit du seigneur*

Cuntitled adj Former chorus girl, now Countess Chateaubriand

Cuntwork n Nice, if you can get it

Cuntumaceous adj Tough hymen

Cuntelegenic adj Actress in sex flick

Cuntassailant n Rapist

Cuntether n Chastity belt

Cuntidy adj Douches immediately after

Cuntrue adj Monogamous

Cuntwister n Right-angled penis reaming left-leaning vagina

F

FUCK

Fuckrieg n German title for Thurber's *Battle of the Sexes*

Fuckerchief n Kotex

Fuckarma n Force generated in present sex life determining destiny through transmigration

Fuckettle n The vagina. "Her kettle is beginning to boil now."

Fuckudos n Fame for sexual prowess

Fuckinetics n Laws of motion governing bodies engaged in sexual intercourse

V

VAGINA

Vaginamorous adj Passionate about pussy

Vaginarian n Sex eater

Vaginaugural n, adj The first time

Vaginversion n Girl on top

Vagincandescence n Sexual radiation so hot as to seem convertible into light ("When she came, she lit up like a candle")

Vaginarctic adj "Cold as a nun's cunt"

Vaginactivator n 1. French tickler 2. Dildo 3. Finger-fuck 4. Spanish fly

Vagincognita adj (It. fem. of *incognito*) When she wears pants

Vaginatter n (Brit.) Pillow talk

Vaginarcosis n Mental lethargy, state of stupor, arrested sexual activity following prolonged orgasmic indulgence

Vaginertia n Indisposition to "go all the way"

Vaginadvocate n Sigmund Freud. He held the vagina to be the seat of orgasm.

Vaginarticulate adj The silent come (rare)

Vaginadequate adj In *The Hite Report*, 68 percent of the respondents think they are

Vaginoculation n Introduction of microorganism into sex situation with growth potential

Vagindolent adj The acquiescent wife

Vaginangle n She's 10–15° off horizontal when laid in the missionary position

Vaginhabitant n Normal native population of the V barrel. Includes mucoids, Bartholin secretion, lubricating "sweat" and pH-antacid factors. These may be augmented by temporary and seasonal visitors, such as spermatozoa, gonococci, spirochetes, bacteria and fungoid pathogens.

Vagimatic adj Castrating, as in, "That was a vagimatic experience"

VULVA

Vulvandyke n Triangular pubic haircut

Vulvoyeur n Peeping Tom

Vulvacancy n Divorcee

Vulvacation n Headline: FIRE SWEEPS RED-LIGHT DISTRICT. ALL HOUSES CLOSED.

Vulvacuum n A virgin

Vulvacillation n Whether to go hetero, homo, bi- or all three

Vulvandal n Horny male of Germanic tribe on Baltic coast in the Fourth Century

Vulvanity n Cunt pride

Vulvanilla n Sweet-flavored vaginal douche

Vulvenomous adj "Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned"

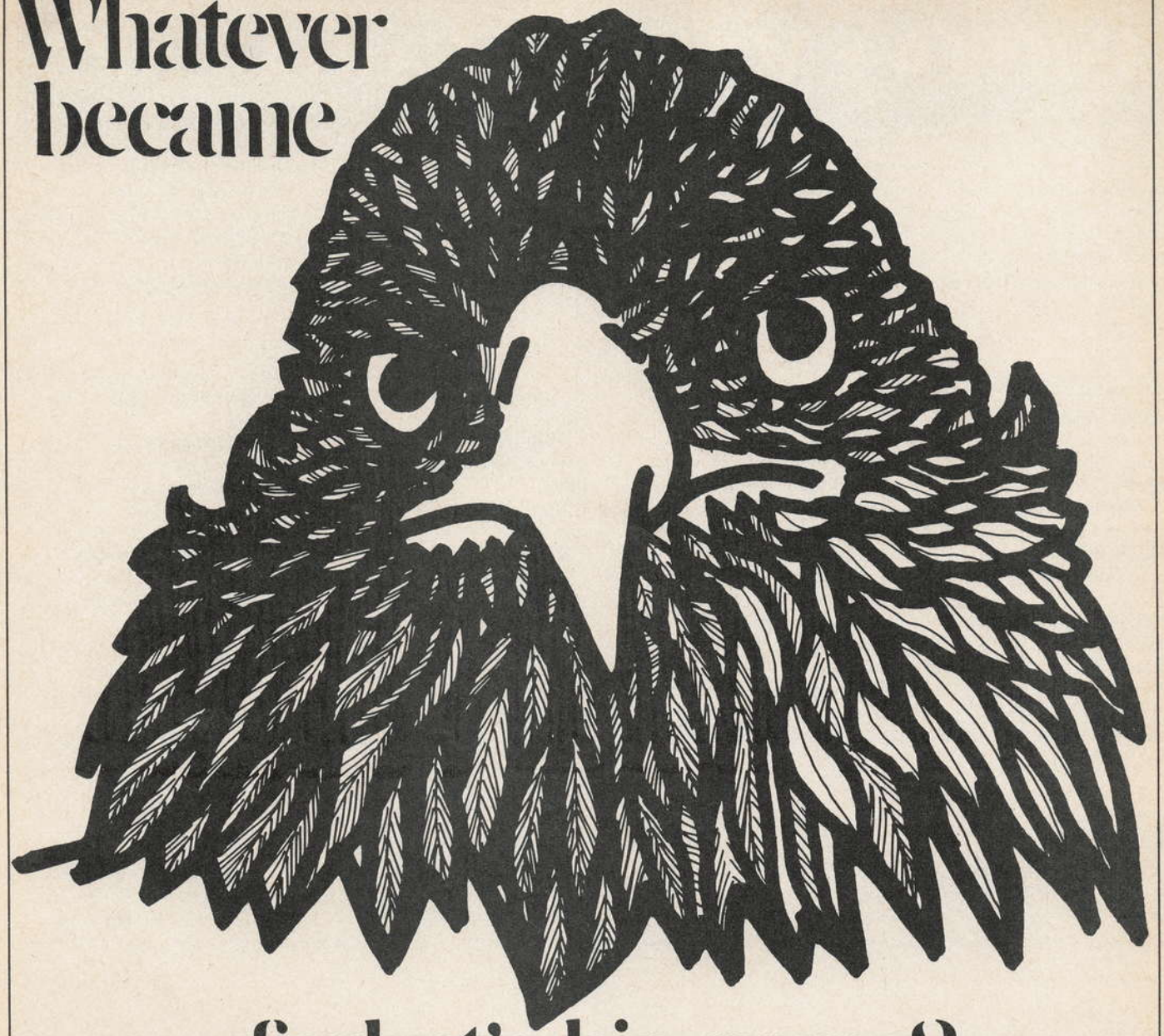
Vulvendor n A whore

Vulvagarious adj Capricious cunt behavior when the moon is rising

Vulvaledictory n Farewell fuck before she middle-aisles it with the other guy

Vulvalue n Marketable price of it when estimating the alimony

Whatever became



# of what's-his-name?

In years to come your children might ask that question. You may answer, "He is dead. He was called the bald eagle."
But your children may be asking more urgent questions. They may ask, "What has happened to the trees... the oceans and rivers... the air we breathe and the foods we eat?.."
The danger to the bald eagle represents only a small fraction of the hazards we are creating for ourselves, and for the world we live in. The results of short sighted actions by man are endangering us *now*, and must be acted on *now*, to assure that the problems do not grow beyond the point of remedy.

The EDF is a coalition of scientists and lawyers. We intercede in the courts and before government agencies on behalf of you, the bald eagle, and other living things. Our work is not glamorous, but it is essential. We strive to assure an environment which allows for technological progress in a humane context. We urgently need your support.

I would like to support the Environmental Defense Fund. Enclosed is a contribution of $_____ (Membership $15)

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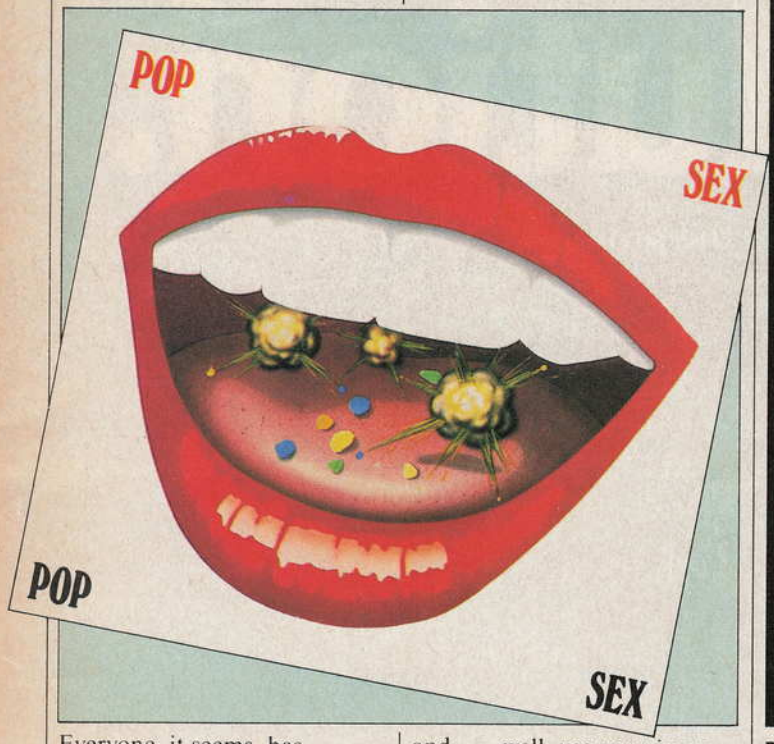
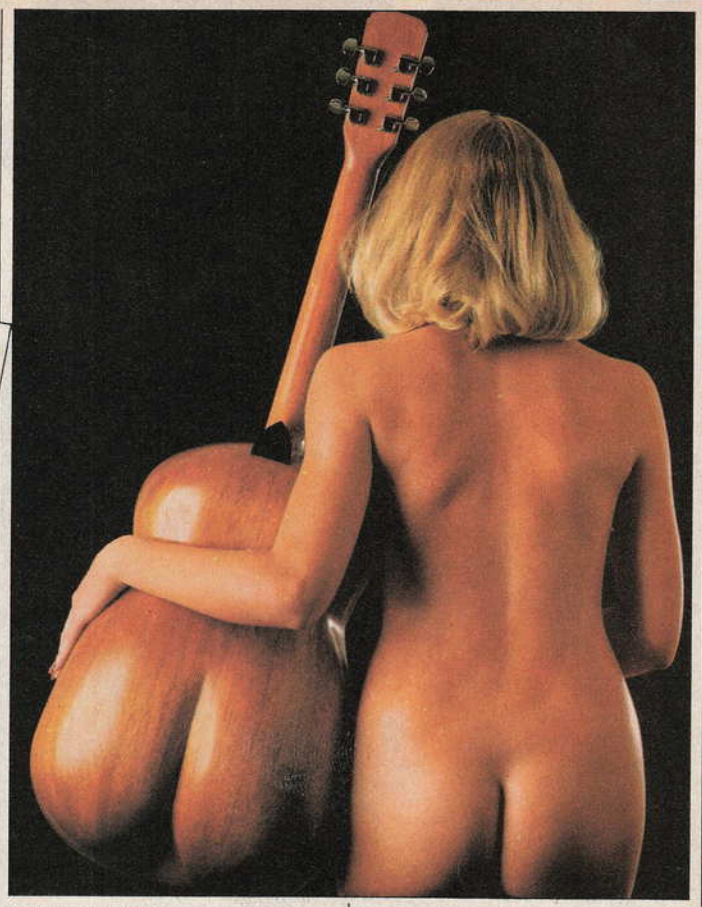
Environmental Defense Fund
475 Park Avenue South
New York, N.Y. 10016

edf

(Continued from page 20)
a computerized chess opponent, can challenge your gamesmanship at six levels of intelligence. Although this portable little bugger is hard to beat, it at least spares you the unethical psych-out strategies of lesser, human challengers. Available for $169.95 from P.O. Box 65, Largo, Florida 33540.



Everyone, it seems, has fallen under the spell of Pop Rocks. Not only are the exploding candies the new currency in grade schools across the country; now even big kids are getting into the act. Just have your after-school playmate pop a pack of the crispy critters into her kisser and . . . well, use your imagination. The reason kids have to blow their whole allowances to keep supplied, it seems, is because Mommy and Daddy keep ripping them off for a little of their own kind of bang at beddie-bye. Happy snap, crackle and pop, candy fans.



DUELING DERRIERES

Cameron Powers got tired of ordinary guitars, so he decided to create something that would be more fun to snuggle up to. After all, playing a guitar well is just like making love to it, and what does the shape of a guitar suggest, anyway? The result, after 1000 hours of R & D, is the curvaceous Leda Guitar. Her full-bodied sound is all yours for $660 (resin-bodied) or $1250 (wooden-bodied) from Leda Guitars, 1237 Elder, Boulder, Colorado 80302.

MERCI

Before Captain America takes off on a fall cruise with the Earth Angels (she's prez of the West Coast chapter, natch), allow us to pull over and divvy up our booty with some of the outlaws who plundered these juicy items. Editorial contributors: dust, Scott Cohen; soccer, Gary Nichaman; beaver wars, Charles Krumbein; con man, Bill Butzer; vulgarbulary, Charles Pemberton. Illustrations: dust, Lou Beach; pop sex, Fred Nelson. Photos: motorcycle girl and ass with ax, Grant Edwards; soccer and boobie pillows, Raúl Vega; flasher of the month, Ken Vrana; cramming coeds, Craig Trexler. Thanks to Mark Lewis for finding that shapely guitar.

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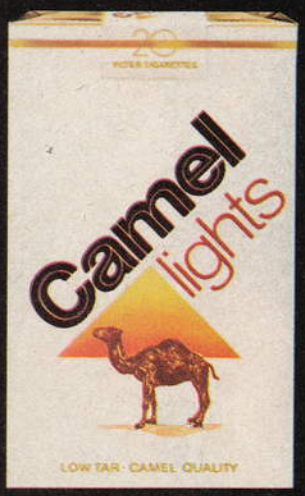
Introducing the solution.



New Camel Lights

Everybody knows the problem. Ordinary low tar cigarettes can't deliver the full measure of satisfaction that's the very reason you smoke.

Now Camel Lights has the solution. With a richer-tasting Camel blend. Specially formulated for low tar filter smoking. Just 9 mg. tar. The result: a rich, rewarding, truly satisfying taste.

What's in a name? Satisfaction, if the name is Camel. All the flavor and satisfaction that's been missing in your low tar cigarette. With a name like Camel Lights, you know exactly what to expect.

Try one pack. The solution could be in your hands.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

9 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Sex Tapes

ETHNIC · SEX

When we began to ask people about the ethnic backgrounds of their lovers, we were amazed most of all at the variety of ways people defined the word ethnic. *We heard stories about blacks, Catholics, Texans and those born under the sign of Taurus. We were interested in finding out if our respondents' experiences measured up to certain ethnic stereotypes, such as: Are Latins really lousy lovers? Are the English cold and mechanical in bed? Are Jewish lovers more sensitive to their women? Well, we got a lot of replies, but no answers. In fact, we seem to have opened up more questions than ever, and we'd be most interested in hearing from our readers about their own ethnic sex experiences.*

Sheila T., 33, administrative secretary: Now, I don't know if you will consider them ethnic or not, but Texans sure as hell are in some kind of class of their own. Only thing I know is that no man gets me hotter quicker than a down-home cowboy stud who knows how to stick it in and let it rip!

Judy K., 27, stock analyst: A lot of people claim that a person's ethnic background has nothing to do with how that person makes love. I disagree absolutely. I was in love for a long time with this Yugoslavian fellow. I must confess to you, right out, that I was just *mad* for this man, and at one time I would have moved the earth, the moon and the New York Transit Authority for him. As are many Eastern Europeans, he was extremely intense about *everything*—everything except having plain old fun. He couldn't relax and enjoy simple things. But sexy? Wow! He oozed it in the way he looked at you, the way he walked down the street. But sex to him was *his* shot, so to speak. It was a straightforward fucking and tit-sucking experience that was to have no female input whatsoever. I firmly believe that this attitude stemmed from growing up in a society that is totally patriarchal. As he used to say, "Woman is for cook. Woman is for fuck. Woman is for woman." He wanted to baby me and take care or me, but he also wanted me in my place—under him.

Oh, but he *did* turn me on. Stefan is probably the best straight-fucker in the world. Talk about longevity—the man could go for hours without shooting his load. I'd be sore for days after one of our marathons. Unfortunately, he didn't pay much attention to my clitoris, and the more I asserted myself, the more miserable he became. He *would* go down on me, but only if I asked him to. And then he'd keep watching me, waiting for me to give him the high sign that I'd had enough—in fact, it used to crack me up to see those soulful brown eyes peering over my pubic hair—instead of getting down and enjoying the whole thing. Come to think of it, he didn't much enjoy *getting* head, either. Too hung up on his head-of-household role to lie back and be vulnerable. And that's why I left him.

Richard E., 26, sculptor: How can you ask such a racist question? What does it matter what color your lover is or what country he or she is from? I think the whole topic is obnoxious, and I'm certainly not going to help you out. Go ask some Klansmen or something. I'm sure they do it to black women on the sly.

Katharine Y., 24, graduate student: I'm really not too picky about who I ball, as long as he's good. When I was younger I dated a black guy and my parents got upset, but what I'm about to tell you happened out of the country—so they'll never know, thank God; it would really freak them out.

I'm Jewish, you see, and I was on a student tour of Israel last year. My group was staying at a hotel in Jerusalem, and we all ate breakfast together every

day before going off to sightsee. One morning I was on my second cup of coffee, trying to wake up, and I asked for more coffee. The waiter came over and poured it; I hardly noticed him until I heard him say, "You are so pretty," in quite good English. I glanced up and saw this good-looking, swarthy fellow looking straight at me and smiling. I was embarrassed, since everyone in my group was watching, but he quickly moved away to serve another table. I got up to go to the bathroom a few minutes later, and on my way back he stopped me and asked if I would "hear some Israeli music" with him that night. I was hesitant because I didn't know him at all; then I figured, what the hell, he works in the hotel, he must be okay. So I said I'd meet him outside the hotel at 10 P.M.

That night I put on a cotton gauze skirt and shirt—it was very warm out, so I didn't wear stockings, just sandals. When I went downstairs, he was waiting in a taxi, and he took me to the other side of town to a dark and smoky bar where he seemed to know everyone. He led me into a dark booth, and we began drinking and talking. It turned out that he was from Morocco and was not a Jew but an Arab, with a good dose of French blood—he spoke French, Arabic, English and German, and he consumed wine like it was water. I was a little nervous about his being an Arab—what if he wanted to kill me or something?—but as we started on the second bottle of wine I realized he had quite a different idea in mind. He was sitting close to me and could see that I was getting a little tipsy. He smoothly placed his hand on my thigh and began stroking it and telling me what a lovely body I had, how good I felt and how he would like to hold me.

I was, to tell the truth, pretty horny, but I was also a little scared; so I didn't respond one way or the other. He must have read my mind, because he leaned over and said in my ear, "Relax. I will make you happy. I know how to make you happy." He moved his lips across my cheek to my mouth and began kissing me gently, but with his tongue, and instinctively I kissed back. It seemed as if we kissed for hours. Then he took my hand and placed it on his penis, which was stiff and felt hot even through his pants; I was dripping wet by that time and knew I'd go along with whatever happened.

He finally pulled his mouth from mine and said softly, "Come with me; I want to eat you until you scream"—God knows where he picked up such an American phrase. Signaling to the bartender, he led me up from the table and through a heavy curtain at the back of the room into a dark hallway, then to the door of yet another room, which had tapestried walls and a huge bed. I didn't have much time to dwell on the furnishings, because his mouth was on mine again and his hand had moved under my skirt and panties, exploring my ass with slow and knowing strokes. He felt the wetness of my cunt as his finger entered it, and he seemed to laugh knowingly. With his finger inside me, he led me backward to the bed and removed my clothes with one hand while his other hand continued to probe my vagina.

When I was naked, his mouth went to work, sucking my neck, seizing on my breasts, his tongue circling and his teeth lightly biting each nipple until they were both erect. His mouth moved down across my stomach as his hands pushed my legs apart and then spread the lips of my cunt, and he went down on me. It was incredible, what he did with his tongue and his teeth and his hands down there, for what seemed like hours. It was so intense, yet so teasing—he would bring me close to orgasm and then move me away, back and forth, until I was half-crazy, and I heard myself begging him, "Please, please . . ." He would stop and move up on my body and kiss me, making me taste myself, treating my mouth as if it were my cunt, then move down again, slipping his hands under my ass and raising my cunt to begin eating me again. Finally, as he sucked my clit, I began coming wildly, my body thrusting into his mouth. He slipped a finger up my ass and I screamed—just as he said I would—and then I lay back exhausted and half-asleep.

It was so intense, yet so teasing—he would bring me close to orgasm and then move me away, back and forth, until I was half-crazy.

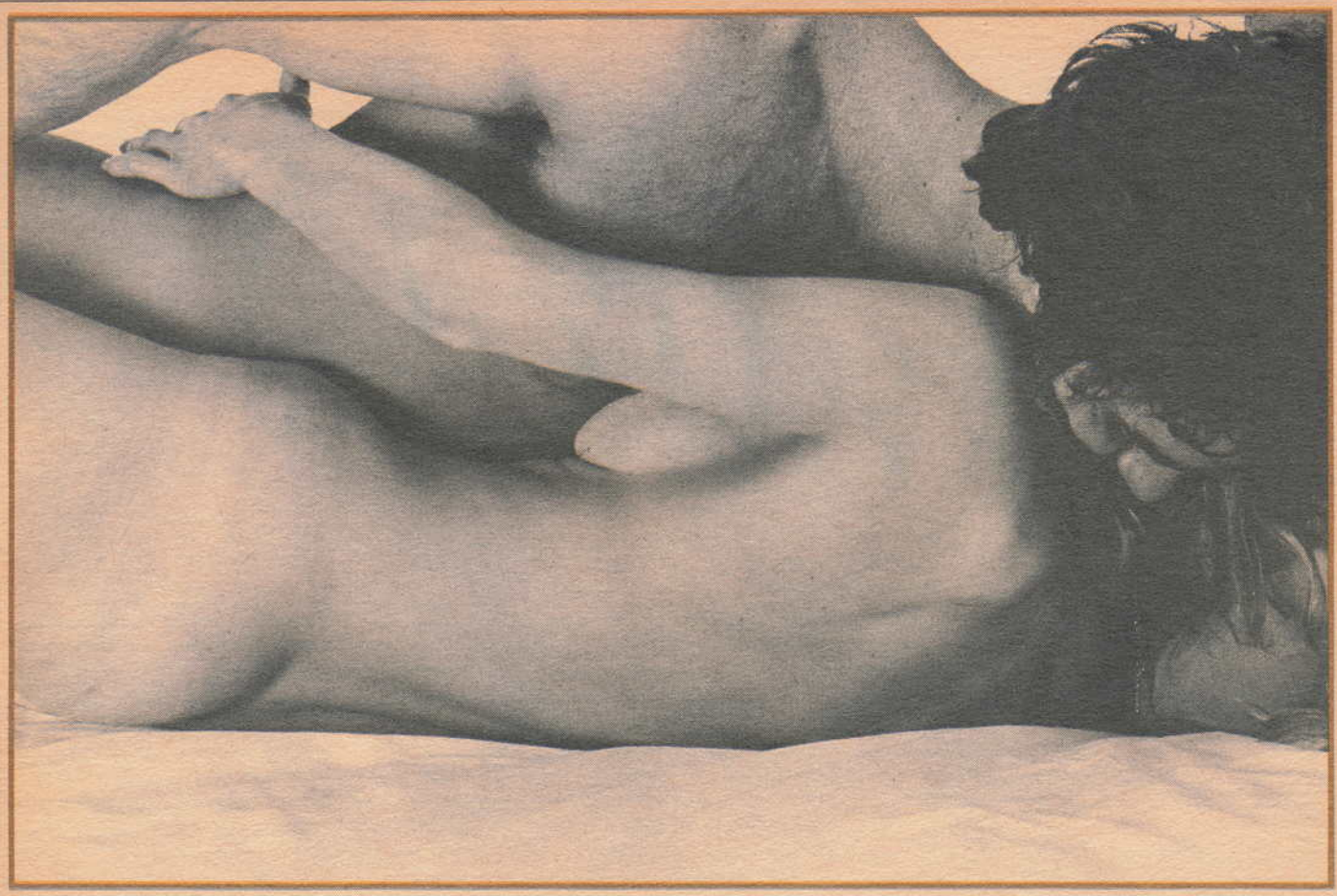
When I opened my eyes, he was naked—he'd kept his clothes on the whole time he was eating me—and he straddled me with his knees on either side of my hips, grinning at me, his hard cock in his hand. He moved his body up and guided his cock to my lips, so I opened my mouth and he began to fuck my mouth as if it were my cunt, watching me the whole time and smiling, thrusting deep into my throat, then withdrawing, twining his hands in my hair so he could hold my head the way he wanted to. He had such control, thrusting and withdrawing faster and faster until finally his eyes closed and he came in a great burst of semen, still holding my head over his cock until I'd swallowed every drop. Finally, he pulled out and, as if to thank me, kissed me between my legs.

My group left the next day, and I never saw him again; but I've never been eaten like that before or since, and I can't wait to sample another Arab. I wonder if they all love going down on you.

Carl W., 44, sportswriter: Ethnic shmethnic. Every woman I've ever known, no matter what her family background, learned the same thing from her mother: "Be cool, but don't freeze." That is, give him just enough to make him *want* to put one ring on the little girl's finger, and to let her put the other one through his nose. Once that happens, she's got you by the balls, and all those promissory notes for cocksucking and butt fucking go right out the window. And if that isn't enough of a piss-poor deal—once you find the guts to demand your marital rights, she's just as likely to tell *you* to take a walk, and then she'll find a lawyer who'll wangle enough alimony to enable her to live in the style to which she was never accustomed anyway. Women—they're an ethnic conspiracy all by themselves.

Joseph K., 23, dancer: I always try to find women with Russian blood. Maybe because it's so cold out there in Siberia—I don't know—but they sure are hot. You'd think they'd be sort of square-shaped and boring in bed—sort of peasanty, if you know what I mean—but they're really just the opposite. I've fucked a good dozen of them, so I know what I'm talking about. They generally have great breasts and very wet cunts, and they love to fuck and suck. The only thing they *don't* seem to like is being eaten—which is usually the only thing that WASP American girls *do* like. Most Russian girls give terrific head. They can do it for hours, and they like you to come in their mouths; they suck up every drop and lick their lips afterwards. Their tongues are generally expert, whether it's in your mouth or up your asshole—another thing they like that a WASP girl wouldn't think of doing. And talk about multiorgasmic—those Russians don't stop coming. It's no wonder James Bond was always balling Russian spies.

Jim B., 33, lawyer: Ethnic, huh? Well, I don't know any Latvians or Chinese. I guess the majority of women I've had sexual experiences with have been good ol' American WASPS. But then, jeez, there must be a score of categories—I mean, what's a WASP, anyway? You've got your



New England Puritans, who are completely different from the Kansas farmgirl. Then there's the Colorado ski chicks and the California ladies and so on. They're all WASPS—the ones I've met, anyway. But they were all miles apart from one another in their respective attitudes towards sex.

I suppose the most memorable experience I've ever had with a WASP was while I was attending college in Alabama. Susie was a Southern Baptist WASP, another category altogether. Anyway, we met when I was 19 and fairly confused about women. We were both caught up in the whole social scene for that time and place—proper sorority, most hell-raising frat, you know—so we ended up getting pinned and staying that way for about two years.

Now, you have to understand that this girl was *crazy*, but I think the main thing that kept me so fascinated with her was her total unpredictability. She was beautifully put together, a real Southern belle. Her hair was that long, blond stuff that's always perfect, you know? She had big blue eyes with long droopy lashes and, man, did she have a drawl to match. All she had to do was look at me and stick out her bottom lip in that classic, rich-girl pout and say, "Jimmeee, come over here to your little baby," and I was just about finished. She wore tight sweaters, and every time she'd start thinking about sex, her nipples would poke out and she'd get a sultry look on her face and start rubbing up against me.

When we were in public, though, the prude would come out; I was treated more like her butler than anything else. If I tried anything physical, all I'd get would be a brusque comment like: "You just stop that, right now. What will folks think?" But in private, it was a different story completely. There were nights that she'd almost rape *me*! I used to call her the Yin-Yang Kid, as a matter of fact. I never knew what the hell she'd pull next.

The perfect example of her dual sexual personality was the switch-up trip she pulled on me the night of 'Bama's biggest football game of the year. We were all acting pretty rowdy, and I'd been trying to slip Southern Comfort into her Coke all night. She kept giving me the fish-eye and slapping my hand and telling everybody that she just *didn't* know *what* had gotten into me, 'cause I *knew* she didn't drink. Well, as soon as we got into the car she said she wanted a kiss and a drink; I told her I was in a foul mood because of her cunty attitude and would just as soon take her on home. What a turn around! She started acting all drippy sweet, what with the "honeys" and the "babys."

I told her I didn't want to play her games, and then she surprised the hell out of me. She leaned over, right there in the car, unzipped my fly, took my cock out and started playing with it. And I swear to God she was talking to it—kissing it, stroking it, coaxing it to get hard for sweet Susie. Well, you *know* it did. And I was shaking so hard, I had to stop the car. This was the first time she had ever sucked me off, and I was going crazy. She tickled and rubbed my balls expertly with one hand while the other jacked me off with slow, sure strokes. And then she took my prick into her mouth and began to suck and lick—oh, my God! Nobody was going to tell me that this girl had never sucked cock before. She had my head spinning, my balls aching and my wang shaking like a pro. I remember watching her pretty blond head bobbing up and down and feeling my insides about to explode any second. And when I did come, she stuck right with me, massaging my thighs as she swallowed every last drop.

Like I said, the main thing the girl had going for her was the element of surprise. After she'd licked me clean, stuffed my cock neatly into my pants and zipped me up again, she sat straight up, licked her lips like she'd just finished a soda, and gave me a look that said, "Well, that was nice. What would y'all like to do now?" My diagnosis? Pure Southern sexual schizo.

Bonnie K., 25, commercial artist: One thing I've noticed about Jewish men—most of them can't really get into going down on you. It's too bad, because I'm always attracted to Jewish men; they always look so vulnerable around the eyes, if you know what I mean. □

SEX TAPES Letters

Sex Tapes Letters" is a column devoted to you, the reader. This is your opportunity to comment on any of the preceding "Sex Tapes" or to share similar experiences with us. All writers in this column will remain anonymous. Write to OUI *Sex Tapes, 8560 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90069.*

JOCK SEX

The minute I saw your topic of the month, *Sex and Athletes*, I got stiff. My chick is a gymnast, a really great one, and what I like are her hefty, muscular thighs, all because of her being an athlete. We often fuck in the gym when no one's around. She'll hang upside down with her legs in the rings—doesn't hurt her a bit—so I can suck and tease her fabulous thighs as much as I please. Or sometimes she'll do a headstand and just hold it while I rub my dick on her thighs and then come. I don't even have to touch her cunt, sometimes. She's gone now on a tour out of the country with some other gymnasts, and your article made me hot for those thighs again. I just jacked off thinking about them.

LUTHER P.
Surfside, Florida

There are people who say that female athletes aren't sexy, but they'll never get that past me. Nothing turns me on more than knowing that a woman is physically fit—a sense that she's strong and capable of taking care of herself. It's no coincidence that most of the ladies I've gone with have been into sports in a big way. One was a tall blond, with a perfectly angelic face and a twangy midwestern drawl, who played semipro basketball. She was at least six-two, and I'd always wanted to fuck a girl that tall, because I was curious to see if it took longer for the erotic signals to get from her cunt to her brain than it did in a shorter woman. (The answer is no.)

After she gave up on both basketball and me, I took up with a telephone operator who is absolutely insane about tennis. She's as tautly strung as her own best racket, and the way we keep scoring, love is closer to infinity than to zero.

Lately, however, my taste has jumped another notch—to lady wrestlers, if you can call them ladies. Their bodies are developed *all* over; they have great stamina, and their movements are truly sexy. So far my tennis partner, who lives with me, doesn't know about this growing passion—and all I've done about it is buy a few magazines and watch a few 25-cent film clips. But the next time I get to L.A., I'm going to one of those nude-wrestling places; and I hope that one of the girls there likes my looks, because if I like hers I'm going to ask for her number. I just love the thought of some brawny babe, who could probably knock me out in a fight, whimpering with pleasure at my touch.

FRANK C.
Sacramento, California

> I just love the thought of some brawny babe whimpering with pleasure at my touch.

Sex and athletes? Come on, OUI. The best thing you can get from a jock is athlete's *foot*. Those jocks look big and husky, but I'll tell you, most of the time they can't get it up, and the few times they can they expect you to fucking worship their dicks. Forget it. I'll take a scrawny little chess player any day; at least they're sensitive to women.

CLAUDIA F.
Macon, Georgia

I'm a baseball player, and I just had to write in and tell you that all those stories about sex and athletes are just the tip of the iceberg. Whether it's for status or what, I can't say, but a lot of girls chase ball players, just like the groupies that run after rock stars. I mostly haven't taken advantage of them. Of course, you don't believe that, but the truth is that a lot of the stuff you get offered isn't all that tempting. On the other hand, traveling makes you horny. There are weeks when the waitresses look better than the cheeseburgers—when you feel like you've just got to grab hold of somebody. I got to feeling that way in Cleveland once, and when this little fox down by the third-base line gave me her number, I called it. Now I always play my best ball when I get to Cleveland—and I hope they don't use me in whatever town comes next. That's all I want to say—I'm afraid of somebody recognizing me.

NAME WITHHELD BY REQUEST
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

TOO MUCH SEX?

Every month we read OUI and a couple of other men's magazines, and they're all getting to us. Sex, sex, sex. Sex and athletes, sex and doctors—why not sex and elephants? Or sex and electric barbed wire? It's all beginning to seem silly. How about an article on real, everyday sex and the problems and joys of working out a regular sex relationship with just one person? That's probably more the concern of your readers, as

(Continued on page 135)

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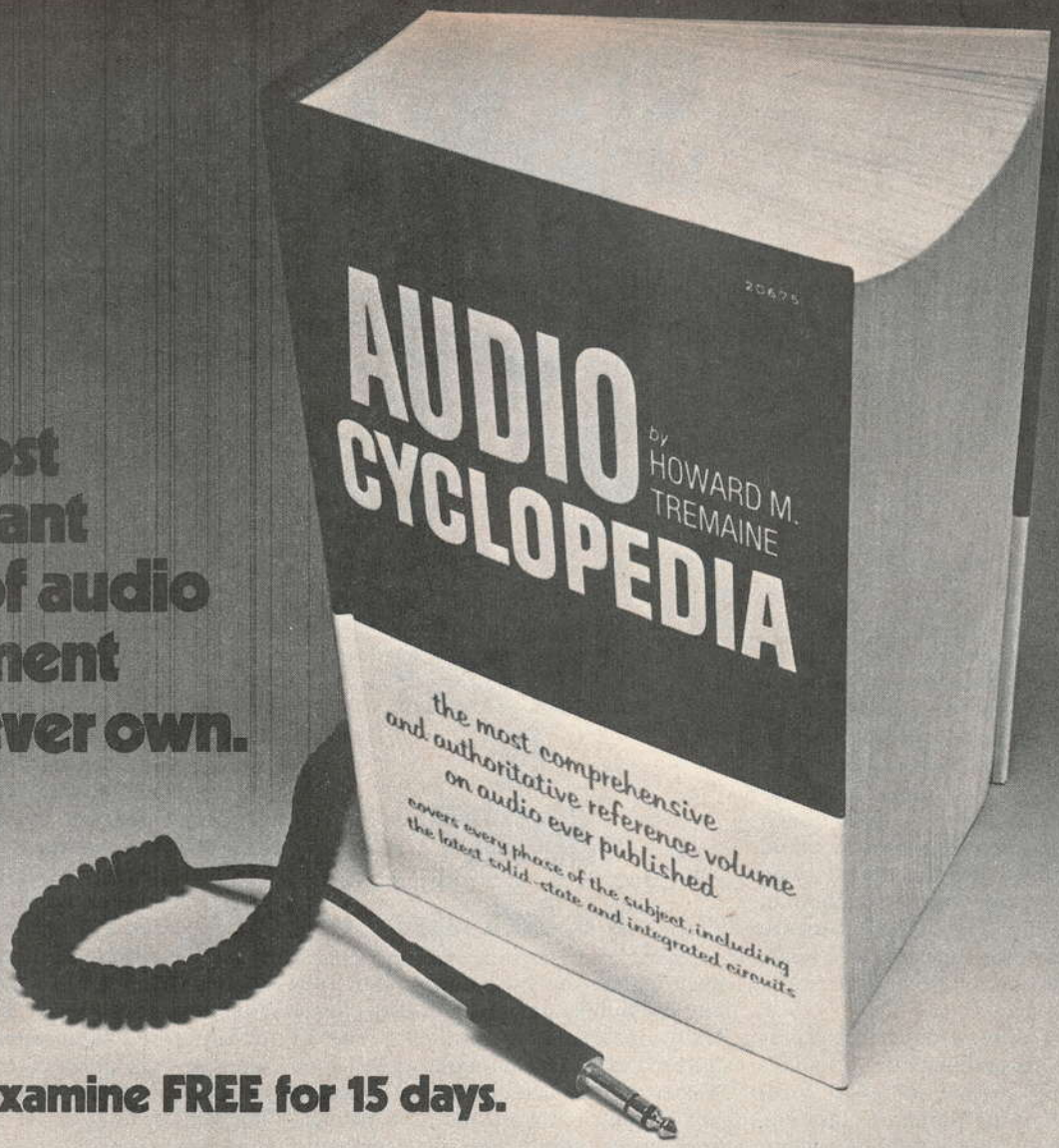
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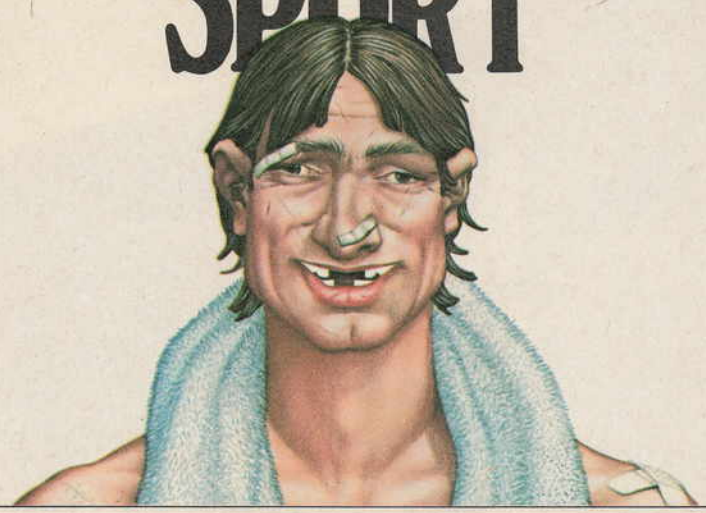
SPORT



THE UGLY OF SPORT

by D. Keith Mano

Since way back when, I've been on slap-me-five intimate terms with the ugliness of sport. See, my high school football team suited up and down in this Hooverville-type locker room: The lobby at Treblinka was more congenial. One shower—cold—fed by an open trough into which unhousebroken seniors would urinate while, below, freshmen were trying to crack lather out of permafrost soap. Let me tell you, Sally, there is no experience quite so lumpish and inelegant as a tinkle rinse. We knew right off because the water was *warm* for once.

But anything, even yellow shampoo, was better than an ass-curdling rattail. Rattails (wet towel whips twisted bull pizzle hard) were first seen in the Roman Colosseum. Gladiator A would use sword and trident; Gladiator B (known as the *Rattus minimus*) had just a wet towel screwed tight. Towelman inevitably got the thumbs-up. For exquisite pain, snapped rattails are equivalent to sitting on a staple gun. One shot in the wrong place and you'd father very, very short children.

Now, sweat. Give God the flashing letter *E* for sweat: I ask, how could our otherwisely wise First Cause make a creature that leaks all over himself? Locker-room post-gaminess is distinct: It'll close your head like sinus inflammation. Even inveterate jock-sniffs feel they've been sewn into a teenager's summer-old Pro Ked. Worse yet, I was—I am—allergic to my own perspiration. The one jerk in America whose antibodies attack *him*. I get athlete's foot on my head. Wherever my equipment hit skin, I'd break out in weepy eczema: hip, shoulder, thigh. Tackling was a pleasure; it scratched me. My sweat was so effusive I'd fall through handshakes. Once, I found a gassed dead cockroach in the armpit of my T-shirt. What recourse did I have? My family was so poor we could only afford 2-Day Deodorant Pads.

But boxing is pug-ugliest. I just adore watching one fighter carefully reopen another fighter's ten-stitch cut brow, by rubbing his stubble against it as they clinch. Really ripe hematomas will pop like fat squeezed ticks. Or that night when I took Mother to her first Sunnyside Gardens card. Sneak right cross and a blood-plus-drool flecky mouthpiece flew, defective boomerang-wise, smack into Mom's Orange Crush. It was back to bullfights for her after that. Hell, what other sport could market the Leon Spinks look? It won't sell Hamilton Beach popcorn poppers or Brut, but I do hang Leon's photo over my bathroom sink. With a note for the children: SEE WHAT'LL HAPPEN IF YOU DON'T BRUSH UP AND DOWN. Well, I'm not ridiculing Leon. He may be a member of MENSA (or even sub mensa), but intelligence does appear seated in the bridgework. Lose two front grinders—wham, your IQ will go down 74 points. And a gap look can also intimidate. Bet you thought the average fangless hockey player had had his roots canalled by high sticking or some such. Nonsense. Dr. Jacques DePlier is employed by one (shall it be nameless?) NHL team to yank at least four incisors from any rookie who has made the big squad. Remember that, next time you contemplate a street fight. Take five and *examine the other guy's mouth*. Never mess with someone who has nothing to lose but his gumwork.

And fans: For sheer ugly, they split even with what Ralph Houk left on his bedpost overnight. If someone asks me, "Where were you when the crap hit the fan?" I say, "Yale Bowl, Giants *versus* Cowboys." That afternoon I got clocked with a condom full of beer. Repeat. A. Condom. Full. Of. Beer. Can you imagine the craftsmanship and patience necessary to do that at 18 degrees Fahrenheit? I have trouble filling a condom with myself at room temperature. Any Red Sox–Yankees game is like pay night in Genghis Khan's camp. At Sunnyside Gardens once, when a young Puerto Rican lost on questionable judgment, I hadda crouch under the ring while folding chairs went ka-thoonck off canvas over my head. Seven hurt, four handcuffed: *arriba*. In Europe, in South America, they dig alligator moats and string electric wire to keep aficionados from making *pâté de fois gross* out of the opposition. And Jane Goodall's in Africa: She could of saved air fare.

Worser and worser is what sport has done to uglicize the language. We have no superstars: We have real good players, who hit with real good power and should have a real good season, Howard. Use one adverb and your best teammate will probably think you bugger male dummies in Neiman-Marcus for fun. Grammar is what an athlete might visit at Golden Sunset Rest Home. And, more waste laying yet, sport argot has become the metaphor pool for every profession. A CPA will give you his ballpark figure. Political campaigns are game-planned. And so on. You know them all. Once, at a White House dinner, I heard some kind of Nixon aide say that South Vietnam had "the home-field advantage." Sport idioms are pedestrian, stupid, also dangerously imprecise. Where else but on a ballfield would people yell "Heads up!" instead of "Duck!" when a foul pop is about to unisex your hair?

Then I watch Julius Erving go up—the Ascension as another Raphael might paint it—make three illegal turns in mid-nowhere, double park and slam dunk home. My armpits, to honor him, smell of newbaked bread. It's real good then, it is. □

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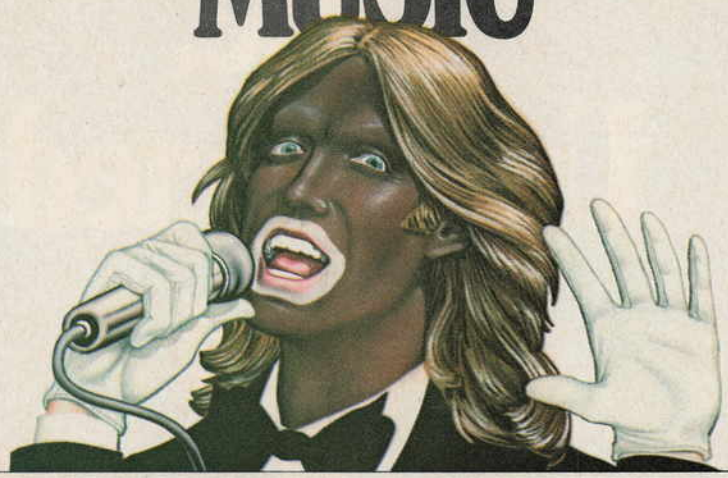


LITTLE WHITE LIES

by Ed Naha

Within the strobe-lit confines of the New Jersey disco, countless bodies gyrate to the musical equivalent of a steamer trunk being dragged down a spiral staircase. As the "thunka-thump" rhythms echo through the room, suburbia's answers to Ike and Tina squirm in pseudosexual delight. All the guys look like John Travolta. All the girls look like John Travolta. And the music plays on: the Bee Gees, Samantha Sang, Meco, Sweet. Lily-white funk for an equally alabaster audience. There are no black patrons to be found, on the dance floor or at the bar.

"They never come in here," longtime disco freak Scott says casually through his shades. "Black kids just don't dig disco."

Black kids don't dig disco?

In 1978, disco music has gone the route of most rock fads. Pioneered by black musicians and fans nearly five years ago, disco dementia has been adopted coast to coast by calcimined hipsters who have not only homogenized the sound but have declared it their own as well. Barry White and Johnnie Taylor have been replaced by the Gibb molars, and rock's subtle brand of racism has triumphed once again.

Since its inception, rock 'n' roll has been a distinctly *white* musical experience. Its roots, however, have mostly been *black*—a fact which many rockphiles blissfully ignore. Without the efforts of black musicians, the pop charts today would probably be swarming with Rosemary Clooney and Steve and Eydie. Rock actually began quite subversively at the rhythm-and-blues level and developed full force when white performers discovered there was money and fame to be had by playing things "Negro."

During the early Fifties, the R&B charts boasted such hits as Lloyd Price's *Lawdy Miss Clawdy*, B.B. King's *Three O'Clock Blues* and the Midnighters' *Work with Me Annie*. None of these tunes ever got air play on pop stations, however, because, well . . . *you know*. These guys weren't as *nice* as Nat "King" Cole.

Enter the white music machine and, presto, R&B became rock 'n' roll. If black folks couldn't get their infectious hits into the top charts, the music moguls reasoned, then sure as hell white folks could. In 1954, the Crew Cuts (how honky can you get?) rerecorded the Chords' R&B hit *Sh-Boom* and spawned a pop smash. A year later, carrot-topped Bill Haley copped Joe Turner's R&B style to produce *Rock around the Clock*. Soon, he'd take Turner's *Shake, Rattle and Roll* to the peak of popularity as well.

Rock 'n' roll was born and, lawdy, was it W-H-I-T-E. The idea of pop acts "covering" R&B tunes for Caucasian consumption became acceptable. Willie Mae Thornton's *Hound Dog* launched young Presley's career. Gale Storm got funky covering Smiley Lewis' *I Hear You Knocking*. (Dat's mah ba-ad l'il Margie!) Pat Boone, whose idea of the blues was being trapped at a milk bar without a flavor straw, slogged his way through Fats Domino's *Ain't That a Shame* (it was) and, eventually, everyone from Bobby Rydell to Rick Nelson took a crack at interpreting R&B hits in an effort to further their own crinolined careers.

Luckily, a swarm of d.j.s, led by the intrepid Alan Freed, flatly *refused* to play the vanilla versions of the black chart-toppers. Slowly, the original artists found their way into the limelight. R&B mainstays like Domino, Little Richard and Chuck Berry were suddenly deemed rockers *extraordinaire* by the zits crowd and actually managed to initiate successful pop careers by recording their own hits before someone else did. Rock became integrated and everyone benefited. But a precedent had been set. In the future, whenever the white rock realm ran out of steam, a hasty plundering of the black musical bag would be considered essential.

During the early Sixties, every pop band in England broke into the Chuck Berry–Little Richard–Muddy Waters stash, from The Beatles and Stones to the Dave Clark Five. A few years later, British "heads" discovered that Nehru shirts could have the blues, and the works of B.B. King, Elmore James and Howlin' Wolf launched the careers of John Mayall, Cream, Savoy Brown and Fleetwood Mac. Because all this thievery was done quite innocently, eventually everyone got a piece of the action. Bleary-eyed blues veterans quickly found themselves the idols of the counterculture and made successful comebacks. Meanwhile, its pious pilfering over, rock boogied ever onward, leaving Jimi Hendrix to wonder why the fuck he ever put on that psychedelic clown suit in the first place.

And thusly did the black-white symbiotic success story slither into the Seventies. R&B had become rock 'n' roll. Gospel had become blue-eyed soul. The Jackson Five became the Osmonds. Traditional blues had spawned psychedelic riffing. Today, disco dancing has come to mean big bucks for John Travolta stockholders. But just where will all this righteous rip-off action end? What will happen when rock runs out of black sounds to sack? Where will it turn? Asia? Antarctica? Polynesia? Can anyone imagine the Bee Gees crooning Don Ho tunes at a luau?

Guys like Disco Scott can. Witness his cogent explanation of the current fair-haired funk fad: "The Bee Gees say it all about disco. *Stayin' Alive*. It's the music of the street."

Not Howlin' Wolf's street, it ain't. □

Wild Should Wild Remain.

"Man always kills the thing he loves, and so we the pioneers have killed our wilderness. Some say we had to. Be that as it may, I am glad I shall never be young without wild country to be young in."

ALDO LEOPOLD

"Integrity is wholeness, the greatest beauty is organic wholeness, the wholeness of life and things, the divine beauty of the universe. Love that, not man apart from that...."

ROBINSON JEFFERS

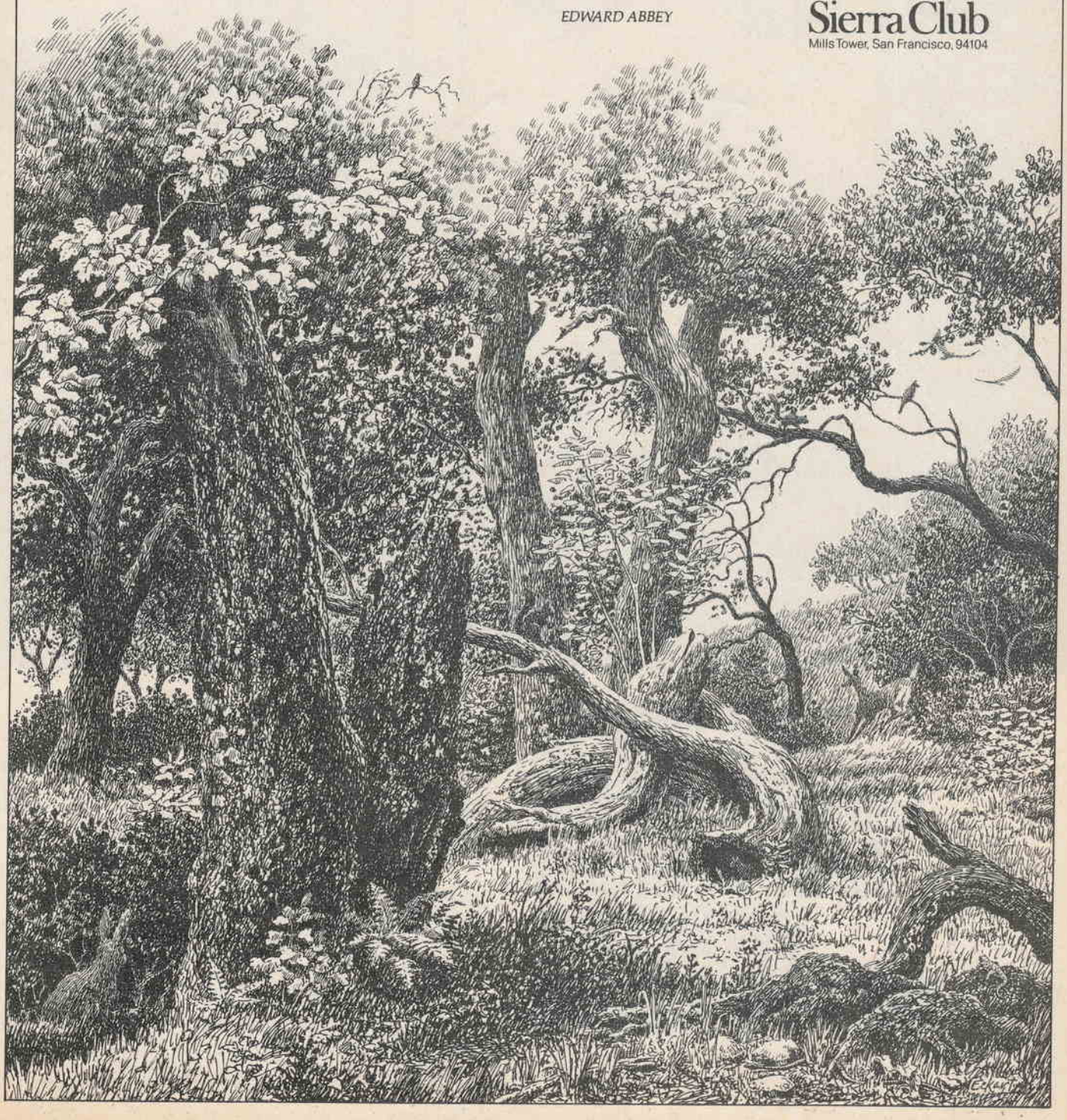
"The love of wilderness is more than a hunger for what is always beyond reach; it is also an expression of loyalty to the earth, (the earth which bore us and sustains us), the only home we shall ever know, the only paradise we ever need—if only we had the eyes to see."

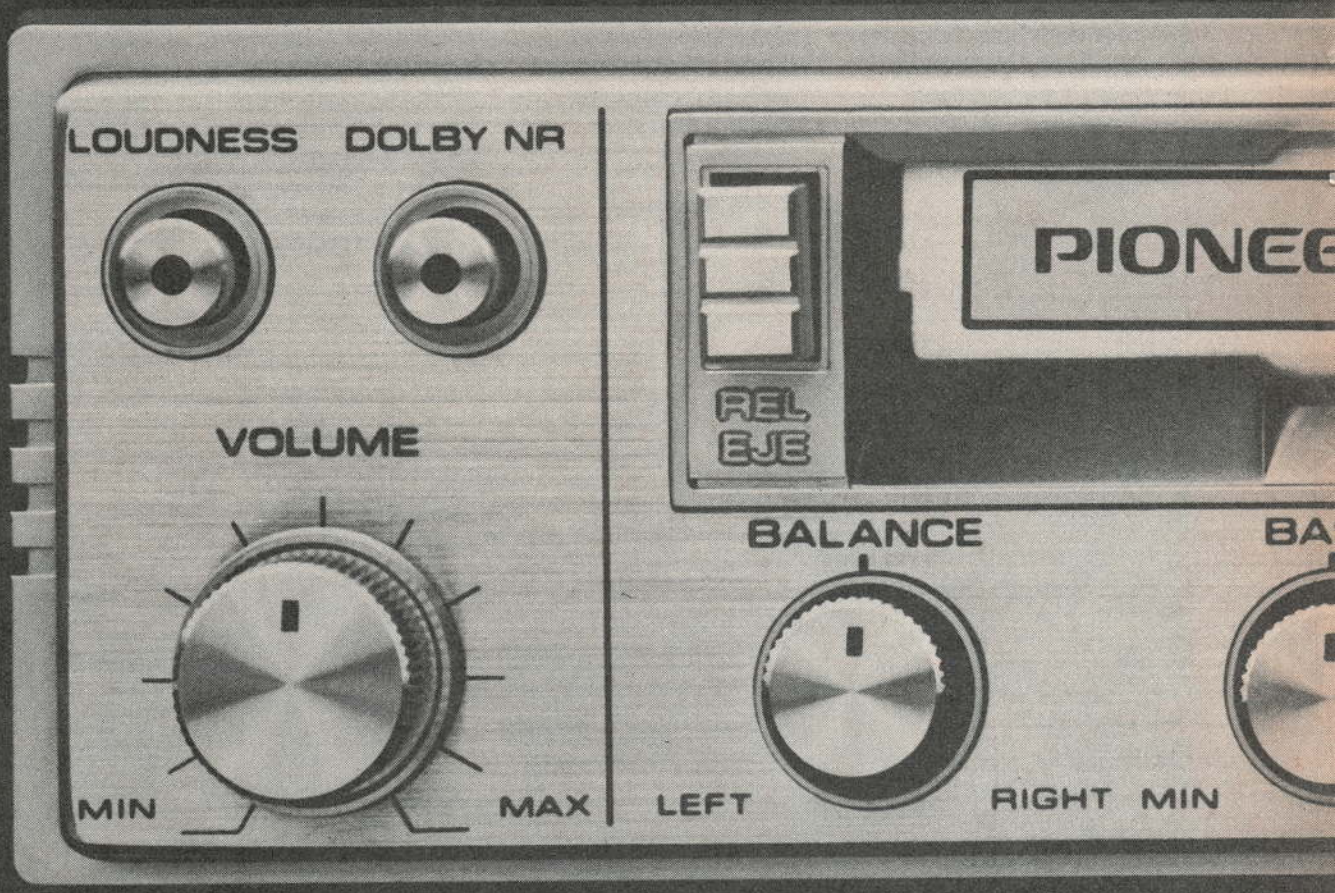
EDWARD ABBEY

"We need wilderness preserved—as much of it as is still left, and as many kinds... It is important to us... simply because it is there—important, that is, simply as an idea."

WALLACE STEGNER

Sierra Club
Mills Tower, San Francisco, 94104





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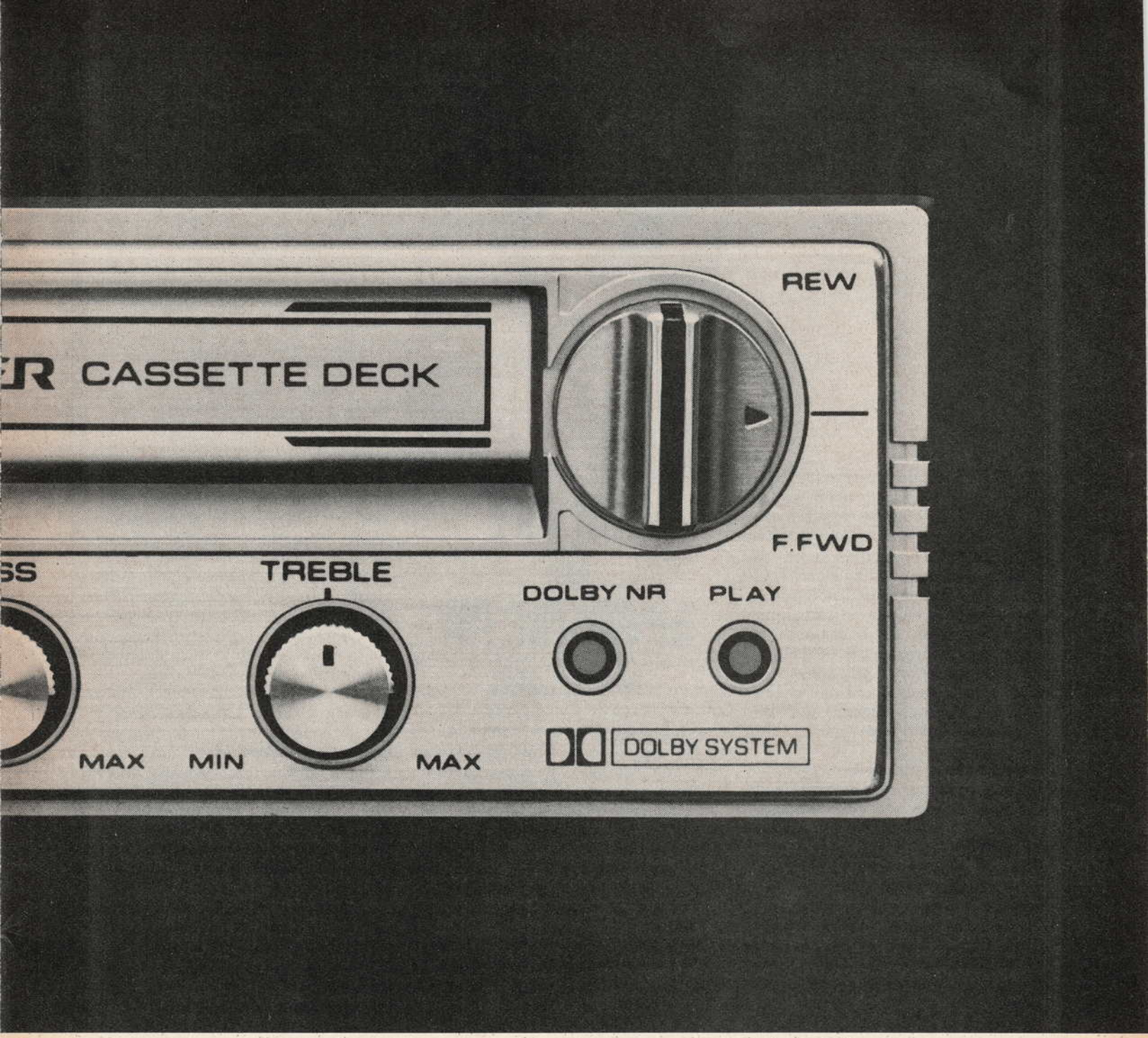

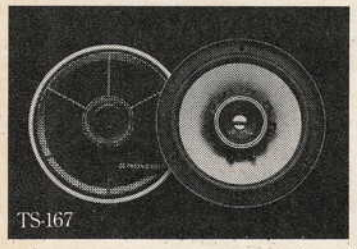
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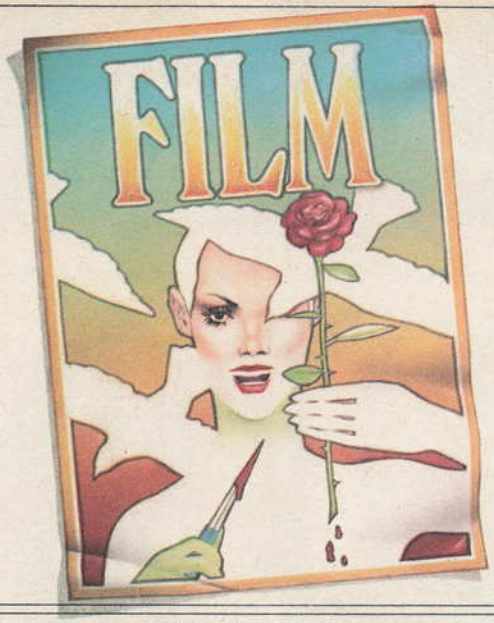

THE ART OF ARTSY-FARTSY

by Rick Sublett

Let's talk art films. No, not those 8mm meat-beaters you never had the guts to send away for because you were afraid the mailman might tell your neighbors you're perverted. I mean *real* art films . . . those mostly foreign-made movies that play only in tiny intellectual theaters, where you can smoke in the orchestra seats. Movie houses of the mind and spirit, where they sell raw cashews instead of Milk Duds at the candy counter.

Places where the audience looks like it never takes a bath, except together in the Ganges River.

Places where you need two sets of independently operating eyeballs just to match the action on the screen with subtitles.

Places—in a word—where you wouldn't be caught dead.

But now there's no reason to be caught dead—or *alive*, for that matter—inside an art house. Thanks to me, you can speak with authority on art films, without having to suffer through another frame of another French movie with Simone Signoret playing another hooker with another heart of old gold.

Yes, everything you need to know in order to sound informed is included in the attached, easy-to-fold-up-in-your-wallet art-film fact sheet. Just memorize these:

14 EASY TRUTHS

1) Ninety-seven percent of all art films deal with old men fooling around with younger women, or older women fooling around with younger men.

2) The remaining 3 percent are devoted to stories about American imperialists fooling around with Third World puppet governments or homosexuals fooling around with themselves.

3) Four of the best films ever made in India are *Kaadu*, *Atithi*, *So Nar Kella* and, of course, the thought-provoking *Chomana Dudi*, which is about a man and his drum (Dudi), not a man and his freckle-faced puppet (Doody), as so many Americans mistakenly believe.

4) It is possible for an art-film maker to remain popular for generations, simply by rereleasing the *same* movie over and over again every few years, with a slightly altered title. All it requires is a forgetful and/or gullible public and a copy of *Roget's Thesaurus*.

5) Based upon Fact #4, Luis Bunuel's *That Obscure Object of Desire* will be revived and raved about under the following titles:

1983—*That Obscure Object of Craving*
1989—*That Obscure Object of Appetency*
1994—*That Obscure Object of Concupiscence*
2000—*That Obscure Object of Desire (featuring the original cast)*

6) Since fleeing legal trouble in Hollywood, director Roman Polanski has decided to return to making art films, such as his widely acclaimed *Knife in the Water*. Polanski, in fact, has already begun work on a gothic sequel, entitled *La Fille Adolescente de Rose-Marie*.

7) Of all the European-trained directors, Ingmar Bergman is widely considered the master of titles that are appropriately symbolic and obscure, yet short enough to fit nicely on small theater marquees everywhere. The only possible exception is *Sant Hander inte Har*, which for obvious reasons fits nicely only on small theater marquees in Sweden.

8) Due to worldwide inflation, Federico Fellini's classic Italian satire *8½* will soon be released as *11⅘* (slightly higher west of the Rockies).

9) The Hollywood hit *The Magnificent Seven* is taken, almost scene for scene, from the Japanese classic, *The Seven Samurai*.

10) In turn, the Japanese sci-fi box-office smash, *The Incredibly Overexposed Woman Meets the Bearded Two-Dimensional Man*, is taken, almost scene for scene, from the popular Marsha Mason/Richard Dreyfuss film, *The Goodbye Girl*.

11) The action in the French antiwar documentary *The Battle of Algiers* was exceeded only by the battle for the exits in most American theaters.

12) In spite of his legendary motion-picture career in Europe, the prolific Carlo Ponti has had only two screen successes in the United States. Both of them belong to Sophia Loren, and both still make an entertaining double feature that holds up nicely after all these years.

13) French director Claude Lelouch is one of Europe's most "honest" film makers. In 1966, for example, he astounded the critics by freely admitting his sensational use of black-and-white scenes in *A Man and a Woman* had nothing to do with artistic effect. He had simply gone over budget in shooting and had run out of color film stock.

Lelouch's candor ends there, however, because he neglected to add that he ran out of creative genius at roughly the same time.

14) Turnabout is fair play. Many obscure American-made films have won intellectual favor in foreign countries, proving one people's trash is another people's treasure.

At Long Last Love still plays to standing-room-only crowds in Yemen.

The majority of Dennis Hopper's fan mail now comes from the upper reaches of the Amazon River.

And in Great Britain, Sylvester Stallone's dialog in the overseas release of *F.I.S.T.* has been dubbed into the English language, so that audiences can understand what he is saying. □

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WHAT'S IN A GAY NOVEL FOR YOU?

by Jesse Kornbluth

"Who wants to read about sissies?" wonders a character in *Dancer from the Dance*, a new novel about New York homosexuals that is being touted, with some justification, as the gay *Gatsby*. Who, indeed? Not only don't most men want to *read* about homosexuals; most American men don't even want to see them. In fact, if the mounting list of Middle American cities which have reneged on gay rights legislation is any indication, our homosexual brethren will soon be forced to wear lavender armbands.

Yet on New York's Publishers' Row, the gay backlash is nowhere to be found. The publishers, in fact, are aggressively promoting more than a dozen books, which suggests the emergence of a new genre.

Why are the publishers suddenly coming out with so much of the stuff? The Middle American analysis is predictable: These books, like most of the media products that originate in New York, come from a group of Communist faggots who couldn't get honest work as window designers. I like another conclusion better: Something new is happening, and if open-minded straights can just set their much-advertised anxieties aside for an evening, they might see how much we heteros have in common with the romantic imaginings of some highly idiosyncratic writers.

The most idiosyncratic of them is Larry Kramer, and if there's one book which is going to spearhead this publishing phenomenon—to its probable detriment, I suspect—it is his *Faggots*, tentatively scheduled for publication by Random House in November. It's the sort of novel that scouts like me love to hear about: Rumors galore have been flying about the book's explicitness (it is said to feature thinly disguised portrayals of some of New York's better known gays), its potential legal problems (Random House lawyers are described as being particularly edgy about scenes in which a movie-crazed character fantasizes about Paul Newman and Marlon Brando applying their expensive mouths to one another's members) and the bold-faced type on the cover (which makes some Random salesmen wonder how they're going to peddle a huge first printing without enormous advertising). I've only dipped into *Faggots*—just months before publication, Random claims it's under such close review it would be a disservice for early readers to scan these hot pages—but it looks like one hot read. Unfortunately, whatever its veracity or literary quality, this one may end up as ammunition for homophobes.

Dancer from the Dance, which is appearing this month from William Morrow & Company, can hardly be helped by this double backlash. This is a shame because, although the novel is about homosexuals, it honors its own advice and does not bore and/or shock us with extended descriptions of gay sex. Taken simply as "a good read," *Dancer* has everything going for it: a rich, elegaic prose style; the theme of love lost and sought; and a romantic ideal of a main character.

But what is most impressive about *Dancer from the Dance* is that it is so insistently wise about romance. Malone, the hero, tires over the course of a decade—like many of his heterosexual brothers—of "going to bed with people and being just the same afterward." For Malone, as for many straights, the perfect lover is just around the corner; his problem, like ours, is knowing where to look. Malone's odyssey, unlike ours, takes him through the baths and the discos, to Fire Island and a hundred weary assignations and dinners. His dilemma, as he ruefully learns, will be familiar to the driven and faithless of all persuasions: "The more he made love, the more he desired the replicas of his current lover he inevitably found on every corner."

Piqued by the suspicion that homosexual themes weren't invented just for this season's publishing list, I turned to Georges-Michel Sarotte's *Like a Brother, Like a Lover* (Doubleday, $10), an uncomfortably brilliant analysis of homosexual myths in American fiction. Sarotte argues that the "virile" strain in American fiction—the macho ethic that's celebrated in the works of writers as diverse as Melville and Mailer—is nothing less than a refuge from homosexuality. The brutal killer, the athlete stud, the male buddy: These, says Sarotte, are homosexual figures fighting their true identity. The problem for American men, as he sees it, is that we cannot love our counterparts, our brothers, without worrying that we are betraying our manly programming.

I think Sarotte would welcome the spate of gay literature as much as I do. For, among the dross that ultimately sinks every phenomenon, there are books which speak not just to the subcultures they describe, but to all readers who look for the universal in the specific. "He knew very well how gorgeous life is"—that's how one character in *Dancer from the Dance* sums up Malone. It is a description that transcends sex preferences.

So should a straight man read the gays? Why not? Especially considering that most heterosexual love novels are as inept as Erich Segal's *Oliver's Story* or as silly as Harlequin romances, for those who like to read about love as it's actually felt and lived, we don't have much of a choice. Once you stop worrying if the gay "good parts" are going to turn you on or off, you're going to be very pleasantly surprised. □

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MONEY

HOW TO READ THE STOCKS

by Chris Barnett

Aw, fuck the stock market. I made a couple of investments—supposedly on inside tips, too—and all I did was lose my ass." This is a friend of mine talking. He goes on to explain how he's thinking about real estate these days. How he's never taken a course in basic economics. How he doesn't understand the business cycle. How he doesn't read the financial pages of the daily newspapers, much less the stock tables. But, you see, he's got a few extra bucks and, like all of us, he's lusting to make them grow.

This guy is all too typical of today's sorry schmucks who try to invest their money when they don't understand a damn thing about what they're investing in. (My friend doesn't understand real estate either, except it's all he hears along the cocktail beat.)

What, then, is the best approach?

"My advice to anybody thinking about investing in stocks or bonds is to first take a course in basic economics at a night school," snaps James W. Patton, a quick-tongued professional investor who now holds forth from Palm Springs. "I don't know how any jackass can even think about investing until he learns how the business cycle works."

Patton, who used to manage money for a big financial institution before he started to manage his own dough full time, doesn't think much of stockbrokers and their advice. "A broker's advice usually isn't much better than advice from the guy sitting on the next barstool. Let's face it: These idiots are never bearish. They can't afford to be. They have to sell stocks and bonds to eat. Besides, most brokers don't give a shit about the small investor. Chances are the broker will bag the small investor, particularly if the would-be stock player doesn't know what he's doing."

Unless you want to go into a mutual fund—which for many isn't an all-bad idea—or unless maybe you just inherited a million or so and can afford to hire a business manager, most experts agree that, in the end, the best manager of your own money is you. After all, no one cares as much about it as you. That's not to say you don't need a broker. Of course you do—if for no other reason than to execute your decisions. The point is that plain old horse sense can tell you a lot about what you ought or ought not to do when it comes to investing.

Here's what Calvin Cramer, a Merrill Lynch stockbroker in Manchester, New Hampshire, has to say about common sense: "There's no real mystery about what makes a company or industry grow—if you stop and think about it. Let's say I tell you to buy Firestone because they've come out with a new tire. If you'd stop and think about it, you'd probably figure out that's a poor reason to buy. Why? Because every recent innovation in the tire business has been to make tires last longer, which ultimately cuts down on sales volume. That's the reason the tire companies have been so lousy lately.

"On the other hand," Cramer continues, "if I tell you to buy a computer company because of some new innovation, something that makes them more capable and more powerful . . . well, that might make some sense. The reason is simple. The chances are the innovation will allow the computers to do new tasks, which in turn will create a larger demand for the product . . . more sales, not less sales. If an investment idea, when fully presented, doesn't make sense based on your own knowledge and experience, don't buy it."

And that's your basics in economics. What next? Well, for starters, how about your objectives? How much risk can you stand? Obviously, the amount of risk you can take will determine the kinds of companies you'll want to follow. Such things as your tax bracket, your financial responsibilities, the size of your savings account, your income needs and your guts will dictate the kinds of stocks you should be looking at. Without going into an investment-objective dissertation here, suffice it to say that a single guy earning $35,000 a year will have different objectives from those of a married man with three kids earning $20,000.

There are a couple of basic things, though, to remember about risk: The bigger the chance for gain, the bigger the chance for loss. A bad risk is not a stock that won't go up—it's one that has a better chance of going down than up. That doesn't mean that if you take a bad risk once, you won't make out; it means that if you do it often enough you'll go broke—just as you would rolling the bones in Vegas, where the odds are always with the house.

OK, you say, maybe now I'm ready to pop 49 bucks for a year's worth of the *Wall Street Journal.* Unless you simply enjoy tight writing, lively features and more business news than almost any human can suck up, forget it—for the time being, anyway. The *Journal* doesn't make investment recommendations and won't even take advertising from people who do. It mainly reports the news, very well and very straight. The fact is, a good place to start your regular reading is probably the hometown paper, especially if you get one of the larger-city dailies. Most offer the top business stories of the day and generally provide the listings you need to follow your favorite stocks.

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7YN1

MONEY Of all the "leading market averages," the Dow Jones Industrial Average is the most leading of the leading. Also, it's frequently the most misleading.

the stock table. The nice thing about the stock tables is that the format is the same, regardless of what paper you're reading. (They're all put together by computer and transmitted by wire.) The major variation from paper to paper is the number of issues listed.

The two left-hand columns give the stock's high and low for the most recent 12 months, computed on a rotating basis so that each day's figures will cover the prior 52 weeks (not including the latest day's trading). This is so you can see how today's price stacks up against the high and low points for the year. (If the stock is near its annual high, some may think about selling; if it's near its low, about buying.)

Following the abbreviated corporate name (moving from left to right) comes dividends per share. Dividends are the bucks corporations pay stockholders from earnings. Unless otherwise noted, the dividends shown are annual disbursements based on the last quarterly or semiannual payment. Frequently, after the dividend number you'll find a small letter—*a, b, c.* Those are the footnote keys; every stock table has them, and they're important. For example, the small *a* after the dividend means the amount includes a special or extra dividend the company paid for one reason or another, while a *b* means there was a stock dividend in addition to the cash dividend; the value of the stock dividend is factored into the amount shown.

Next comes the "P-E"—price-earnings ratio—which is the guide most investors use to get a quick fix on a stock. It tells you the price you have to pay (P) to get a dollar's worth of last year's earnings (E)—what the investment types like to call "trailing earnings." Obviously, last year's earnings are history. What you buy is the right to share in next year's and future years' earnings.

Moving on to the right, the next line is labeled "Yld"—yield. This only comes into play if the company has paid dividends. It's a percentage figure that shows you what rate you would have earned based on today's price and last year's dividends. To make it easy: If a stock is selling at $10 today and paid a dividend of 80 cents last year, the yield figure would be 8 (percent). Again, bear in mind that you don't get those dividends; you're buying future dividends. On the other hand, unless there's a corporate disaster or something near to it, companies try hard not to whack down dividends. A dividend cut usually bombs a stock price into oblivion, at least temporarily.

The next column shows the volume of trading in a given security for the day. To figure the number of shares bought and sold during the session, multiply the figure shown by 100—so a "44" equals 4400 shares. Transactions are rounded to 100-share lots unless the number is preceded by a *Z*, which means the total shown is for the actual number of shares traded. A fast aside: Many investors stay away from stocks that are relatively inactive, on the theory that a stock that trades only a few hundred shares a day could be tough to unload when the market turns sour and it becomes time to sell.

The next three lines detail the trading range for the day—the day's high and low, and the "close"—what price the stock was going for when traders called it quits. Usually on a given day a given security will trade within a relatively narrow band, unless . . . the market in general is soaring, or falling like a stone, or something special is happening at the company behind the stock. Sharp moves up or down are usually accompanied by surges in the number of shares traded. Certainly, if a stock you've been watching shows a dramatic move—particularly one that's markedly different from the market averages for the day—it's a damn good idea to find out why. Check with business news sources or your broker. If neither of these is any help, call the company. Best bet here is the financial vice-president or one of his immediate underlings; if either doesn't know what's going on, nobody does. (Now, either might not tell you, but that's holding back "inside information" and is almost always illegal.)

The final line on your right merely gives you the net price change for the day—the difference between the first transaction of the day and the last.

The rundown I just gave you is for stocks listed on the New York and American stock exchanges. In addition, there is a host of unlisted stocks—those traded "over-the-counter" (OTC). Thousands of stocks trade in this market and most of them are from smaller outfits; so there's a good chance your favorite stock could be an OTC number. Most newspapers carry a partial list of OTC securities; the most complete list is run by *Barron's*, a weekly financial newspaper.

Reading the over-the-counter table is just a mite different from reading the listed table. For openers, most OTC listings won't show a 12-month high and low. For another, the price-earnings ratio doesn't appear. But the biggest difference is in the way the prices are quoted. Instead of "high," "low" and "close," you'll see the prices quoted as "bid" and "ask." If you buy an OTC stock, you will pay the "ask" price. The difference between the two is frequently the brokerage firm's markup, a built-in profit over and above the regular brokerage commission.

No discussion of the investment information you can scope from your local paper would be complete without some mention of the so-called "leading market averages." Of these, the Dow Jones Industrial Average is the most leading of the leading. Also, it's frequently the most misleading. It is, after all, a less than scientific sampling of 30 stocks, all of which are listed on the New York Stock Exchange. Over short-term periods—particularly recently—the Dow has tended to swing more widely in both directions than the market as a whole. Historically, though, the Dow has proven to be the most conservative index. When the market goes down, it tends to go down less. When the market goes up, it tends to go up less.

While the Dow grabs most of the daily headlines, you might periodically check several other averages (they'll usually be buried down in the body of the "daily market" story). Incidentally, the two indexes by which the professional money managers most often measure themselves—and therefore the ones the pros think are the most representative of the market as a whole—are the New York Stock Exchange composite index and the Standard & Poor's 500-Stock Index.

Even these indexes don't give the complete picture, particularly if you're into smaller companies. As of this writing, for example, the American Stock Exchange (Amex) Index and the NASDAQ composite index (of OTC stocks) were considerably different from the indexes measuring the performance of the stocks of the larger NYSE-listed companies.

Newspapers may be the easiest way to get the basic dope on a stock, but they don't tell much of a story. Most any brokerage firm will gladly give you a free copy of the Standard & Poor's monthly *Stock Guide*, which at least gives you some basic decision-making data on all listed stocks—sales, earnings, dividends, price-earnings multiples. But to get more comprehensive data, ask your broker for the S & P summary sheets on the company you fancy. A broker will gladly give you one, since he'll no doubt see a possible commission in it.

Once you have the S & P sheet, you also have the company's address and can write for a copy of the annual report and a "10-K." The 10-K is a detailed document every public company must submit to the Securities and Exchange Commission. Armed with these two reports and a little knowledge of accounting, says Cramer, the Merrill Lynch broker, you can ferret out many of the company's inherent and potential strengths and weaknesses. Forget the pretty pictures in the annual report, adds Cramer, and go straight to the footnotes in both documents; that's where the skeletons are buried, where clues to future problems lie. □

LET'S HEAR IT FOR THE FIRST AMENDMENT

[WHILE WE STILL CAN]

GOVERNMENT CENSORSHIP is about to take a great leap forward.

A government agency—The Federal Communications Commission—believes it has the right to act as our parents and restrict the broadcast of certain words at times when children just *might* be listening—*regardless of any literary, artistic, or social value or the fact that this could seriously limit free expression in the broadcast medium.*

The FCC acted after WBAI—a listener sponsored Pacifica radio station in New York—broadcast a monologue by comedian George Carlin about "seven words you can't say on TV" which satirizes how people get uptight by the use of certain words.

Their mailbox clogged with *one* letter of complaint, the FCC ruled Pacifica to be in violation of the Federal Communications Act. In deciding that a government agency has the right to tell broadcasters what they can or cannot say on the air, they essentially trampled all over the First Amendment.

When Pacifica challenged this ruling, a U.S. Court of Appeals held that the FCC had overstepped its authority in banning "indecent language" at certain hours and that it had wrongly entered into "the forbidden realm of censorship."

Undaunted, the FCC has now taken the "Carlin Case" to the Supreme Court which will consider this critically important constitutional question: *Do all First Amendment rights traditionally enjoyed by free press also extend to radio and television?*

Opposing the FCC—standing up for the right to broadcast a free flow of information and your right to hear it—is Pacifica radio. Broadcasting for thirty-two years, Pacifica is known as "First Amendment Radio," unrestricted by advertisers and committed to the presentation of all points of view.

BANNED?

The Bible
Aristophanes
Shakespeare
Jonathan Swift
Ernest Hemingway
Dylan Thomas
Chaucer
Margaret Mead
George Orwell
Lord Byron
The Nixon/Watergate Tapes

What happens in the Carlin Case will not only affect Pacifica but the entire broadcast industry as well. And this, of course, affects YOU.

It's been a tough and expensive battle for us. . . . Now we're asking for your help. Your contribution to the Pacifica First Amendment Fund will help insure that one of our most basic freedoms—the freedom of speech—will remain intact. And, it will help us keep on broadcasting words that the government would rather not hear.

THE PACIFICA FOUNDATION
(a non-profit California Corporation)
WBAI 99.5 FM, New York, N.Y.
KPFA 94.1 FM, Berkeley, CA
KPFT 90.1 FM, Houston, Texas
WPFW 89.3 FM, Washington, D.C.
KPFK 90.7 FM, Los Angeles, CA
KPFB 89.3 FM, Berkeley, CA

THIS COUPON FIGHTS CENSORSHIP

YES! I want to help save the public airwaves from the obscenity of government control. Here's my *tax deductible* contribution of

_____$100 _____$50 _____$25 _____$10 _____$ other

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

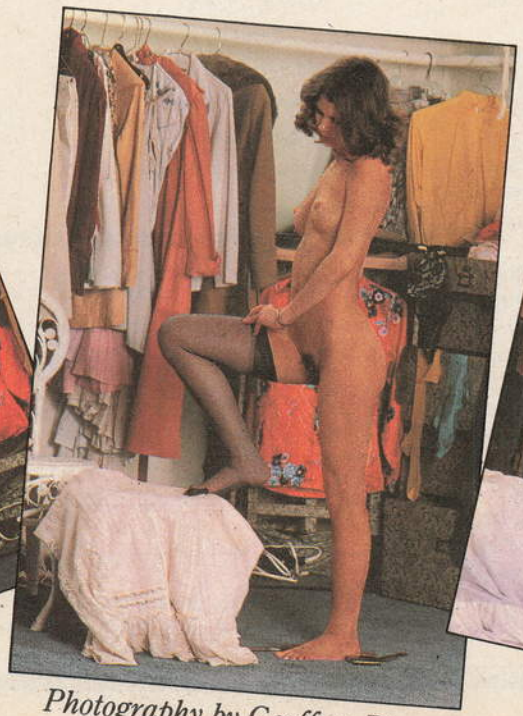
CITY_____STATE_____ZIP_____

To: THE PACIFICA FIRST AMENDMENT FUND
c/o Pacifica Foundation/Box 8455/Universal City, CA 91608

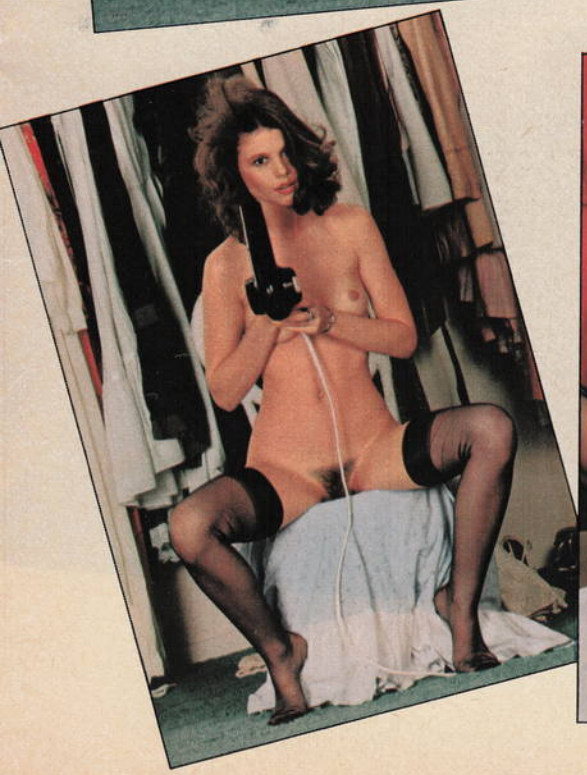
·C·e·c·e·l·i·a·

A VERY PRIVATE GIRL

Every girl needs that one special place she can escape to... where she can feel free to do her thing without having to worry about what anyone else may think. Cecelia used to enjoy long walks in the forest, quiet afternoons in the hayloft; but now she's into her closet.



Photography by Geoffrey Rian



When she was a little girl, she loved to play dress-up. Southern belles were her favorite, and movie queens, of course. Now, she still likes to play games, but her fantasies are more intense.

Cecelia tried to come out of the closet once, but it just didn't work.

It's funny how you can get set in your ways, she thinks, and forget

all about how the rest of the world gets off. Well, whatever works.

WE WERE PROMISED AN IDYLLIC WORLD WITH POWER THAT WOULD BE CLEAN AND SAFE.

HOT F

ARTICLE BY DAVID ROTHMAN

On October 27, 1970, the city council of Orlando, Florida, faced the ultimate threat: Unless the council forked over $1 million and guaranteed safe escort from the country, a lone terrorist *promised* to blow up the city with an H-bomb. Along with the letter-threat came a drawing of the bomb, which neither the FBI nor the Atomic Energy Commission could prove would not explode. The council was almost ready to give in to the demands, when a slip-up by the terrorist led police to his front door. He turned out to be a 14-year-old boy, an honor student at Orlando High School, whose "hobby" was designing thermonuclear bombs.

On March 22, 1975, an electrical inspector in a nuclear plant at Browns Ferry, Alabama, lit a candle a little too close to some highly flammable insulation and started a fire that resulted in $100 million worth of damages. Had the fire not been stopped by the last of several supposedly infallible safeguard systems—all of which were completely "lost" to the fire—it could have resulted in the deaths of at least 50,000 people, $14 billion worth of damages over a 600,000-square-mile area, and the infliction of millions of genetic mutations over the next 250,000 years. In industry jargon, this "incident" would have resulted in a "maximum credible accident."

At the Hanford, Washington, radioactive waste ("radwaste" for short) storage reservation, where 70 million gallons of high-level radwaste is kept, more than 500,000 gallons have leaked out since 1961, and it is now thought that the toxins may soon reach the water table. Not long ago the AEC dumped so much radwaste into a concrete trench at Hanford that scientists feared a nuclear explosion. High-level radwaste must be isolated from the environment for 250,000 years; yet, after 30 years and millions spent on research, the nuclear industry has not come up with a safe, reliable method for guarding or disposing of radwaste. What's more, by the year 2000 the nuclear industry may be producing 42,000 *tons* of rad-

PLOOT

YET, THE NUCLEAR ESTABLISHMENT HAS ALREADY LOST ENOUGH PLUTONIUM TO BLOW UP THE ENTIRE PLANET.

waste a year.

In November 1972, three terrorists hijacked a Southern Airlines DC-9 and threatened to crash it into a reactor at the Oak Ridge National Lab in Tennessee. In March 1973, guerrillas seized a reactor that was under construction in Argentina. Ninety-nine actual "incidents" of attempted or threatened violence involving U. S. nuclear facilities were recorded between 1969 and 1976.

These "incidents," near-catastrophes, acts of God and terrorist threats are all by-products of commercial nuclear power. Over the past 25 years, "the nukes" have joined the most powerful multi-billion-dollar industrial lobbies in the world and, like so many multinational corporations, their interests transcend national boundaries. The atomic-industrial complex serves itself best and not, as so many of the industry's press releases say, your interests or my interests—and certainly not the interests of our children. In the coming years, there is no doubt that we will have to protect ourselves against all types of nuclear threats. Thanks to the nukes, that ominous and murky contingent of cretins known as "they" now has enough hot ploot at its disposal to ensure that the meek will inherit the dirt—and not much else.

From the time that nuclear fission was discovered in 1939 up until the early 1950s, there was no such thing as nuclear proliferation. A-bomb and nuclear-reactor technologies were secrets to which only the U. S.

was privy. But when Russia exploded her first A-bomb in 1949, the atomic Pandora's Box which had been clamped tight for ten years was finally opened for all the world to see.

On December 8, 1953, shortly after the detonation of Russia's first H-bomb, President Dwight D. Eisenhower gave his "Atoms for Peace" speech before the United Nations. The idea was to share with the world the secrets of nuclear technology for peaceful purposes—namely, the generation of what was then called "meterless power," the joke being that nuclear energy would be so cheap no one would even bother to meter it. Ike declassified a large body of previously top-secret information dealing with reactors and A-bombs, reasoning that since the Russians had caught up with us, what was the point of keeping it secret? One only wonders how Ike, himself a man of war, could have thought that nuclear proliferation of any kind could ever contribute to world peace.

In 1954, Congress passed the Atomic Energy Act, opening the nuclear door for private enterprise and directing the thrust of our nuclear programs away from weapons projects and toward commercial use. As an incentive for investors, the U. S. government offered to underwrite an insurance policy for $560 million to cover a reactor accident, since no private insurance company was willing or able to take on such an unknown, although obviously risky transaction. This policy, called the Price-Anderson Act, was much too low to cover a serious accident completely—for who could put a price tag on an accident whose dimensions could not be known until it happened?—but it was enough to spark multibillion-dollar investment and propel the development of nuclear reactors through the Sixties and into the Seventies.

At the same time that reactors were being built in the U. S., several corporations—GE, Westinghouse, TRW Systems—developed an aggressive

(Continued on page 113)

THE LATE EMMETT GROGAN INVESTIGATES A PLUTONIUM HIJACKING

Emmett Grogan, who died this past spring, was one of the founders of the San Francisco Diggers and author of Ringolevio *and* Final Score, *the latter being a novel about plutonium theft. The piece printed below is an excerpt from further research that Grogan ran by us two summers ago. The rest of the piece consists of a fight with a raging feminist, a drunken plane ride to a place so secret that Grogan never mentions it, and a hemming and hawing interview with Assistant U. S. Attorney Paul Flynn, chief assistant of the criminal division of and for the district of Los Angeles. Grogan was no great shakes as an investigative reporter, but his perspective was compassionate and his writing electric. (By the way, "Tiny Montgomery" is not the same person who was the subject of a Bob Dylan song ten years ago.)*

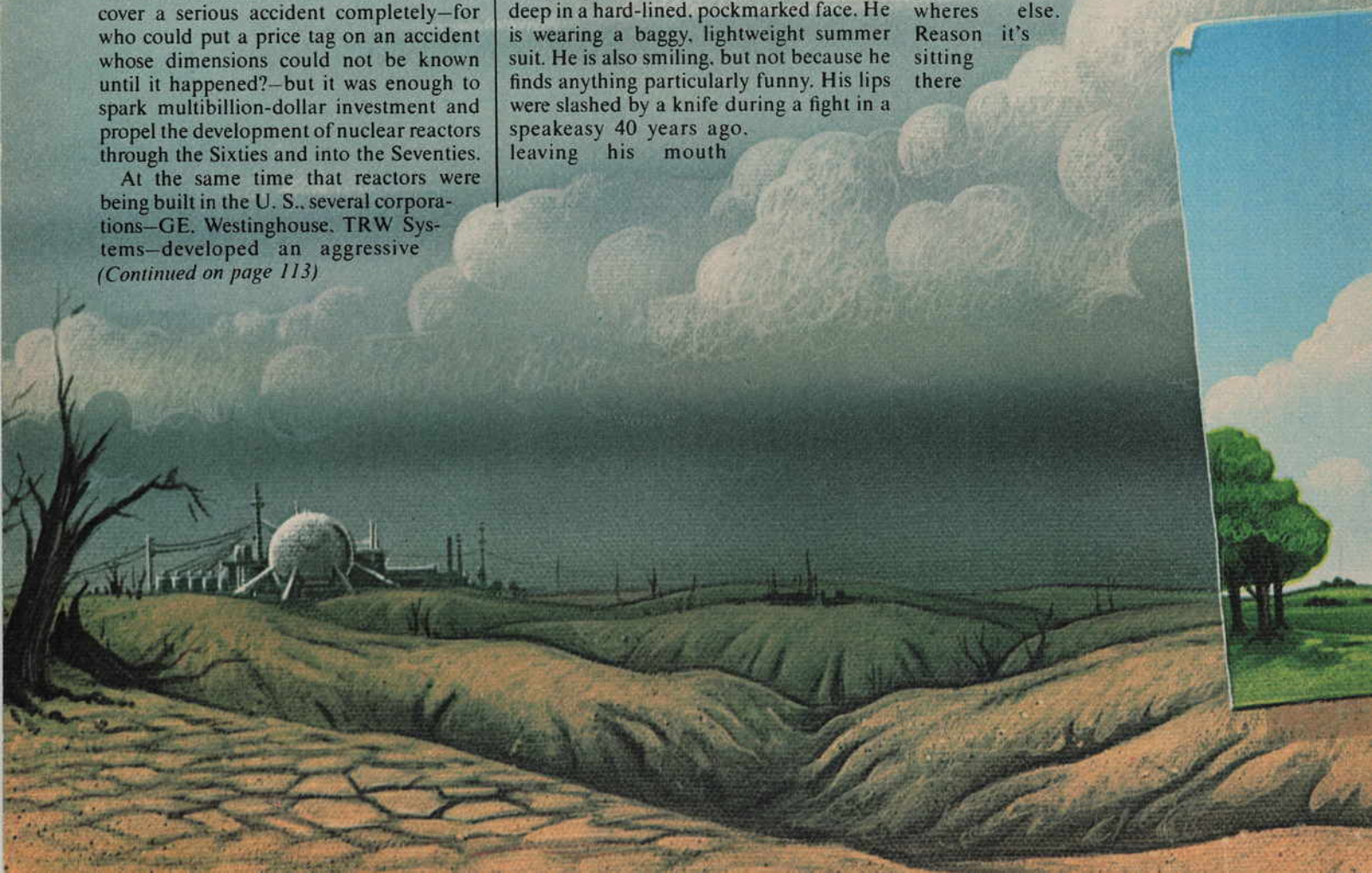
•

The man is known here and there as Tiny Montgomery. That is not his name—just one of the many handles he goes by in the several cities where he plies his trade. A burly, big-boned man with grayish eyes set deep in a hard-lined, pockmarked face. He is wearing a baggy, lightweight summer suit. He is also smiling, but not because he finds anything particularly funny. His lips were slashed by a knife during a fight in a speakeasy 40 years ago, leaving his mouth carved upwards at the corners in a permanently scarred smile.

We're not friends, nor did we ever work together. We simply know each other. I used to run with his son about ten years ago, before he got himself taken out during a robbery. I was in the army at the time, but managed to send flowers to his funeral. Tiny appreciated that. Which was why he consented to meet with me. We went for coffee to a downtown cafeteria in a southeastern city.

Tiny Montgomery hijacks trucks for a living, the way some kids steal cars for a joyride. His hauls span the consumer spectrum, ranging from rationed goods during World War Two to present-day cigarette smuggling. It's normal loot, easily sold for a quick profit on the world's black market. Nothing unusual. That is, not until one day in 1974. Tiny tells me about it.

"Guy comes to me a couple, few years back. Around '74. Got a job for me, he says. Alls I gotta do is cross-wire a truck, move it from where it's parked to somewheres else. Reason it's sitting there



overnight's the usual scam. Somebody made the right errors on the bill of lading, so the company driver couldn't transfer the shipment to whoever. First he's gotta get his paperwork straightened out the next morning. So he parks the truck someplace near the company offices for the night and crashes in some motel.

"While he's sleepin', I drive his truck away. Simple's that. 'Cept the guy I did it for pays me too much bread. 'Bout five times what the job's worth. And there's no hoopla after in the papers. A small town like that, it shoulda been front page. Zilch. Not a fuckin' peep from nobody. Course I'm long gone by then. But I woulda heard if somebody started to beef.

"*Nada* from nobody. Struck me kinda funny, know what I mean?"

"Yeah. But what was inside the truck? The shipment— what was it?"

"How the fuck should I know? Wasn't paid to look. Even if I was, I don't know if I woulda. See, inside the cab, taped on the back of the sun visors, were a whole bunch of instructions about what to do if this or that happened. A dangerous load. Definitely. You know, like a haul of nitro. 'Cept whatever the fuck it was, it wasn't nitro. 'Cause nitro ain't radioactive, and a sign in the cab said what was in back *was*."

"Anybody ever been busted trying to grab that type truck?"

"Hey, don't get outta line now, Grogs. What I said, I said, and it's all I'm gonna say. You wanna know more, follow Greeley's advice: Go west. You know where. You think about it . . . you'll know who's where 'n might give you an answer to that one.

"When you do your thinkin' think careful. Real careful. Wouldn't wanna hear you ended up doin' a tango by your lonesome. Know what I mean?"

"Yeah."

"Good. Now, split. I never wanna hear or see you again. I don't owe you no favor no more. So, go away."

I left. I caught the first bus to another town. There I got on a westward-bound plane. During the cross-country flight, I did some very serious thinking about the role I was playing. Was it, in fact, that all I was up to was role playing—doing what highly trained investigative reporters are either ill- or well-paid to do? Why was I snooping under rocks where animals more ferocious than Gila monsters lie? What was I going to find?

My hands became clammy with sweat. I washed them dry in the lavatory. Glancing in the mirror, I could see my eyes were as dead as live grenades. Tiny Montgomery had pulled the pins. I was afraid. And the fear had me conning myself, suspecting my own motives.

I shook the fear with anger. I knew fucking well what I was doing and why. I'd discovered while writing a novel that I, my family, all people were being victimized by an industry that demanded we prove their faulty technology was endangering—more likely, damaging—our lives before they'd consider curtailing this nuclear madness.

When the plutonium grams start piling up, a critical point will develop—a chain reaction that won't explode but will contaminate everything with a lethal emission of radioactivity. I suddenly felt sincerely selfish for having brought a child into this godforsaken world.

By the time the plane landed on the West Coast, I was pumped up. Instead of simply walking, I disembarked with a saunter, prepared to go up against and beat the devil to get the straight goods that would put the love back in my eyes. □

ILLUSTRATION BY GARY NORMAN

DR. FARGUS Answers Your Questions About SEX

HUMOR BY ROBERT LONGE

Over the years, I have received many letters from people with sexual problems. Some I have answered individually; some I have included in my syndicated column, *Know Your Sex*; and the vast majority I have tossed into the wastebasket unopened. I have culled from my column some of the more interesting letters—here are the rest.

Q. What is the length of the average erect penis?
Worried

A. About 20 minutes.

Q. My boyfriend and I are thinking of trying bondage—you know, tying each other up and stuff. What can you tell us of the advantages and disadvantages?
Fit to Be Tied

A. Many couples have reported to me that they get better orgasms if they tie each other up. This is not as easy as it sounds. When one partner is tied, who ties the other? One night shortly after our marriage, my wife and I spent two strenuous hours tying each other to the bed. Three days later, we were rescued by the paperboy. I am proud to say that I still had an erection, though the boy appeared not to notice.

It is probably better for *one* of the participants to be tied, while the *other* is untied. This is especially important if you do not take a daily newspaper.

I have found bondage to be quite satisfying. Nowadays, however, my wife will seldom cooperate unless I happen to catch her in a particularly deep sleep. Lately, a technique we have both found rewarding is for my wife to be bound to the bed for several hours, while I masturbate in the living room.

Q. While driving through Kentucky recently, I picked up two female hitchhikers. They were young, pretty and well built, and they seemed rather reserved at first. But as I drove along, their conversation became more and more lewd. I found myself getting an erection you could have batted a baseball with. Naturally, I felt a little embarrassed. But I needn't have! The one sitting next to me, who had tits you could dribble down a basketball court, began rubbing my penis and complimenting me on its size and firmness. The other, who had nipples you could whack with a ping-pong paddle, urged her companion to take it out so that she could see it.

After a few minutes of this, I was just about going out of my mind. The girls pointed out a side road and urged me to take them to a little stream where we could all have a nice swim. Needless to say, I obliged. But we didn't get in much swimming, I can tell you!

The girls (who, it turned out, were sisters) quickly undressed and began playing with each other. As I began disrobing, they simultaneously climaxed. But their panting stopped abruptly when they saw my huge manhood, as I like to call it. They fell upon me and were soon climaxing like the seventh game in the World Series. They came repeatedly as I administered fingers, tongue, penis, a twig and an unsuspecting frog. Though I was as hot as a tennis racket, I had still not climaxed.

The stocky one, who had a fanny you could only climb with a piton, said, "Let's take this one home to Mother," pointing to my royal highness (as I affectionately term it).

Before I knew it, we were inside a huge log cabin. All three of us undressed once more and cavorted on a bear rug. Then the door was hurled open and a stocky middle-aged woman entered, wearing a knowing smile and nothing else! She was the most voluptuous creature I had ever seen. She had tits like twin bunkers, a fanny like a raised green, pubic hair like the thickest rough you ever saw and a hole you could drop a 30-foot

putt into. I wanted her more than a kid wants his last bats.

In no time, she was sitting astride me, pumping away like she was pulling third oar for Harvard, while her daughters stroked and tongued me like it was going out of style.

I lost track of the number of times that frenzied woman came. At last, as she reached a final shuddering climax, I burst forth like a ninth-inning rally. I must have come for five minutes. It was the most terrific orgasm I've ever had.

Tell me, is this a common experience?

Sports Buff

A. Yes, this is a very common experience. It is called a "wet dream."

Q. I am an average college student with an unwholesome interest in all aspects of sex. I have had good success with homosexuality, urolagnia, exhibitionism, voyeurism and sadism, but I am having trouble with masochism. What would you recommend?

Aching to Try

A. Self-flagellation is a popular way to sample masochism. If you are discovered, however, you may be accused of religious fanaticism.

Perhaps you should try a technique which I developed to a fine art in my early experimental years. Put yourself in situations where you are likely to be thrashed. Pull the nose of a middle linebacker, question a construction worker's virility, snap the bathing trunks of a lifeguard. While you are receiving a well-deserved beating, surreptitiously rub your penis. If you feel no special pleasure, just stick to sadism. In other words, if you can't join 'em, beat 'em. After all, where would masochists be without that unselfish band of sadists who give till it hurts?

Q. My wife and I have seen mention of the "missionary position" in many sex manuals, but have never come across a description of it. We have tried different positions based on guesswork, but in none are we able to copulate. What *is* the "missionary position"?

Sick of Trying

A. It is simply the man-superior position, man on top facedown, woman on the bottom faceup. You have probably made the common error of attempting intercourse as you kneel upright facing each other. This makes intromission most difficult and—as my wife and I discovered on our honeymoon—all the praying in the world won't help.

Q. How do I satisfy my partner?

Mr. X.C.

A. The first time I received this question, Mr. X.C., it was from a Mr. F.G. I assumed that the writer was referring to a sexual partner. Actually, F.G. was troubled by the surly attitude of his business partner. I recommended a variety of techniques, including this: "Try the element of surprise. When your partner bends over to pick something up, approach from the rear, quickly whipping out your penis and preparing it with a few quick strokes. Then pull down your partner's panties and violently slam your penis home. For some—particularly those with sadomasochistic tendencies—this can be most satisfying."

Mr. F.G., who perhaps was not inordinately bright, had done everything he could think of to satisfy his carping partner, a confirmed hard-hat whose initials are unimportant. Driven to desperation, F.G. tried my suggestion, much to the consternation of his partner, who had a fairly severe hemorrhoidal condition. The workers at the construction site were equally nonplussed. After his second orgasm, F.G. realized that he had committed a *gaffe*. His efforts to pass the incident off as a practical joke were not entirely successful.

Getting back to your inquiry, I would suggest that you *ask* your partner what would be most satisfying. Altogether too many men favor a policy of "shoot first and ask questions later."

Q. My husband and I have always had a satisfactory sex life. We have tried every variation we could think of. We are not exactly bored with each other, but we are getting a bit jaded. Last week an attractive couple moved in next door. We had them over for dinner and we hit it off really well. In fact, we got the impression that they might be open to a little swapping. For one thing, Marcia kept dropping hints. At least five times during the evening, she unzipped my husband's pants, reached in, grabbed hold and commented half-jokingly, "Boy, would I like to go down on you!" Also, Frank, Marcia's husband, kept brushing the crumbs from my breast, which was certainly inconvenient for him, what with constantly having to unbutton my blouse and slide my brassiere up.

I am sure that if we made a subtle overture, our neighbors would be more than willing to swap. Unfortunately, my husband and I know nothing of the etiquette of swapping. How does one bring up the subject? We are anxious to swap, but we don't want to do anything that would be embarrassing.

Time for a Change

A. It's a good thing you wrote me instead of some other sexologist. Too often, couples omit the niceties, the amenities, which can lay the groundwork for a productive swap. I recall one of my patients, B.M. (Boniface Mudge, Case #629), whose opening gambit lacked finesse. He approached a neighbor whose wife was most attractive and said, "Got a deal for you. My old lady for your old lady for a week, and I'll throw in a dozen rubbers."

The neighbor, a Methodist minister, was so outraged by this crude frontal assault that he held out for two dozen

(Continued on page 106)

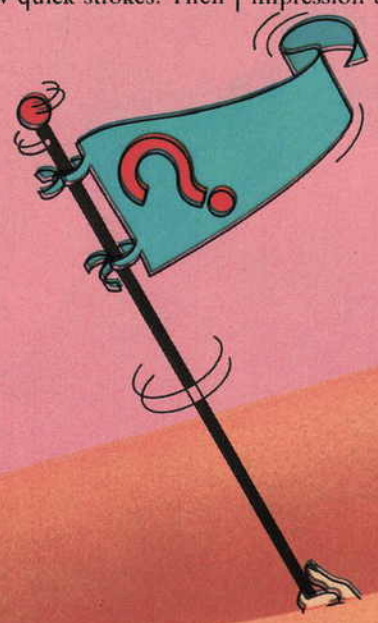


ILLUSTRATION BY DAN QUARNSTROM

RACETRACK junkie

Alcoholics, heroin addicts, even the obese can be saved—but there's no scientific, medical, psychiatric or practical antidote for a pony player

ARTICLE BY BURTON WOLFE

Last summer, disgusted over way too many setbacks in my life, I fulfilled a longstanding desire to become a professional handicapper. "Professional handicapper" is the handle a racetrack junkie uses to describe himself in midbinge, when friends and normal social functions are scrapped in deference to the horses. I gave up magazines, books, music, films, friends, partying, exercising, fucking, masturbating—all for an extra hour or so to read the *Daily Racing Form* and bet the nags.

For several months the racetrack provided my living, my companions, my orgasms, my entertainment and my heroin-like hypes: But, oh, it's better than heroin. Sometimes better than sex, too, and potentially longer lasting. Not only is playing the horses the ultimate form of gambling; it's also the ultimate drug-and-power kick for those who use it, just as surely as heroin and alcohol are means of attaining Nirvana for people addicted to them.

The racetrack junkie begins his five-days-and-nights-a-week cycle around 8 P.M., the evening before the track reopens after two dark days. (For you nonhorseplayers: *Dark* means closed.) He drives, walks or takes a cab or bus to the nearest newsstand or liquor store that gets prompt, reliable delivery of the *Daily Racing Form*'s final edition ($1.25), takes it home and studies it until one in the morning. At 8:30 that morning, he arises after six or seven hours' sleep, turns on the radio and listens to the late scratches for the day's card. (*Scratches* are entries declared out of a race for reasons ranging from sore legs to lack of enough positions in the starting gate. The *card* is the list of horses running in each of the day's races.)

After downing a bowl of cold cereal or maybe just some coffee, the professional handicapper—racetrack junkie—studies the *Racing Form* again until 11:30 A.M. Then he gets himself to the track, pays his buck for parking if he drives, enters the grandstand for $2.50, buys a reserved grandstand seat for $1.50 and tips the ticket-booth attendant a dollar for picking out a seat near the finish line. He'll tip the grandstand attendant half a buck for pinning the seat ticket to his lapel, but turn down her offer to show him to his seat and wipe it off with a towel. The junkie studies the *Racing Form* some more, bets a few daily double combinations, then has lunch in the cafeteria, tipping the cafeteria people. He exchanges information with a few horseplayers or track people he may know, looks at some of the horses in the paddock, examines the condition of the track and then bets the races for the next four hours, laying anywhere from $5 to $500 on a race. After the races, he goes home for a shower and a change of clothes, has dinner in a restaurant by himself, gets the *Racing Form* for the next day and repeats the whole process.

Neither I nor any of the track addicts I know would consider devoting that much

Burton Wolfe wrote this article on his way to Bay Meadows.

RACETRACK When I win, I'm like a god for the day to her. "I can't get enough of you," she groaned as she lapped and sucked. It threw me off my schedule.

time exclusively to any one job or pastime other than playing the horses. Though you are actually earning or trying to earn your living at it, gambling on horse races is a pleasure drug that one can use around the clock without winding up in a hospital; therein lies the difference. Winding up in the poorhouse is another matter, but then you can get there also via a straight job that seems to involve no risk at all.

So, that was my life five days and nights a week for almost six months last year—until that fateful day when I took a seat in the reserved grandstand next to a waitress who was blowing her tips on the nags, and she became an overnight threat to break my pattern.

Thousands of waitresses play the horses routinely—going to the track on their two days off, sending bets with friends or placing them with bookies the other days—and they are all losers.

The waitress next to me lost the first three races, while I won the daily double and the first of four Exactas on the card. (The daily double is usually a $2 or $10 bet on two horses combined; both must win the successive races in which they run, often the first two races on the card, for the bettor to collect. An Exacta—or "Extracta," as racetrack wits call it—is normally a $5, $10 or $50 bet on two horses in the same race that must run first and second, precisely in the order designated on the ticket, for the bettor to win.) Exasperated, the waitress asked, "How can anybody be that lucky?" I replied, "It's not luck. I'm an astute handicapper on a hot streak."

"Oh, yeah? Well, listen, a-shoot handicapper, or whatever the fuck you are—ha ha—let's see you predict this next race."

I pointed to Vain Arrow's record on the *Form* and said, "You see this horse? It's lugged out the last two races; so many bettors will ignore it, and it should go off around five to one." (For nonhorseplayers: The reference is to the closing odds that will appear on the totalizator or tote board—that thing with all the lighted numbers you see in front of the grandstands, just across the track on the infield. Odds on each horse are computed instantly, via an electronic system that automatically registers all bets as they are punched into machines by pari-mutuel clerks, and they are flashed at frequent intervals on the board, up to the last instant before each race. The term *lugged out* means the horse has raced sideways toward the outside of the track and out of its normal gait or rhythm.)

"So, why bet him?"

"Well, he's a consistent horse—look at his record—and he makes comebacks more readily than most horses that have been in trouble. Also, he's being ridden by an apprentice jockey that's won on him before and that gives him the bug. [A *bug*—an asterisk on the *Form*—designates a five-pound weight allowance for an apprentice jockey; that much is taken off the back of his mount.] On top of that, he's allowed still more weight off because he didn't win the last two times out. He's got eight to ten pounds less weight on him than the other good horses in the race. Give a topnotch horse a tremendous advantage like that when he's due to bounce back anyway, and you've got yourself a helluva bet. I'll tell you exactly how this horse is going to run this race. Free of so much weight, he'll bust out of the gate and take first place right away. The jockey will rate him [hold him back] because he runs his best race by staying behind two or three horses and then kicking [running his fastest] down the stretch. He'll win going away by three lengths."

"How much you gonna bet on him?"

"Two hundred."

"Pheeewww! Gawwwdddayum! You gonna split, at least?" (To *split* means to put half your dough on the horse to win, half to place—come in second.)

"No, I don't think he'll pay anything to place."

She risked $20 on Vain Arrow to win. The horse ran a race that was, in effect, a replay of my prophecy, from the positions around the track to the way it won. As I also predicted, the horse went off at close to five to one, which meant its win payoff was around $12 (all individual payoffs flashed on the board are for $2 bets). She won $120 for her $20; I collected $1200 for my $200. We were standing, as usual, for the finish. She turned in to me, grabbed me around the neck and kissed me. Her tits, rounding to points like a jet-plane fuselage, burrowed into my chest. I had already noticed her legs were equally sleek, but her face was hard and unattractive.

I won another race for both of us, and an Exacta that paid her more than $300 for a $5 ticket. It's difficult for me to explain what a turn-on that is for someone like her. I'm like a god for the day. That night, after we shared drinks and a meal, there was moaning, thrashing, writhing, sucking and carrying on like I've rarely experienced. "I can't get enough of you," she groaned as she lapped and sucked, etc.

It threw me off my schedule; I was unable to study the *Form* sufficiently for the next day, and I lost. "Let's put it off till Sunday," I told her when she asked for the next night. I was unmoved by her pleas and promises. "You're fantastic, the best," I told her, "but I'm on a streak and I've just got to stay with it till it runs out. I've been waiting for a string like this a long time." Even though she knew exactly what I was talking about, she became enraged at the put-down and would have nothing further to do with me. I cared about as long as it took me to pick up the next day's *Form* and begin studying it.

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The professional handicapper works basically from the *Form*. He pays little attention to the newspapers' or the *Racing Form*'s "experts," and none at all to the professional touts. He listens, jaundiced, to tips from any horse owners, trainers or racetrack employees he has met, knowing they are usually wrong. Owners and trainers have told him: "You can bet the horse today; it's ready to win." And the horse has run out of the money. They have told him: "The horse is in the race just for a workout; we don't expect him to win till two more times out." And it has won the race by seven lengths.

The professional handicapper believes only in the *Form* and the amazing accuracy of its thousands of tiny statistics, details and computations. He knows the meaning of them all. There may be a hundred or more to be run through the brain and computed for each race. The handicapper compares jockeys' winnings, records on given horses, scores at the current track, conditions during which they racked up their scores, results in competition with other jockeys in the race, etc. He compares records of horses' owners and trainers. He looks at a horse's breeding. He computes and compares horses' workout times, racing times, success at various distances, amount of earnings, abilities on a given track or similar tracks, weight being carried and dozens of other factors. After all the factors are considered and a winner pops out of the brain like an answer from a computer, the handicapper watches the way the horses walk or trot on the track. If his pick is in wraps (protective bandages and/or braces ranging from just around the ankles to all the way up the legs), he ponders from memory, or whatever sources of information he has, whether or not the horse still runs well that way, or whether it has developed a weakness or tendency to twist, sprain or fracture its limbs.

The professional handicapper listens with contempt as the racetrack Johnnies around him ask themselves and their buddies, after they have lost: "Now, how the hell could that horse beat this horse?" They ask that question every time a horse with a poor record, as shown on the *Racing Form*, beats one with the best record, as though it is a surprising or incredible event. Yet they have seen it happen dozens, hundreds, thousands of times. The experi-

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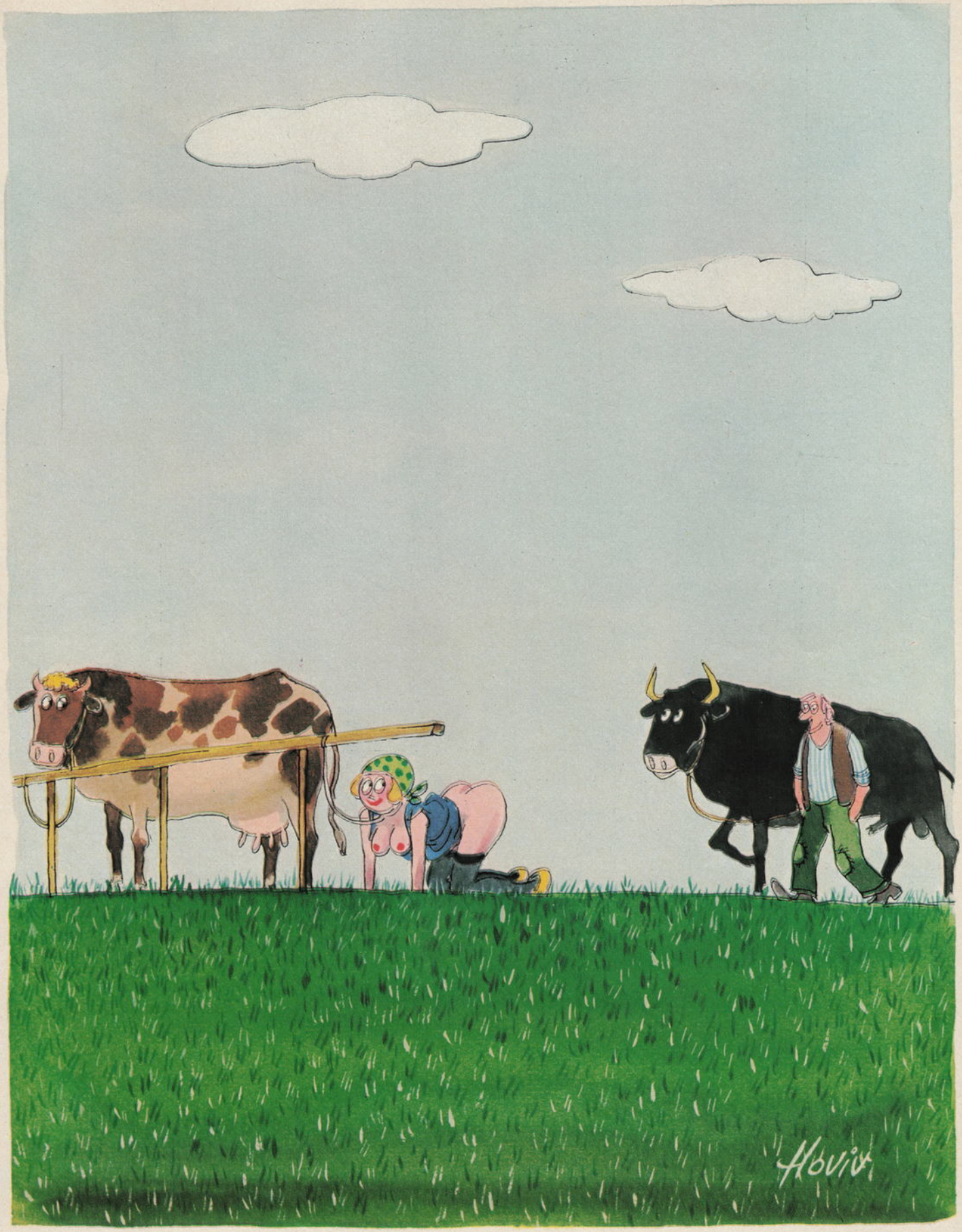
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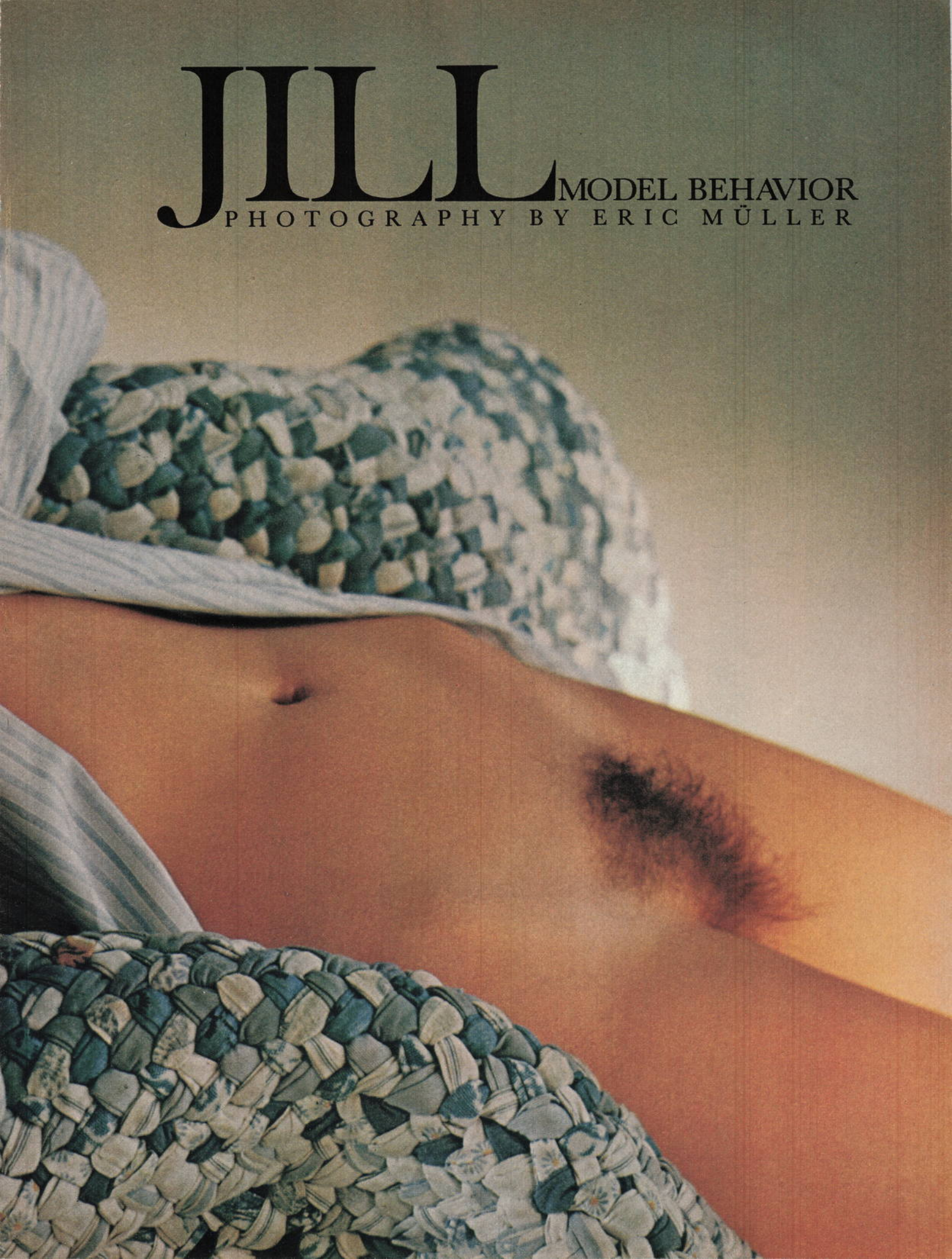
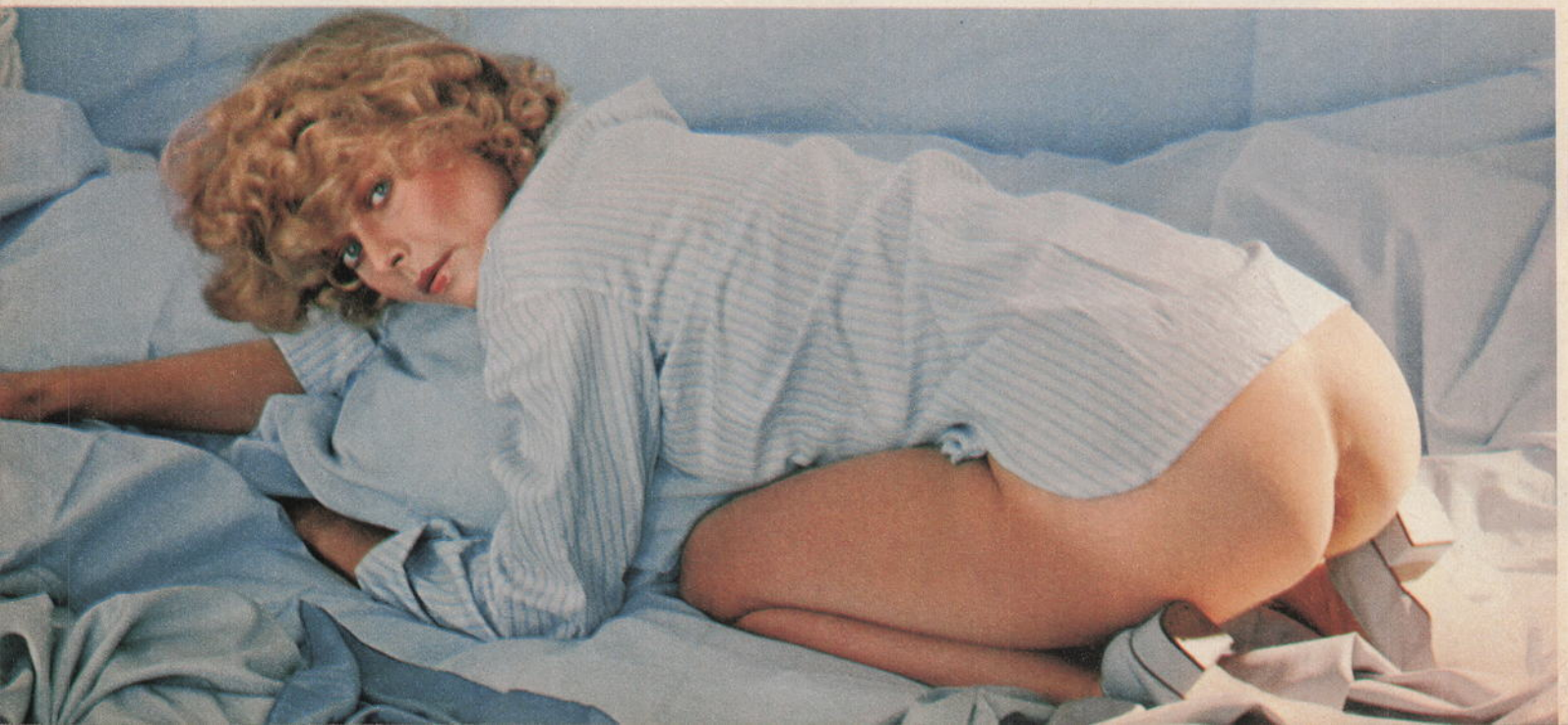

JILL
MODEL BEHAVIOR
PHOTOGRAPHY BY ERIC MÜLLER

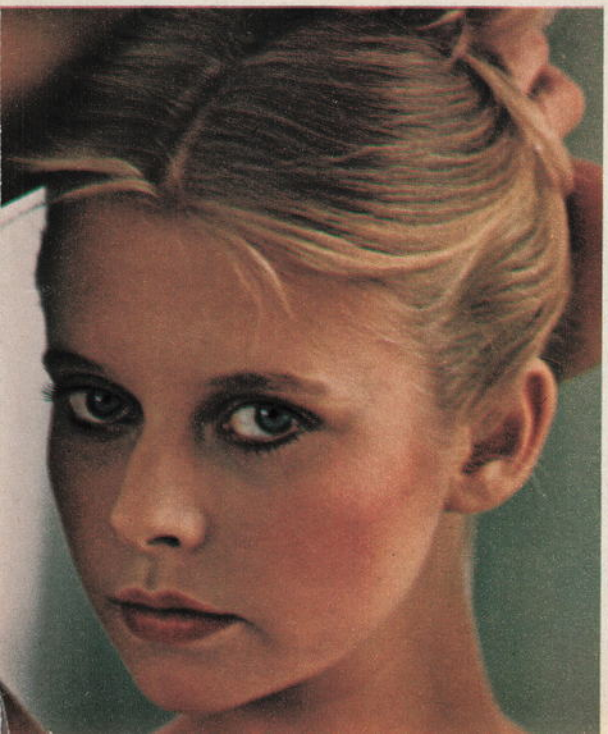
The world of European high-fashion modeling can take a lot out of a person. The diets, the exercise, the endless reshoots.

"I don't plan on modeling forever, though," Jill told us from London.

"Right now,
I'm studying English
so I can become
a writer."

Looks like poetry to us.





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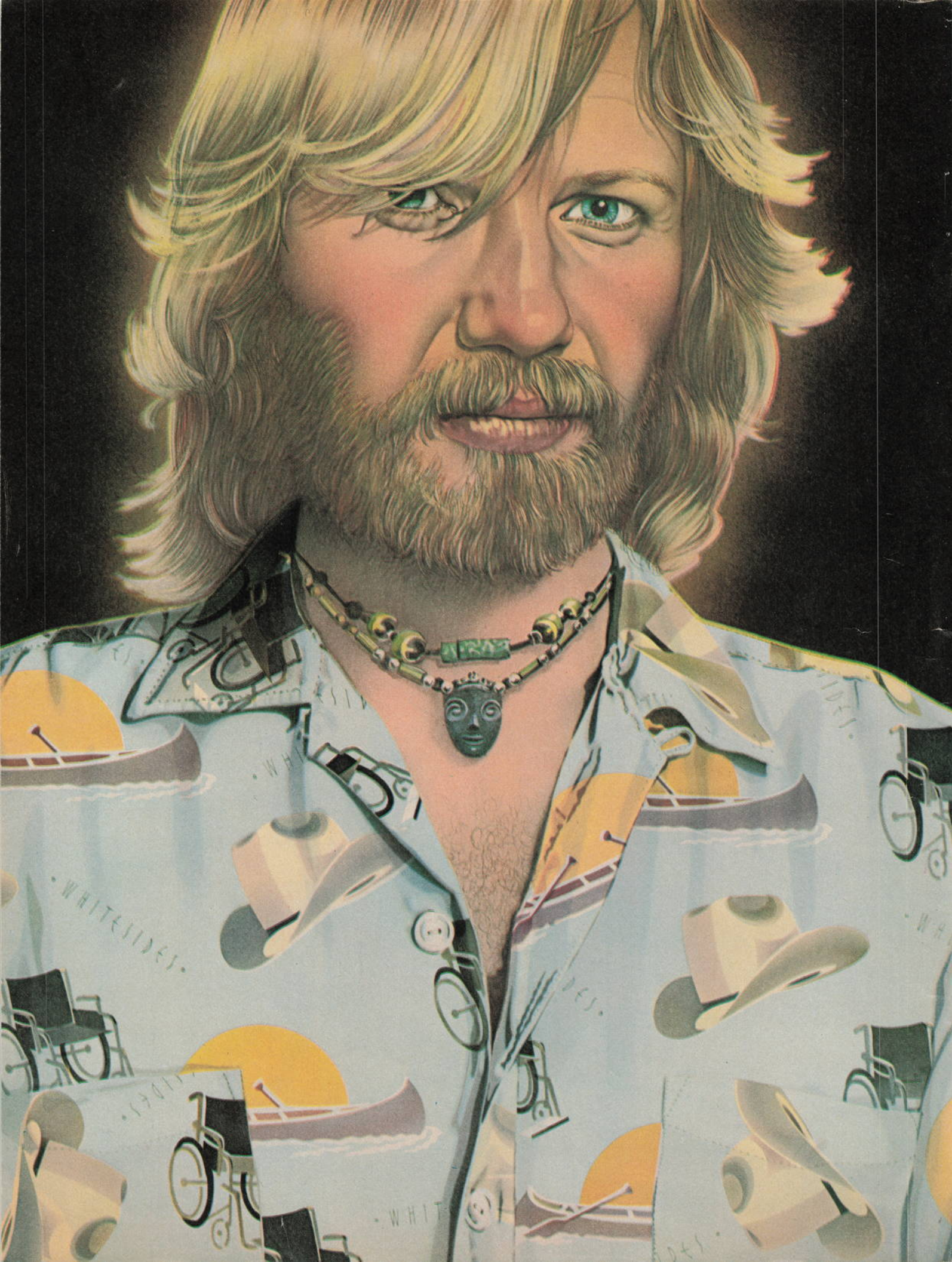

A CONVERSATION WITH

JON VOIGHT

While his colleagues peddle deodorants and star in movies nobody believes, Voight stands on the sidelines weighing each career move. So far, he's made few mistakes.

In his first major role—Joe Buck in *Midnight Cowboy*—Voight was so effective that people in the business actually thought he was that hick cowboy from Texas. In reality, he was born in Yonkers almost 40 years ago.

Part of the confusion stems from his uncanny ability to resonate with the parts he plays, as in *Catch-22*, *Deliverance*, *The Odessa File*, and as Luke Martin, disabled Vietnam vet, in *Coming Home*.

If that last role seemed doubly convincing, blame it on the years Voight spent speaking out against the war in Vietnam, showing slides of what we were doing there and sitting in on the Senate floor.

But now Voight is learning how to cope with the Establishment or, rather, how to remain a star without "polluting" the air. "I don't know what the fuck I'm doing in this business," he told OUI correspondent Larry Grobel. "I'm trying not to make my career a dopey thing to do with my life."

The interview took place during breaks from Voight's training for his next film, *The Champ*.

OUI: Before *Coming Home*, you kept a very low profile. Then, suddenly, the press caught up with you. What brought you out of hiding?

VOIGHT: I'm at a time in my life when I can talk. I'm more open now. I have something to say and I think what I have to say is healthy. I went through a dark time when I didn't want to talk to anybody.

OUI: After *Midnight Cowboy*, you said you were *afraid* to talk, that the success of it overwhelmed you.

VOIGHT: Yeah. Success is a very strange kind of thing. It complicates things. I just didn't know what to do with it. Everybody was asking me questions and paying attention to what I thought. I felt a lot more responsibility was on me to do things a certain way, and I felt pressure from my own performance to do other things as well. I was denying my power. That's a mythology: power. I apologized for the power because I was frightened of becoming a part of the Establishment, which was a negative thing to me then. My contribution to the attitudes of that time was that everybody should look at everybody equally and that there shouldn't be this glamorization of certain people as opposed to others. So that's what I talked about. I became Mr. Everyman. But I denied my own energies and needs. I wasn't selfish enough. Now I feel I've come away from that and I don't feel complexities about my success.

OUI: You have been compared to the early Brando. Peter Evans, in *Cosmopolitan*, wrote that . . .

VOIGHT: "Not since Marlon . . ."

OUI: ". . . has someone exploded onto a screen." Was that one of the things that made you recede and brought on the fear?

VOIGHT: I think so. I wasn't as experienced or complete an instrument as Brando was when he hit the silver screen. I needed a lot more work. Also, I just wasn't able to accept that kind of position.

OUI: Did you have any idea of the significance of *Midnight Cowboy* when you got the part?

VOIGHT: I'm not aware of the significance of that film now. What is the significance of that film?

OUI: Well, for one thing, it changed your life.

VOIGHT: You mean that people think I'm spiritually linked to Dustin Hoffman for the rest of my life? That was the significance of that movie. Anything would have changed my life at that point. I left home; that changed my life. Got married a couple of times; that changed my life. I don't know if *Midnight Cowboy* or any piece of artwork is very important. I know it gave me a lot of visibility, and I liked the film a lot, but what does that mean?

OUI: Does that go for being an actor, too? Is there anything else you'd rather be?

VOIGHT: I'm happy being an actor. I think of myself as a person who is doing what he should be doing in his life. I'm a hard-working person—a craftsman. I like to do things well. I would be a good carpenter. I like the joiners to be perfect; I like the edges to be right. That's what acting is for me, problems that are healthy.

OUI: Do you like talking about acting?

VOIGHT: I can talk a lot about it, but when I read something I've said, it doesn't make much sense. If it's not on the screen, then it shouldn't be talked about, because then you're just trying to rationalize what you didn't do. Acting is magic. I believe in magic.

OUI: You still take acting classes, don't you?

VOIGHT: I was in acting class the other night and almost killed somebody. I went berserk for no reason, absolutely turned on this guy like a viper. And all those people think I know what I'm doing. He was scared; he looked at me and said, "What are you doing? What's going on with you?" I tried to explain: "Well, I'm getting older, I'm jealous, I'm angry, I'm all fucked up, life's passing me by . . ."

OUI: Do you really feel that way about your life? There's an edge of sarcasm in your voice.

VOIGHT: It's a humorous situation, life. We're all sentenced to life. You know you're going to die; you don't have any idea why you're here; you can't remember your major experiences past a certain age—there are quite a few traumatizing experiences that you keep trying to go back to and see how you can fix them, and you've forgotten half of them—and then it's over. And somebody says, "Well, that was life—how did you like it?" And you say, "Well, I don't know; it was OK. I'd like to be Jesus Christ or Gandhi, but I just had my life." Christ probably said to himself, "What a life. Look at this—can you believe it? All

ILLUSTRATION BY KIM WHITESIDES

VOIGHT A paraplegic has a knowledge about himself, how to please others... He can't get people to bed with him if they don't understand what they're required to do.

this evidence and they're gonna take me instead of *that* bum? What a life!"

OUI: You think this is all a preparation for something else, or is this it?

VOIGHT: Oh, it's definitely a preparation for something else. Because it's definitely *not* it. I think that we all die and go into little capsules, like a gymnasium, which are like airports throughout the universe. And these capsules are roller-derby houses. And that's where we go; we play roller derby. They give you a number, put kneepads on you, and in you go.

OUI: Getting back to earth—how seriously do you take the roles you decide to play?

VOIGHT: That's very crucial to me—where I put my talent. It's almost like who you endorse. Do you endorse this work? This person? There are a lot of things I don't endorse. I've grown up in a world that realized all of a sudden that people are polluting. A lot of the things that I've done in my life and a lot of the people that I've been with come under scrutiny. I've been a participant in pollution and I don't like it.

OUI: How many of your films do you consider pollution?

VOIGHT: My intentions were always pretty good. And my mistakes are pretty clear. I don't think I've polluted too much. I don't think people who go see my movies come away with some cuckoo idea that's going to destroy their lives. I haven't endorsed anything that's too dangerous. Maybe I've been too timid in that respect.

OUI: You've gotten your share of criticism for that. The reviews of your films, including the big ones like *Midnight Cowboy*, *Deliverance* and *Coming Home*, have always been mixed, haven't they?

VOIGHT: I look back on the reviews of *Midnight Cowboy*, and we got a lot of lousy reviews, more than we did for *Coming Home*, which is interesting. Overwhelmingly, we've had good reviews, but there have been dissenting opinions. Pauline Kael wrote a very damning article about *Deliverance*. She wrote that it was Burt Reynolds' movie and that I seemed to lack a certain charisma. It was silly, didn't make any sense to me. I was angry at her for that. Here was a snob critic dealing on a low instinct level, not talking with any intelligence about the work, not really dealing with that particular film. She was talking about whether she was more attracted to me or Burt. And I say, come on, I didn't take the part to be coming on to you. I seemed to be blamed for not being macho enough or sexual enough. She confused the role. It was supposed to be the role of a person who, because of fears that he had, remained gray, took a back step, let other people experience life for him. It was part of his problem and part of the essence of the film. And I thought I accomplished that: The overall architecture of my performance was quite beautiful and clear. I remain very pleased with it.

OUI: Kael also knocked *Coming Home*, but she wasn't the only one. Andrew Sarris said that your character was too much the post-Vietnam messiah to be believed. And Jack Kroll, in *Newsweek*, thought the movie was as schizoid as the war was: "Much of what they've done in *Coming Home* is just as romantic as John Wayne in *The Green Berets*."

VOIGHT: I think that's a lot of baloney. I think we were hard at work to do something honest and balanced. It is a love story. And it's fitting that we make a love story about this war, because that was the thing most necessary to us and most lacking in our lives—this coming together, this time of separation. It was a time of distrust; so it's only appropriate that we say, "Let's come together and feel affection for each other and touch each other again."

OUI: But is that what happens in the end, with Bruce Dern swimming out to sea?

VOIGHT: That's the feeling of the film, isn't it? People walk out with a positive attitude towards each other, don't they? See, I'm real angry about this point. I have veterans calling me up and saying, "Thank God you made the film, because nobody's called me in four years and now I'm getting some calls from people I used to know." Well, that makes the film effective, as effective as a plumber who does a good piece of plumbing; this film is accomplishing something real in terms of emotions. I don't give a fuck what Jack Kroll or Pauline Kael has to say! Fuck, man, what we're saying is a guy can pull through a real negative course, and with some help get his act together and gain strength from a damaging experience. That's not bad to say. That's OK.

OUI: You don't think, then, that the character you play isn't just a bit too glamorous, and that many paraplegics who don't happen to look like Jon Voight might find it a frustrating film in certain ways?

VOIGHT: Maybe there is glamorization in the story line of this character. I was not interested in taking it in that direction. There's nothing wrong with sex appeal, nothing wrong with being gentle and caring, nothing wrong with courage. That you load up one character with all of those things . . . maybe it's a little unrealistic. But the power of the film does not reside in that area, and it shouldn't be dismissed on the basis of that. I think we did suggest some of the problems but we didn't hit them on the head. The difficulties of making love with a paraplegic and his problems—we didn't get into the heavy side of it. It just happened that these people do make love and they are good lovers. I'm not saying that all paraplegics are great lovers, but a paraplegic has a knowledge about himself, of how to please others, because he requires it. There are people who are walkers who know very little about their own sexuality or how to please others; they just don't have the knowledge. A paraplegic *has* to get that knowledge; otherwise he can't perform at all because he can't communicate. He can't get people to bed with him if they don't understand what they are required to do. He has to know what he can do with his limitations, how he can get by those limitations, how he can best deal with the situation.

OUI: Did you talk to many paraplegics about that—about being better lovers?

VOIGHT: I make that judgment; they don't think of themselves as better lovers, but they know they have more knowledge than most people, and they're much more blatant about it. They also have a big thing about death, because they feel they may have less time on earth because of their injury. They used to have a life expectancy of a couple of years. After World War Two, a lot of people were told they were only going to live for two years; and twenty years later, when they were still alive, they tried to get rid of their alcoholism or whatever, because they went crazy their first two years and did every kind of fucking destructive thing. Today their life expectancy is extended. Russia is more advanced than we are; they are actually curing people, putting those nerves together in some way. We need an awful lot more of that work to be done.

OUI: Obviously, what you're talking about is not glamorous. And yet the vet you play does have that certain Hollywood appeal, which does seem to influence our culture and help form our values, which somehow relates to perpetrating false images . . . which, on a broad level, eventually leads to a Vietnam, doesn't it?

VOIGHT: Glamor is responsible for a lot of real distortions. If I became glamorous in that film, it hurts me somehow. I've always been seriously aware of that problem. Because there is a cosmetic need for us all to look a certain way, people in this country have images like Farrah Fawcett-Majors—and it's no fault of hers, but she's been used to represent a certain kind of thing. That glamor thing is tearing at something that is very important to living and we should stop it. When you look at the South Vietnamese hierarchy, the puppet governments that we supported, you wind up with French-speaking males whose wives have had operations to make their eyes look rounder and to give their breasts a *Playboy* image. Where does that come from? Hollywood is a symbol of this kind of glamoriza-

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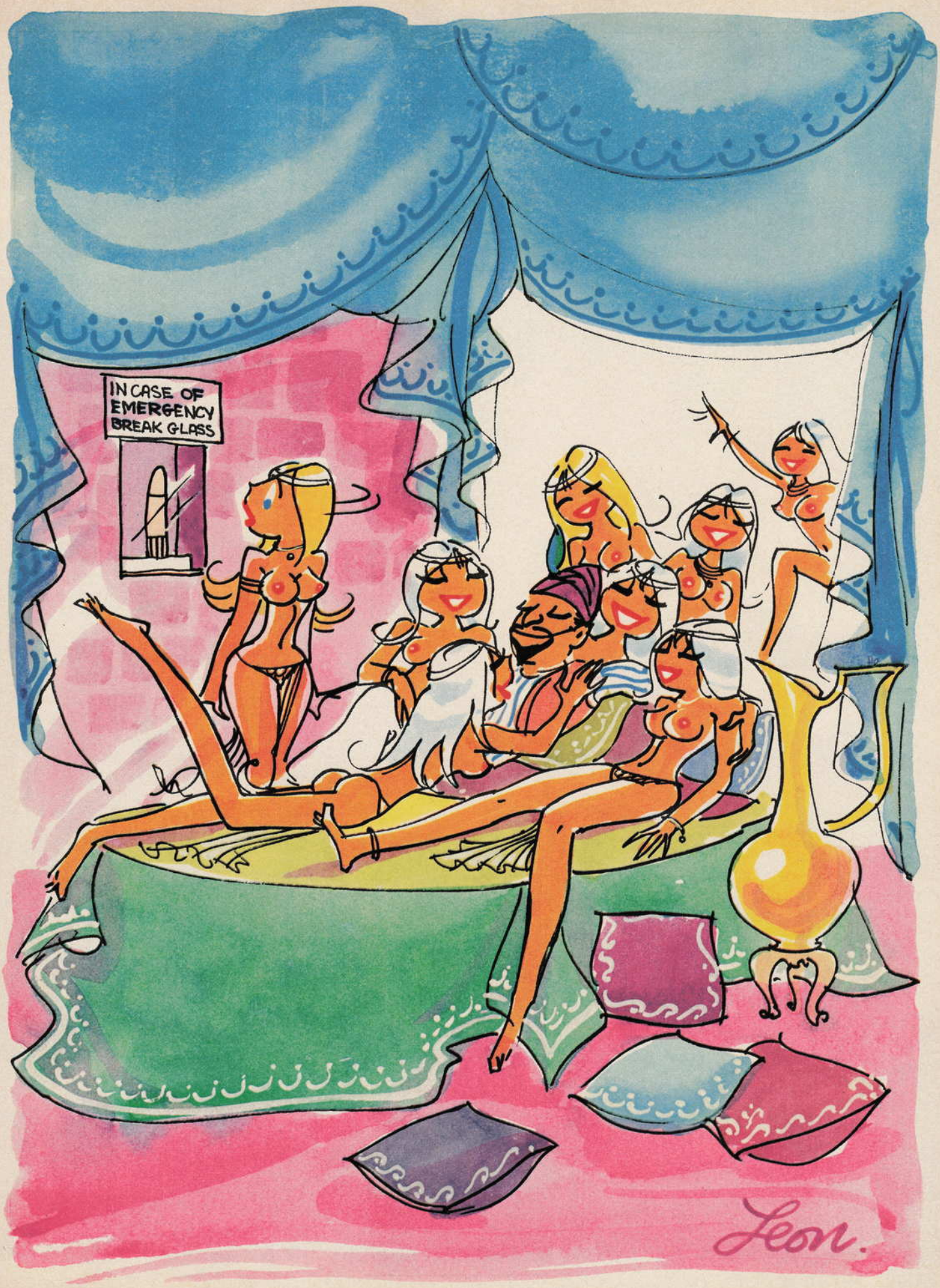
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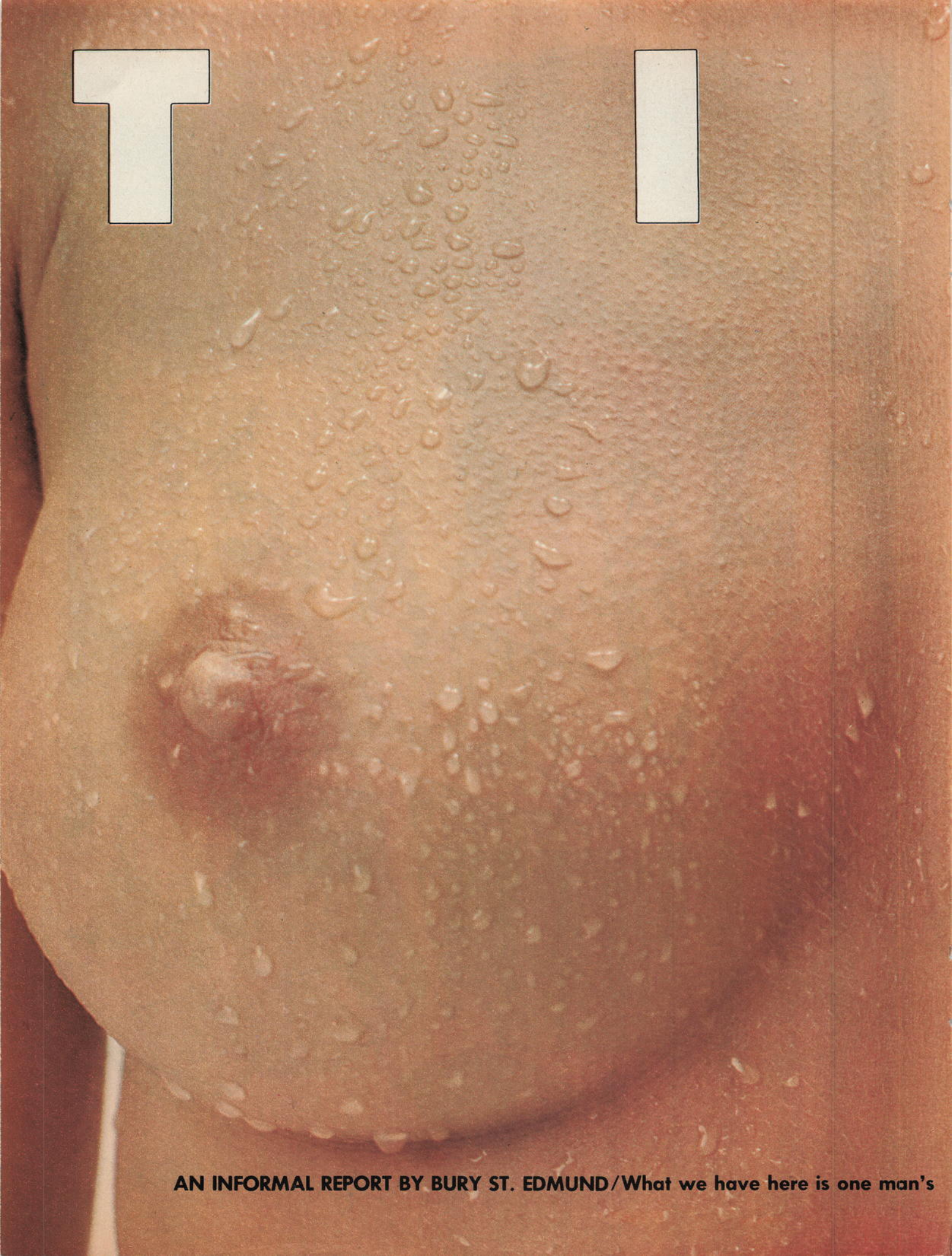
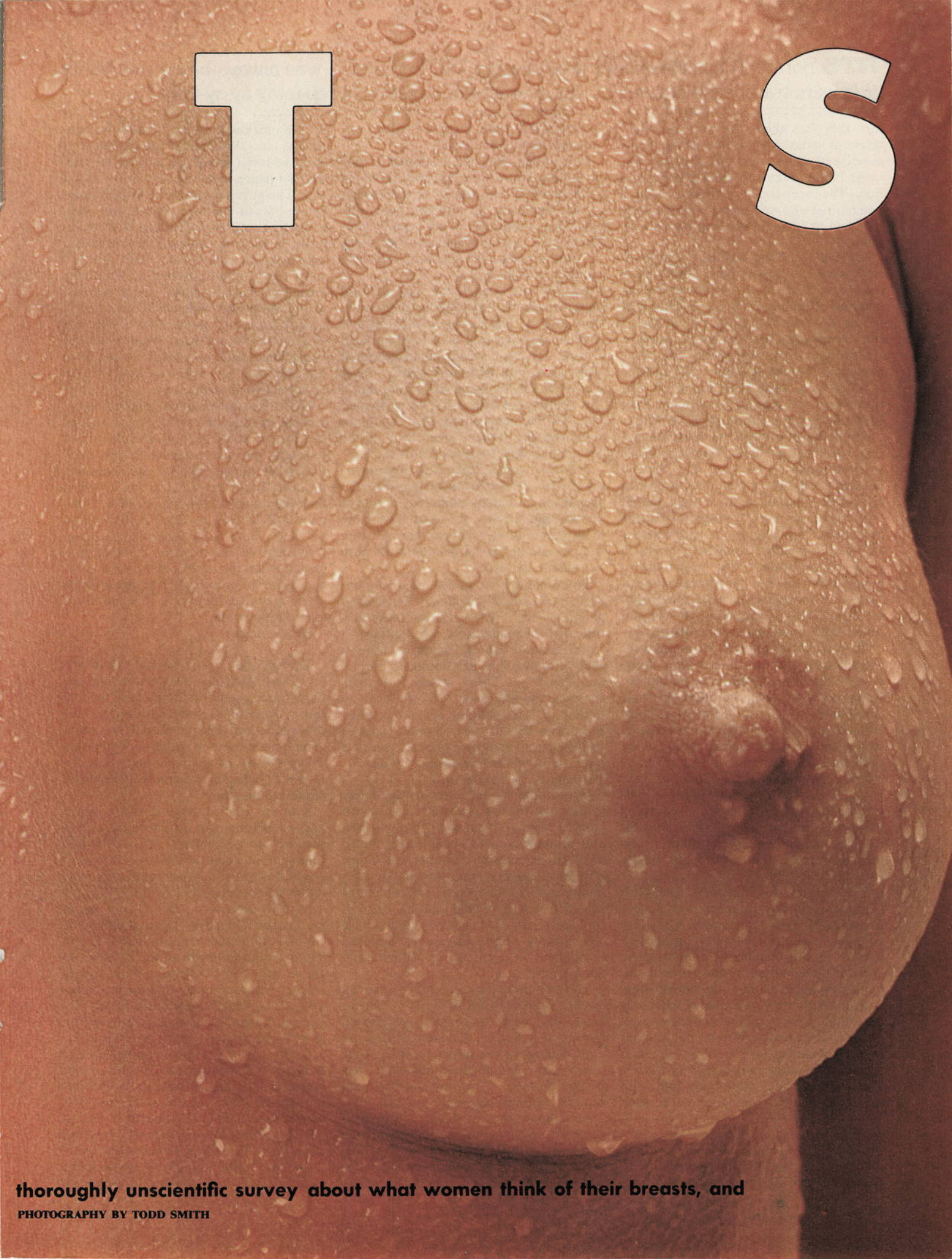


AN INFORMAL REPORT BY BURY ST. EDMUND/What we have here is one man's



T S

thoroughly unscientific survey about what women think of their breasts, and

PHOTOGRAPHY BY TODD SMITH

TITS Sarah, 19, has classically pear-shaped, 34C breasts: "I was always being told busty girls were tramps; so naturally I was scared stiff of getting a rep-u-tay-ay-ay-tion!"

how they feel about the way you and I relate to same. All but one of the many ladies questioned for this "study" had never before discussed the subject with a man. The exception ". . . went out with a psychiatrist who was interested in knowing if I liked my tits and if I ever played with them."

Judging from the evidence I've gathered, women's breasts have always been the source of much joy and the objects of undying affection. With the exception of the post-World War One "bound look," every society has been busily picturing or sculpting or writing about tits. Phenomenally buxom statuettes, dating back to 15,000 B.C., have been found all over Europe; Stone Age man may not have been subtle, but he knew what he liked.

The extent of current American fascination with tits is obvious. The only stylistic variable seems to be size. Jane Russell needed awesomely photogenic assistance to achieve stardom in the Fifties. Farrah Fawcett-Majors recently made it with little more than a hairdo and ever-ready nipples. But face it: Neither would've been much of a hit on radio. This year's tastes bloomed to a median size when an issue of *Sports Illustrated* blessed with a cover shot of Cheryl Tiegs in a see-through swimsuit sold 100,000 more copies than usual.

It's not (only) hormonally deranged teenagers who've got tits on the brain. I was once sitting in the cafeteria at Fermilab—America's most advanced atomic-particle accelerator—with one of America's most renowned physicists, who was attempting to give me a working understanding of the difference between special and charmed quarks. Every time a well-endowed lady physicist passed by, he'd break off in midsentence, as if groping for a complex thought, watch her jiggle until his eyeballs reached the limits of their rotation, and then pick up his train of thought exactly where he'd left off.

Whether this fascination is a childish obsession or a healthy reaction to Judeo-Christian-Moslem repression is a mystery wrapped in a Gordian bra too complicated for me to singlehandedly unhook. I do know it's not limited to the penile members of the race. All my interviewees were and are continually reminded of what they do or don't have by members of *both* sexes. Or, as a Chicago newswoman put it in her best Hechtian style: "I think a certain amount of narcissism is necessary for sex. You can't consider your body ugly, and breasts are the main thing to love yourself for sexually. I mean, most women haven't ever seen their own cunts."

For all the women questioned in this survey, breasts were the first and continued to be the most vital outward manifestation of their femininity. As with little boys, little girls' first awareness of tits comes from Mom: "We used to watch her take baths . . . they were all white and fluffy, and we'd want to poke them."

Most of the women did end up built pretty much the way their mothers were. One told of inheriting a 34D legacy: "When I was sixteen, I visited my family in Europe. The day I arrived, my uncle looked right down my dress and yelled, "Jesus Christ! You're the image of your mother!" But one woman with a vast chest pointed out: "My mother is a long, slim Scandinavian, and my father comes from Slavic Jews. Obviously, I got my tits from Dad."

For most women, their first experimental breasts were constructed between the ages of six and eight while playing dress-up. Wadded Kleenex or stockings were the most common substitutes, though one woman said her Greek grandmother gave her orange halves.

From that age on, they remember wondering, sporadically at first, "When am I gonna get tits?" The curiosity grows as a little girl encounters the, ah, culture: "I saw Suzanne Pleshette breathing under a sheet in a Western, her bosoms going up and down. . . . Lying in my little bed, staring at my little sheet, I'd wait for them to puff up." At about the age of ten, when precocious friends start to puff, "Time is real slow until your own appear; you start questioning yourself or the air or God. . . . You want to be a woman."

While none of the interviewees today thinks having tits is synonymous with being a woman, most went through that, and remembered the exact size, brand name and circumstances under which they acquired their first bra. "My mother ran totally amok in the lingerie department of Marshall Field's, buying training bras and slips and a girdle with garters. I didn't have any stockings. The garters were supposed to hold my little tits up or something; I don't know."

The next thing they remember is having the bra strap snapped by boys, except for those who went to sexually segregated parochial schools; they remember the nuns feeling for the straps, in order to be certain the mandatory-bra dress code was being enforced. (Also, sweaters without buttons were *verboten*.)

Of course, the girls were more concerned with what was happening in the front part of the bra. In junior high school I edited the school paper. My co-editors were female. Our perks included a cubbyhole office and passes permitting us to cut any class. We decided the gig required daily editorial meetings, despite the fact that the paper came out only four times a year. The girls had nearly identical microscopic breasts and were ferociously competitive about every millimeter. I offered to judge the ongoing contest. Since we had no measuring devices besides steel printer's rules, they'd stand side by side, shoulders arched way back, while I'd slowly, scholastically, weigh the evidence by hand. Electrically connected through my palms, the three of us would stand there with our virgin knees humming until I stammered out a decision. Contests were held as often as I could goad them into it.

Years later, on vacation from college, I met one of them at a party. She confessed that she too would get in bed on the nights following our measuring bouts and masturbate as many times as was humanly possible. While researching this article, I discovered the following piece of wisdom, published in 1881 by Dr. J.H. Kellogg in his book, *Plain Facts for Old and Young*: "Deficient development of the breasts is caused when the vice of self-abuse is begun before or at puberty, and the atrophy of the mammae [occurs] if it is continued after development."

He's wrong.

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Though none of the women in my survey group grew up anxious to become Carol Doda's stand-in, developing the legendary handful was a devoutly wished-for consummation. They reported that their development came in spurts—one between the ages of 10 and 12 and another between 15 and 17, when most achieved 95 percent of their adult size.

Kim, 24, recalled the problems in learning the proper care and feeding of her smallish but wide breasts: "They literally sprang up one night when I was fifteen—it was all I heard about for months. One day in the school cafeteria I bent too low as I was sitting down with my tray, and one of my tits got wedged in a cup of chili. The cup slid off the table and shattered. Then I had to walk the length of the cafeteria to get to the john, wearing a pink angora sweater with one breast soaked in orange gravy. It was the longest walk of my life. I've never heard screaming like that except at rock concerts. It seems funny—now."

Sarah, age 19, blossomed into legendary status when she turned 16. Her small-boned, 5'3" frame provides dramatic contrast for her classically pear-shaped, 34C breasts. An equally well developed part of her is a hostility towards men who treat her as a pair of tits with a woman attached.

"When I was sixteen, I took birth-

(Continued on page 126)

Bury St. Edmund, a frequent contributor to OUI, *has written previously about asses, crotches, faces, necks, arms, legs and brains. Unfortunately, he's a foot fetishist.*

"OK, Mr. Laurence, now you open wide."

CHIC WITHIN REACH

SIX HUNDRED BUCKS, FIFTEEN OUTFITS, ONE INCREDIBLE BARGAIN

Any dolt can look great in clothes that cost a fortune. The trick is to dress to kill and still have money left over for pasteurized milk. All of the clothes on the next five pages can be had for less than $600. For $595, you are entitled to a three-piece suit, a reversible sport coat, three more pairs of pants, four shirts, three sweaters, four ties, two pocket squares, two mufflers and a pair of suspenders. Clothes you can wear for two weeks before anybody notices your shoes. Two hints first: Ties have narrowed to less than three inches. And collars can be turned up and left up. A list of stores where you can see these outfits is on page 128.

Photography by Olivier Ferrand

Fashion coordination by Judith Smith Dan

1 The three-piece gabardine suit is from Cricketeer ($160). The small-collared shirt of polyester and cotton is from the Pierre Cardin Boutique ($19.50). Silk pocket square is from Elliot Gant, Ltd. ($8.50). And the tie—two and a half inches wide—is also silk ($12.50 from Berkley Cravats).

2 Same suit, this time worn without the vest. Instead, tuck in the tie cadet style. Add the silk poeket square from Elliot Gant, Ltd. ($8.50). And change your belt. Briefcase is from Manhattan Harwyn.

3 Wear the suit jacket as a blazer and keep your pants on, as well as your shirt. The striped tie is from Elliot Gant, Ltd. ($10). The striped wool muffler ($15) and the V-neck pullover sweater vest in dry brown/navy/bordeaux ($27.50) are from Tricots St. Raphael. Open the shirt collar and loosen the tie. It's allowed.

4 Wear the suit coat and pants plus a turned-up striped shirt—wing-collared in red and blue fine-line stripes from Pierre Cardin Boutique at $25. Wrap a Qiana scarf under the collar and keep wrapping it high on the neck. Scarf is $6.50 from Imperial Handkerchief and Neckwear. The wool pocket square is tucked into the pocket, $12 from Elliot Gant, Ltd.

5 Keep the blazer and the muffler and the shirt, but change your pants to tan pleated trousers. Pleats are only in the front. $32 from Tivoli of Copenhagen. Hold them up with burgundy suspenders from Harness House ($5.50). Bow tie is black satin from Laura Paprika ($7). Optional red bowler hat from Patricia Underwood.

6 With the navy suit trousers, try on a reversible sport coat (from New York Sportswear Exchange, $80); add a collarless shirt in rust from John Henry ($24), and then the plaid muffler ($13.50 from Elliot Gant, Ltd.). Wide wing-collared sweater is from New York Sportswear Exchange ($28.50). Optional velour racing cap from Marsha Akins for Makins Hats.

7 Take the basic navy blazer plus the small round-collared shirt, and add corduroy pants in ecru (the fancy word for beige), a polyester and cotton number from Tivoli of Copenhagen ($27). Then, add the wing-collared sweater, throw around the striped muffler and add the striped tie. The lady apparently approves.

8 Reverse your jacket to the khaki side, put on a plaid shirt (dark green in polyester and cotton from John Henry, $20), keep the corduroy pants and the wing-collared pullover, and then layer a solid cream-colored sweater vest from New York Sportswear Exchange ($30). Tie is solid ecru in lamb's wool from Berkley Cravats ($8.50).

9 Reversible jacket, collarless shirt, corduroy pants and solid sweater vest. Optional wide-brim straw hat by Oleg Cassini.

10 Turn the jacket around to its Donegal tweed side, add the small-collared shirt, the pleated trousers, and the striped sweater vest and striped wool muffler.

11 Reversible jacket, buttoned-up collarless shirt, pleated trousers and suspenders. Optional eyewear by Color in Optics.

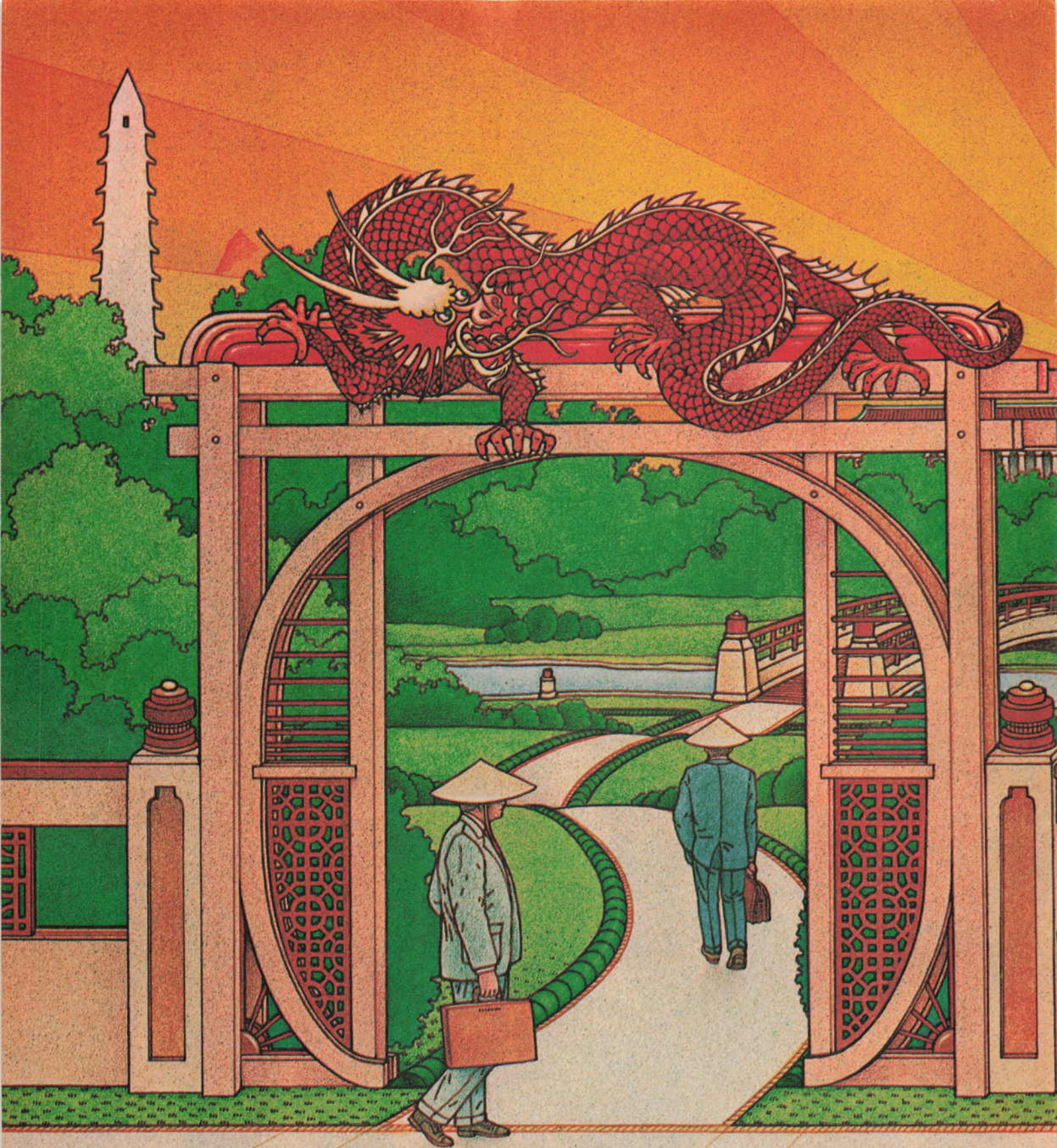
12 To the reversible jacket, add a pair of parachute pants, in khaki from Metro Pants ($22.50). Note the pockets and drawstring ankles. Top it off, literally, with the solid sweater vest *over* the jacket.

All shoes by Roger Bowman for Footgear, Beverly Hills and Hollywood.

13 Now it gets tricky. Start with the parachute pants and the wing-collared pullover. Then wear the plaid shirt *as a jacket* and add the cabled vest *over* that. Perfect for shy strip poker.

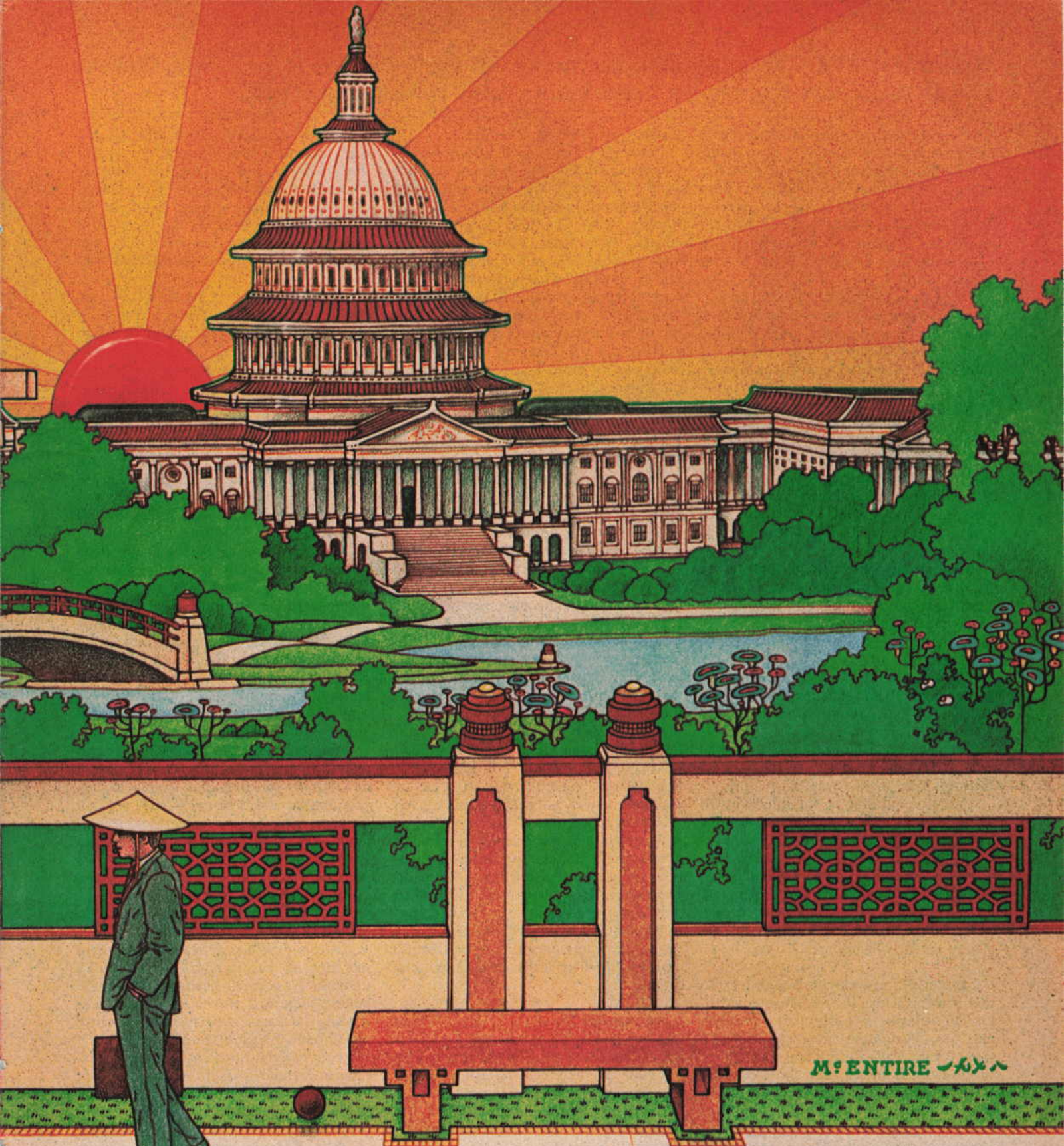
14 The green plaid shirt goes on first, then the collarless shirt, topped with the Donegal tweed side of the reversible jacket. Now comes the fun part. Spread your shirt collar wide over the jacket, and then push up the jacket sleeves and roll the top shirt's sleeves back over the jacket, exposing the plaid.

15 Take the plaid shirt, button it up lumberjack style, tuck it into the parachute pants. Add a navy vest from the suit and don't button. Optional reversible belt from Harness House.



A WIDE-EYED LOOK AT KOREAGATE

IT HAD THE MAKINGS FOR ANOTHER ALL THE PRESIDENT'S MEN. SO HOW COME KOREAGATE TURNED INTO THE STING? • ARTICLE BY VIC GOLD



Going back to Harry Truman's day, the Republic of Korea—Choson, Ch'ao-Hsien, take your pick—has been regarded by successive U. S. administrations as an outpost of American security, a trusted ally. True, to the knowing eye and nostril, South Korea is a land of urban pollution, shit-covered rice paddies and *kimshi*, which consists of one glob of fermented cabbage, garlic and a dash of red pepper. Powerful stuff. But to anyone old enough to recall the glory days of Truman's "limited police action" (or to one who has stayed up late to see Gregory Peck take *Pork Chop Hill*), it is nothing less than Mom, apple pie, and if we don't stop the bastards at the 38th parallel they'll end up ravaging our sisters.

So there I was, July 1971, inhaling the chemical atmosphere of Park Chung Hee's Fun City and clutching

ILLUSTRATION BY LARRY McENTIRE

KOREAGATE The Choson People, you see, are the freelancers of the Orient. Chinese and Japanese may move in the mass, but it's every Korean for himself.

an English-language daily that featured a verbatim report of a meeting held at the Blue House, the South Korean executive mansion, between President Park and U. S. Vice-President Spiro Agnew. According to the transcript, Agnew, speaking for the Nixon Administration, had agreed to an increase in U. S. military aid to the Park regime.

OK, Agnew had pledged additional military aid to the ROK Army. I'd buy that, except for three incidental caveats: First, Agnew wasn't authorized by the White House or U. S. State Department to make any such pledge; second, the verbatim publication of conversations between high-level officials regarding military plans is, to say the least, an unusual diplomatic occurrence; third, the Blue House meeting between Agnew and Park was scheduled for noon that day, and by my watch it was only 10:30 A.M. Agnew was still in his hotel room. That much I knew. I was his press secretary.

Back into the lobby then, to confront the local representative of the U. S. Information Agency.

"What the hell's going on?" I asked.

"I'll call the editor and find out," he replied.

Ten minutes later, my USIA contact reported back to say that there was a perfectly logical explanation for the transcript.

"The meeting isn't until noon," he told me, smiling patronizingly. "That was the problem."

"You mean, that *is* the problem," I shouted, the Ugly American in full cry. "How can there be a verbatim transcript of a meeting that hasn't even taken place?"

"Well, you simply have to understand the Koreans," my informant shrugged. "You see, the way the editor put it, he said, 'Ah, yes, the *meeting* isn't until noon, but *I* have an early deadline.' "

•

Let me tell you about the Tongsun Parks and Hancho Kims, for Koreans—especially rich Koreans—are different from you and me: They have more *chutzpah*. If, then, you're ready for the real scenario on the saga of Tongsun, Hancho and their KCIA pals, forget the Washington media term "Koreagate," with its sinister implication of some systematic, coordinated plot to corrupt the system. Sure, I know: The Republicans keep hoping for a Capitol Hill sequel to *All the President's Men*, with Democratic congressmen, Tongsun and Hancho as the heavies. But the actual script plays more like *The Sting*.

Plotting? Conniving is a better word. Corruption? Certainly, but not the ultimate corruption of and for power. Rather, the good, old-fashioned $$$ kind of corruption. There was indeed big green circulating from Washington to Seoul and back, moving in large denominations into private pockets and personal bank accounts. But as the man told me that morning in Seoul seven years ago—along about the time Tongsun was dollaring up Congressmen Otto Passman and Richard Hanna—you simply have to understand the Koreans. Bribery there was—but nothing *systematic* or *coordinated*. Merely a slight misunderstanding about priorities. Like, if a deadline comes before an event, *improvise*.

The Choson people, you see, are the freelancers of the Orient. Chinese and Japanese may move in a mass, but it's every Korean for himself. There were observers who snickered when Tongsun, all smooth of cheek and style, told the House Ethics Committee: "What I have done here in Washington constitutes the American success story on a small scale." But the hustler knew his mark: He and Hancho operated in a great Western tradition, rugged individualists of the old school, free-wheeling con artists making their way in the land of opportunity.

A coordinated plot by Koreans? It is to laugh. What we have here isn't high ideological tragedy but low political comedy. P.T. Barnum ingenuity, not Haldemanic systems analysis, is the Korean strong suit. As financial entrepreneurs flying by the seat of their own or somebody else's pants, Tongsun and Hancho were shrewd operators, at least for the short haul. But as for government-to-government plots, they were about as efficient as pollution control in Seoul and as subtle as *kimshi*; which is to say, they came on strong in Washington and left in their wake an unforgettable aroma.

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An erstwhile Pentagon expert on Korean affairs was trying to put the puzzle together for a visitor late last spring, shortly after Tongsun Park had testified on Capitol Hill and Hancho Kim had been convicted of taking $600,000 of KCIA money, then lying to a grand jury about the source of his income.

"It's not easy to follow," the retired U. S. officer was saying. "Start with the key Justice Department witness, Kim Sang Keun. He was a KCIA general. How does the press describe him? As a 'defector.' OK, you tell me—how does a general for an allied country 'defect' to the United States?"

Good question. But the answer, it develops, can be arrived at only by delving into other questions. For openers, remember the scenario and ask who's conning whom? Who's on whose side? If an American congressman votes to send aid to South Korea, and South Korea in turn bribes the congressman, how does this monetary transaction affect the U. S. balance of payments?

Scratch that last question. It oversimplifies the con. If what they call "Koreagate" was merely a case of South Korea using *our* money to grease *our* lawmakers, that would be an irony worth a wry comment on a slow news day. But the way Tongsun and Hancho had it wired, the script was a farce. Sure, Tongsun greased Hanna with 200 thou, and Passman is charged with a *quid* of $213,000, but for what *quo*? To influence U. S. policy toward South Korea? Don't be superficial. It was to influence *South Korean* policy toward *Tongsun Park*.

Consider: Tongsun Park got into deep *kimshi* for what? Laying out an estimated $750,000 in cash and gifts to some 30 members of Congress. It sounds like a fair amount of grease, but not when compared to the $8 million in commissions he received for brokering rice sales to South Korea during the same period. Which leads, inevitably, to the bottom-line question: *Cui bono?* Or, as they say in the Blue House: Who's getting his?

What precisely did Tongsun want in return for all that Capitol Hill largess? Did he lobby his Congressional friends to support military aid to South Korea? No. All he seems to have asked for were letters, and more letters, from members of Congress to Park Chung Hee, singing Tongsun Park's praises.

Well, not exactly *all*. With Passman, as well as "Helpful Hanna," there was a bit more involved than the standard Congressional robotype b.s. about the wonderful job Tongsun was doing as South Korea's unofficial goodwill ambassador to the States. There was also the matter of persuading the Park government to purchase rice through Tongsun's brokerage firm, the company which, in theory, the Park government helped Tongsun set up as a front for his lobbying activities on Capitol Hill.

Confused, Yank? Then brace yourself, for this is where the con, if not the plot, thickens. Keep in mind that what we're talking about is a Korean government agent bribing U. S. congressmen to help him curry favor with his own bosses back in Seoul. But if that isn't enough to boggle a scrutable Occidental brain, reconsider the nature of the product Tongsun was peddling to his home folks: U. S. government-subsidized rice, from the paddies of

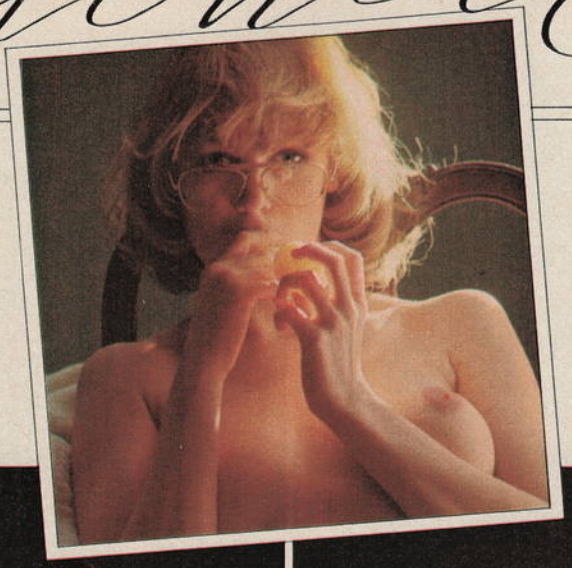
(Continued on page 134)

Author Gold was the man responsible for taking care of press relations for ex-Vice President Spiro ("Nolo Contendere") Agnew. Nice job, Vic.

LASSALVY

Michelle

SHE FEELS UNDRESSED WITHOUT HER GLASSES,



BUT ALWAYS ENJOYS MAKING A SPECTACLE OF HERSELF.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY FRANCIS GIACOBETTI

"BEING NEAR-SIGHTED ISN'T SO BAD," MUSES MICHELLE.

"IT GIVES ME AN EXCUSE TO CUDDLE UP CLOSE."

For a joint venture where profits are high, try commercial pot farming.
Article by William Richman

the new plantation class

If asked to name the single most revolutionary development in modern American agriculture, what would you say? Hydroponics? Conglomerate agribusiness? Fast-growing rice? Short-stalk wheat? Well, forget it. The most revolutionary development in modern American agriculture is the rise of commercial marijuana farming—that's right, marijuana *farming—as a big-bucks industry, and the emergence of an outlaw version of a group that has been venerated throughout American history: the plantation class. While you're out there trying to scrape together $200 for an ounce of Maui*

ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERT KROGEL

PLANTATION CLASS Even the permafrost soil of Alaska produces salable weed, a powerful local product which goes by the serendipitous name of Matanuska Thunderfuck.

Wowie, many of your country cousins are making between $20,000 and $50,000 a year growing the stuff, and quite a few have already reached the $100,000 bracket. Putting together estimates from the Federal Drug Enforcement Administration and the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws, we find that domestically grown weed now accounts for 1 percent of the marijuana market, or some $50 million. And, of course, it's all tax-free.

The majority of this burgeoning business is done in California and Hawaii, where gentle climates and long growing seasons have given new meaning to the word *Sunkist*, and where the pick of the crop can bring in as much as $2500 a pound. In West Virginia, western Pennsylvania, the Carolinas and Arkansas, old-time moonshiners have taken their cue from a new generation of bootleggers and are rapidly converting from White Lightning to Appalachia Gold. Even the permafrost soil of Alaska produces salable weed, a powerful local product which goes by the serendipitous name of Matanuska Thunderfuck.

What's more, Federal authorities simply don't seem to care much. According to spokesman Con Dougherty, the DEA ranks marijuana no higher than number four on its priority list (the big three being heroin, cocaine and opium), and domestic weed rates as the lowest of the low. "Domestic marijuana is usually of such poor grade with respect to THC content," Dougherty says, "that it's hardly worth bothering about." (Obviously, Dougherty hasn't gotten his hands on any of this year's Kona Gold. Or Maui Wowie. Or California-grown Colombian.) Does the DEA make arrests for cultivation? "Only when it bangs us in the eye," he says.

The FBI claims no jurisdiction over domestic marijuana cultivation, and the Department of Agriculture says it stopped trying to eradicate domestic crops years ago. With Federal agencies tacitly pursuing a hands-off policy, the enforcement of laws against the care and feeding of *Cannabis sativa* has been left to local authorities, whose policies tend to vary widely. Cultivation of small plots is legal in Alaska; in West Virginia (where it's not) some growers claim virtual freedom from police harassment. Even in Hawaii, where the heat is the heaviest, it is rare that a grower gets arrested along with his plants, and even then he is often liable to nothing more stringent than a $25 fine.

This is not to say that dope growers lead pressure-free lives, or that their lives consist of nothing more than throwing seeds into poolside planter boxes while smoking freshly picked buds and reading the *Wall Street Journal* in the sauna. Like all successful farmers, large-scale marijuana growers work hard—up to 80 hours a week during the growing season and 'round the clock at harvesttime. And while their profits may indeed be right up there with those of the old plantation class, pot farmers have inherited not only the traditional worries—weather, disease, insects and employees—but also the extra set of concerns that go with their outlaw status. During the growing season, they worry constantly. But once the crops are in and sold, they are free for three to six months to do what they want with their often considerable piles of cash—to travel, to start legitimate businesses or to pursue the kind of leisure activities that make up the wet dreams of the working class.

•

Jeff Robinson is making a movie. His studio is the isolated, rural California ridgetop where he lives with his wife, his family and his pot-growing partner, Mutt Staples; his editing room—complete with Moviola—is the hall-of-the-mountain-king living room of his homemade house. Jeff, who had taken several stabs at becoming an actor, finally decided that he was wasting his time trying to get bit parts in other people's films, when he could write, shoot and direct his own. With the throw-away money from one of his marijuana crops, he bought a 16mm camera, the editing machine and several thousand feet of film, still managing to lay away more than enough to pay for processing costs and support his family.

To achieve this prosperous and independent lifestyle, Jeff had to survive poverty, social repression, his own lack of country skills and three busts. After kicking around in various cities most of his life, sometimes holding high-paying jobs but more often living with one foot in the street, Jeff's wife Lilah finally convinced him that they would be better off in the country. They pooled their savings and bought 40 acres of land that no one but a city boy could love—a logged-out patch with a dense, acidic soil incapable of growing anything but a few fir trees and a lot of poison oak. On that land Jeff painstakingly built his nine-sided house, using nothing but hand tools. He took three years and broke three ribs in the process.

He started growing marijuana almost immediately, not so much for commercial purposes as for his own personal use. For each plant he dug a three-foot hole in his all-but-barren soil, and then he filled the holes with a combination of sand, rich composted dirt and high-nitrate fertilizers. He hand-carried water—sometimes as much as 1200 gallons a week—from a small pond, 100 yards down a steep hill.

From the beginning, Jeff declared open warfare against the animal population, which seemed to regard the marijuana as a sort of dessert. Grasshoppers ate many of the young shoots, considerately leaving the rest to be munched by rats and rabbits. The few plants that managed to make it to adolescence were easy prey for Jeff's most persistent four-footed enemy, the hungry deer. "I've had a garden surrounded by blood meal," he says. "I've had deer carcasses spread around the plants. I've had little balls of panther piss—'Extract of Cat,' it's called; bought it down at the feed store—and still the deer went in there every night. I'd even go down to the garden nude in the moonlight with my gun and wait for them to show up."

It seemed to be a losing battle; the more drastic the antideer measure, the harder the animals worked to get at the plants. One year a fire in a neighboring forest stripped the area of foliage, and just before harvesttime a migration of starving Bambis swept across Jeff's land. They ate 350 of his 400 plants, and the remaining 50 never recovered from transplant shock after Jeff moved them to a fenced-in area.

Jeff finally solved his looting problem by using protective flats to nurse his plants through the vulnerable first month, and by bringing in dogs to keep the deer away. Through experimentation and some surreptitious communication with other growers, Jeff discovered that the plants liked a high-nitrogen soil only during the initial phase, their tastes changing to phosphates after they declared sex, usually at 12 to 16 weeks. He also discovered that his yields could be doubled by using a chemical called Ra-Pid-Gro, at which moment his commitment to "organic" growing methods went out the window. Roughly 80 to 90 percent of his plants could now be counted on to survive until fall harvest, some of them reaching heights of 13 feet, producing fragrant, resinous flower buds up to ten inches long.

With insects and animals all but conquered, Jeff then had to face attacks from the pests who walked upright. In 1973, the county sheriff launched the first of what was to become a series of comprehensive busts. Sending patrol cars and stakebed trucks into homesteads where pot gardens had earlier been photographed by spotter planes, the sheriff confiscated about two tons of marijuana and arrested nine growers, one of whom stood his ground and literally begged the police not to pull his plants. In the ensuing panic, Jeff and a

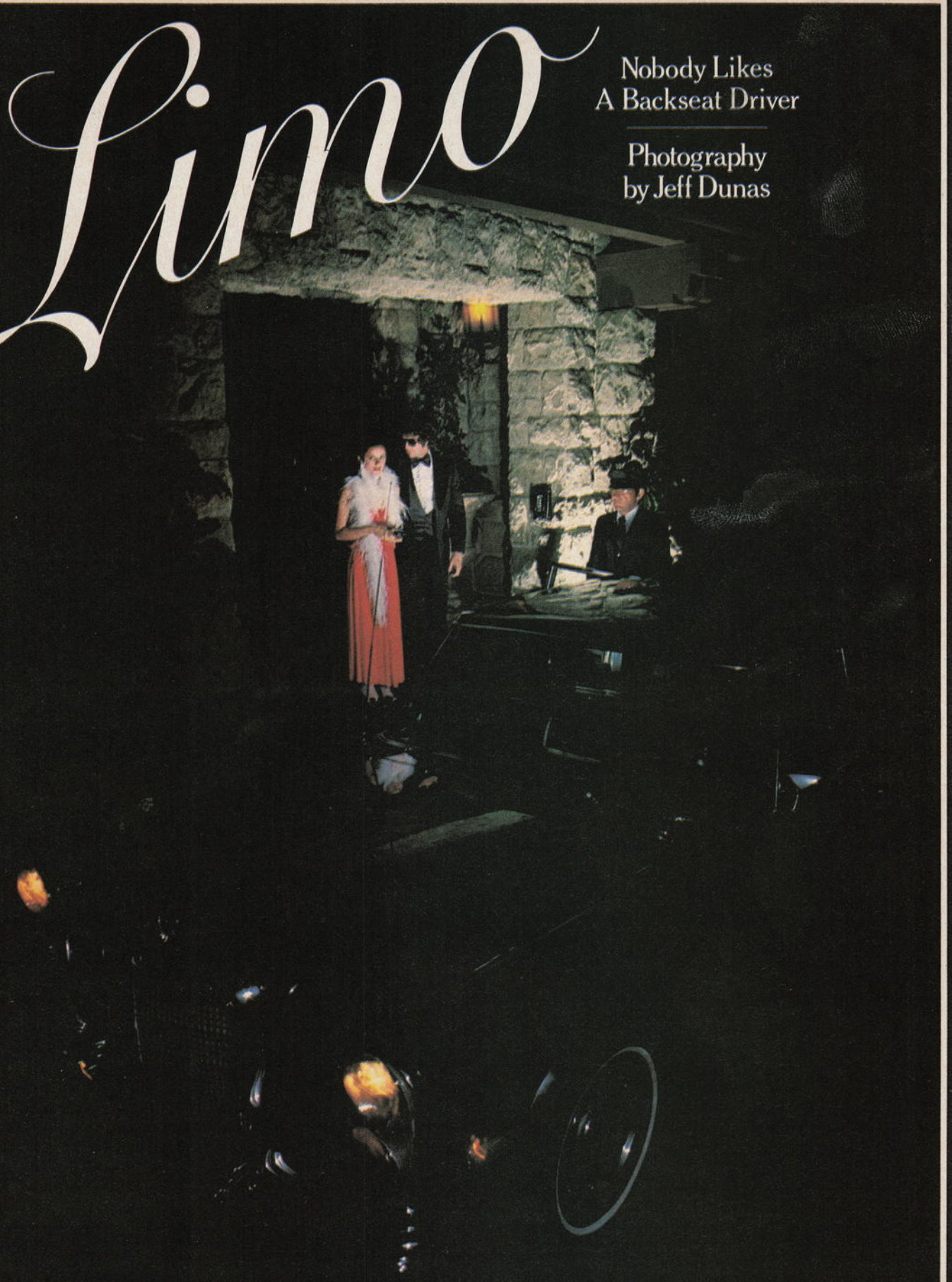
(Continued on page 131)

Although William Richman is currently writing a novel about marijuana farming, he himself can't tell real weed from a dandelion.

Limo

Nobody Likes
A Backseat Driver

Photography
by Jeff Dunas

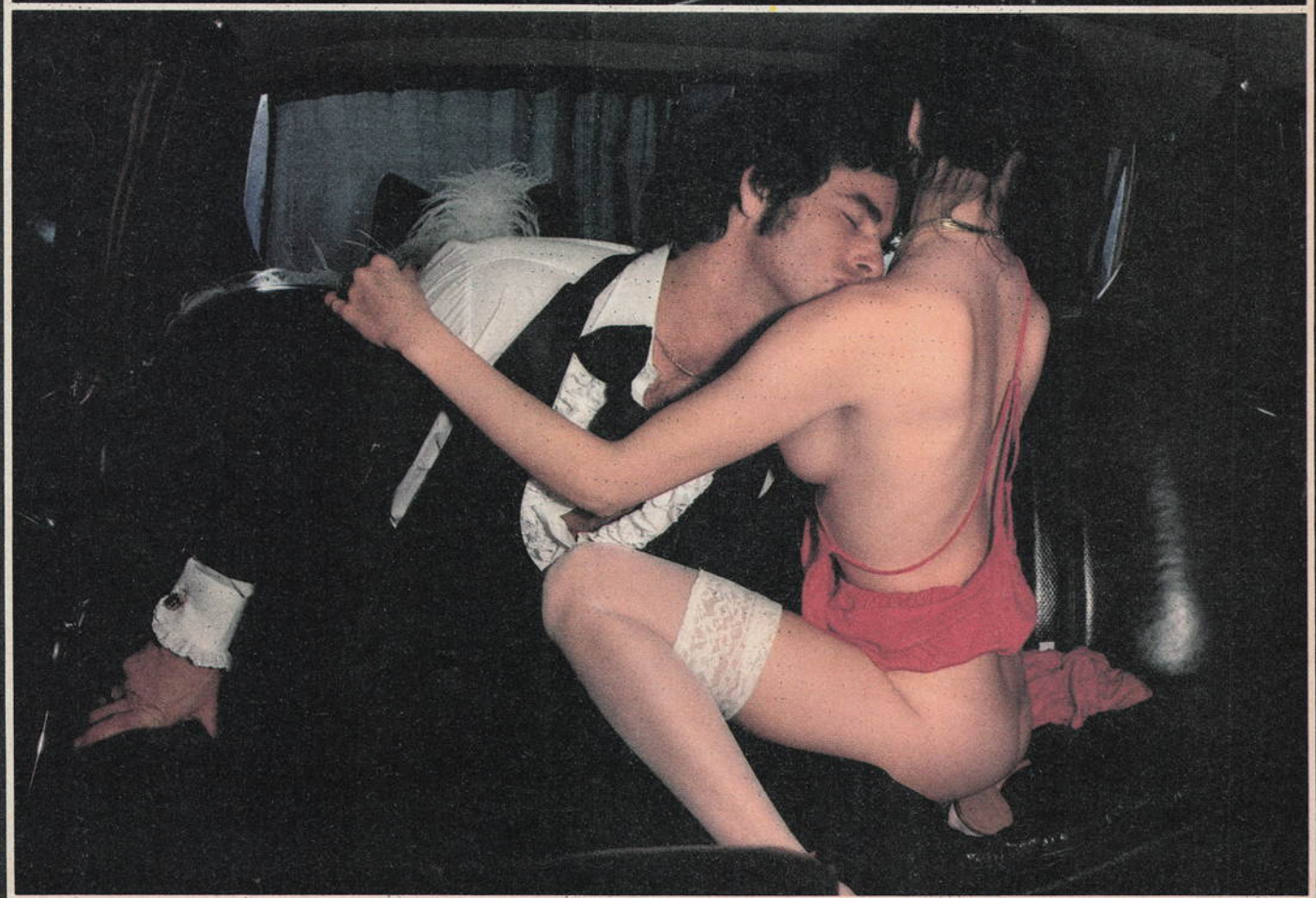


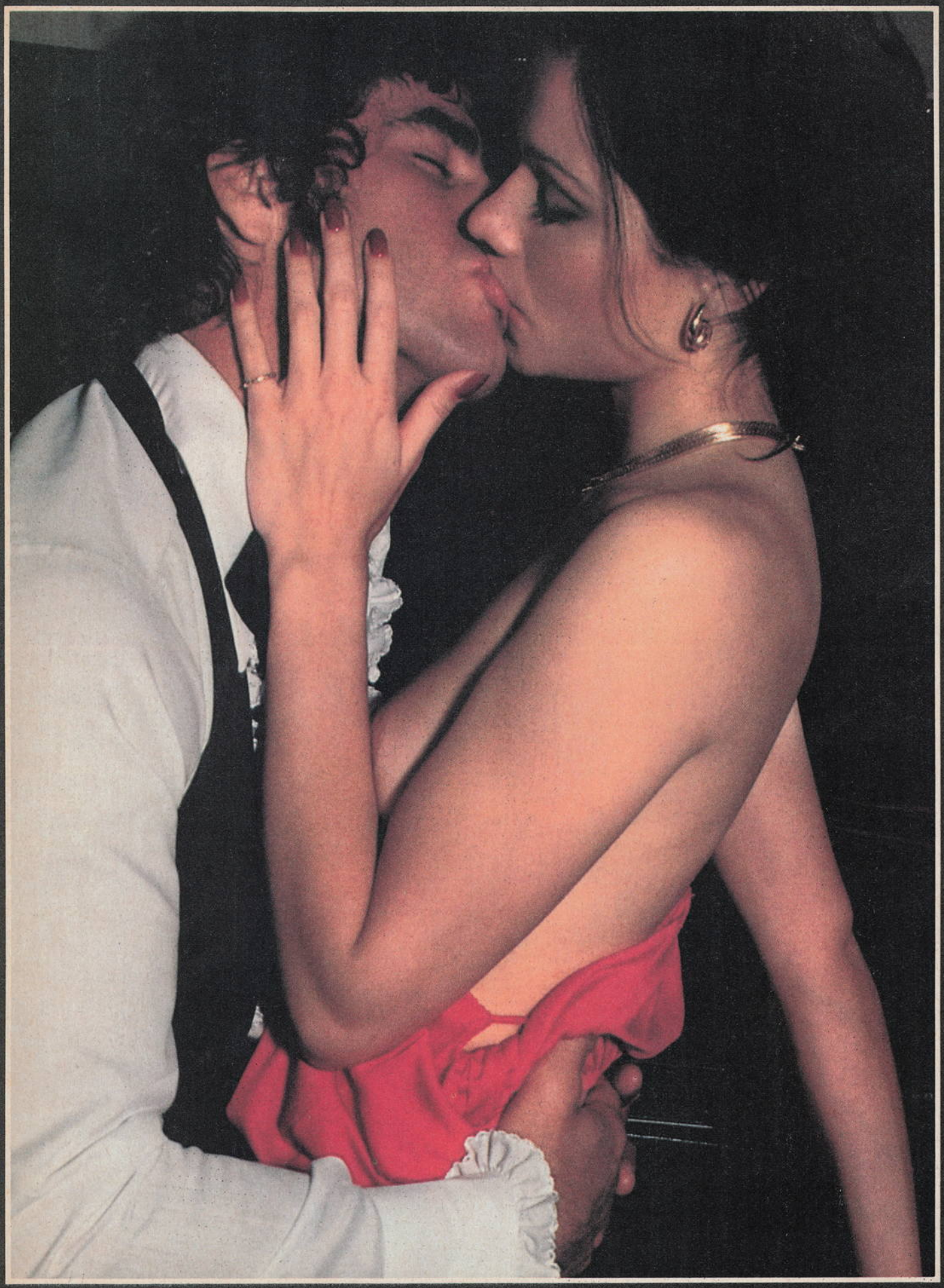
"Thanks a lot for the dinner."

"It was nothing, sweetheart. But you've got a little piece of spinach in your teeth. Here, have a sip of champagne."

"Do you really think I'm right for the part?"

"You're perfect. Would I lie to you?"





"Do all producers have limousines?"

"Naturally, darling. But why don't you come up to my hotel room...? We'll be more comfortable."

"Your hotel?"

"You do want the part, don't you?"

"Well...of course. But enough is enough. What kind of man do you think I am?"

DR. FARCUS "I've read of men performing fellatio on themselves, Doc. Would I be able to do it? I'm a born failure." "Don't be so quick to get down on yourself."

(Continued from page 55)

rubbers. "But I fooled him," Mudge told me in strictest confidence. "I put pinholes in the second dozen."

"You are a cretin," I diagnosed. Then I thrashed him—noting that, as I did so, he surreptitiously rubbed his penis—and threw him out of the office.

Mudge lacked suavity. There is nothing wrong with a direct approach, but it must be done with the utmost delicacy. You and your husband might put on your night clothes and call on your neighbors. When they answer the door, you can both say, as poignantly as possible, "Can we sleep over?"

My wife and I have had great success with the *indirect* approach. Simply invite your new friends over for dinner. Tell them not to knock, but to walk right in. As the appointed time draws near, you and your husband should strip and start performing your favorite form of deviate sexual behavior in the living room. When your neighbors walk in and see you, by no means stop. Instead, indicate that you thought the arrangement was for another night, and that you will be with them in a moment. If they should evince some interest in your activities, you have an icebreaker that can lead smoothly and naturally to a discussion of swapping—or to the real thing.

Q. My fiancée is a refined girl in almost every respect, but she uses very coarse language while we are copulating. What do you make of this?

Fuckface

A. Perhaps you are not doing it right.

Q. I am in my early 30s and despite my tic and my warts, I am not terribly attractive to women. Therefore, I have experimented with nearly every form of masturbation. On my last emergency visit to the hospital, however, the doctor, after removing the vacuum-cleaner hose, suggested that I stick to more conventional methods. I plan on following his advice as soon as the splints come off.

But isn't greater variety available to me? Don't I have other options? I have read of men performing fellatio on themselves. Is such a thing possible, and would I be able to accomplish it? I imagine not. I guess I'm just a born failure.

Q.E.D.

A. Don't be too quick to get down on yourself, Q.E.D. You may actually create more problems than you solve. Self-fellatio—or "blowing your own horn," as it is sometimes called—is not as easy as it sounds. There are certain prerequisites. It takes a man with an uncommonly long penis or a supple body, or both.

I first became aware of the practice some years ago when one of my patients, an aspiring politician, told me in strictest confidence that it was his only sexual outlet. At the time, Case #275 was a lowly alderman, but he soon became governor of a great midwestern state and is presently a United States senator.

When Case #275 proudly told me of his unusual habit, I said to him, "Well, Alderman Farnowski, I won't pretend that I'm not shocked. How in the world did you ever get started with it?"

"Years ago, Doc, I was a physical-fitness buff, and I always used to do my exercises in the nude. One night I was on my shoulders doing the bicycle, when I got an erection. Well, you know how it is with young people. First thing you know, I was blowing myself."

"Ralph," I said, "are you pulling my leg? I am sure that such a thing is physically impossible."

"Not at all, Doc. First you undress. Then you lie on your back and throw your legs back over your head, gripping the backs of your legs with your hands to hold them in place. And there you are."

"Yes, yes," I said impatiently. "Now kindly get up and put your clothes back on. This is a deplorable way to conduct yourself in a doctor's office. And I am sure I speak for all the other members of this encounter group."

When the applause died down, he donned his clothes and returned to his seat. One of the women, a frustrated 350-pound nymphomaniac, said, "But, Alderman, don't you ever hunger for sexual contact with a voluptuous woman?" She gyrated her lower body suggestively.

"Oh, yes," said Farnowski. "But I figure I save thousands of dollars a year. Of course, no sexual preference is perfect. For instance, about a week ago I was in the living room, naked and in the self-fellating position."

"Do you mind getting off the floor, Farnowski?" I interjected. "I can assure you that we are all now familiar with the basic position."

"Of course," he said, rising and pulling up his trousers. "Anyway, I got cramps in both of my legs. It was not only painful, but I couldn't get out of the position. At first I was able to get my mind off the pain by sucking myself off several times but, after a while, I got sick of looking my penis in the face. Not only that, but after a few hours I could no longer get an erection."

"Poor baby," said the hefty nymphomaniac, rubbing Farnowski's trousers to see if his flaccid condition had persisted. "What a pickle!"

Farnowski continued. "The discomfiture was enormous, of course. But it was as nothing compared to what I felt when Mrs. Johnson, the day lady, walked in. She's a middle-aged black woman who apparently harbors long-repressed resentments against honkies and their obliviousness to black rights."

"Most embarrassing, I imagine," I imagined.

"Yes, Doc," said Farnowski, "and most painful. She flailed my behind for half an hour with a broom."

"All things considered," I said, "the pain must have been excruciating."

"Yes," said Farnowski, "for the first five minutes. Then I got my erection back. Finally, Mrs. Johnson shook her head, clucked, rolled me into a corner and began doing her housework. I fell asleep fellating myself."

"So, the story has a happy ending after all," I said dryly.

"That isn't the end," said Farnowski. "When I awoke, I was stretched out on the floor on my stomach, with a broom handle shoved up my anus and the day lady gone."

"Why, the pain must have been unbearable!" I exclaimed.

"I didn't really notice. You see—"

"I know, I know."

So you see, Q.E.D., there are some dangers to self-fellatio. Even if you can accomplish the feat physically, perhaps you should not let it go to your head.

Q. Boy, have I got a problem! This broad I've been banging—my wife, incidentally—has the brain power of a retarded koala bear. Nonetheless, she has been a well-meaning housekeeper and a *great* sex partner—up until two weeks ago.

Now, I'm a guy who really enjoys sex. I pant in anticipation, grunt while I thrust and bellow when I come. Unfortunately, during foreplay I start laughing when I feel really good. This uncontrollable laughter of mine is what is causing my problem.

Two weeks ago at a party, one of the ladies told my wife, "Your husband has an infectious laugh." Ever since, my wife refuses to go to bed with me, citing as an excuse her fear that because of my laugh, I will give her what she calls a "sociable disease."

My attempts to explain are disregarded. She says, "You don't care one Toyota what happens to me. You only want me for what you can get into me."

How can I change her mind?

Tumescent

A. This is a tough one. If you simply cannot stop laughing during foreplay, try this: Remove the label from a

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Alive with pleasure!

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After all, if smoking isn't a pleasure, why bother?

Kings: 17 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine; 100's: 20 mg. "tar," 1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. 1977.

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KEEP SOMETHING IN YOUR POCKET TO PLAY WITH
See page 41

DR. FARCUS

prescription bottle and fill the bottle with harmless pills of some sort. Then type out a new label as follows:

JONES PHARMACY
Infectious Laugh Pills
TAKE ONE PILL EVERY TWO HOURS. AT THE END OF 24 HOURS, YOUR LAUGH WILL SOUND THE SAME, BUT WILL NO LONGER BE INFECTIOUS.

Paste the label on the bottle. Tell your wife that you have purchased some medicine for your disease, and show her the bottle. Help her sound out the words and tell her what they mean. Let her see you take the pills. As you continue taking them, tell her how much better you feel. At the end of 24 hours, pronounce yourself cured and initiate sexual activities. If she is the woman I think she is, she will not only buy this stupid charade, but will appreciate your consideration.

Incidentally, do not leave the bottle around for any normal person to see.

Q. The other night at a party, I met this cute brunette named Connie who had the biggest pair of jugs I've ever seen in my life. After we both got a little high, she said, "Why don't you take me into the bedroom and show me what you've got?" At least I think that's what she said. I'm sure she said *something*. Why else would I have carried her into the bedroom?

We fooled around for a while, and soon we were both undressed. I started going down on her, but she said, "I just want straight sex, Bozo." I'm pretty sure that's what she said. She certainly said *something*. Why else would I climb on top and start whacking away? Well, to make a long story short, Connie was multi-orgasmic. She came 43 times by actual count. At least that was the average. She claims it was twice, and I claim it was 84 times.

But that's not the point. In 35 minutes of screwing, I came four times with the same erection. As Connie carried me back to the living room, she said, "You came at least four times with the same erection. That must be a world record." Is there any truth to this?

J. "J.W." H.

A. I doubt. But you tell it very well.

Q. My husband and I get along all right sexually, but we find each other pretty dull otherwise. We need a little zip in our lives. I, for example, long for an occasional stimulating conversation. Who knows *what* Dust-for-brains longs for, aside from his regular sex! Anyway, we're thinking of adding a man or woman to the marriage. We don't care which. Do you think this is practical?

Z.Z.G.

A. Troilism, or the formation of a triad (sometimes known as "two on one"), can be quite successful. It works especially well if the majority partners are bisexual, but this is not essential.

Almost certainly, your desire for more varied conversation will be fulfilled as the three of you discuss such diverse topics as whose turn it is, who did it last to whom, who is missing (and by how much) and why one member takes so goddamn long when everyone else is already done.

A triad offers considerable sexual variety. One immediately thinks of the "Emperor's Crown," the "Double Cross," the "Mildewed Scarecrow," the "French Provincial," "That Old Black Magic" (or "Down and Down We Go," as it is sometimes called), the "Incongruous Triangle" and the always popular "619." Of course, you can always make up your own picturesque names.

Q. When we were first married, my husband and I enjoyed frequent intercourse with all sorts of variety. For the past two years, however, all he wants is fellatio. What is more, he refuses to reciprocate. The other night I tried to get him to have regular intercourse with me, but he would have none of it. So I "did" him, as we say. By the time I finished, I was pretty worked up myself, and I asked him to "do" me. He said, "Sure, honey. Just 'do' me once more." That kind of got my hopes up, so I "did" him a second time. It took such a long time that I was exhausted. I leaned back to go to sleep, but he shook me and said, "Come on, honey, just for a second. 'Do' me once more." Half-asleep, I wearily began. Suddenly, what a shock! What people say is absolutely true! As I went down for the third time, my entire life flashed before my eyes.

I realized what a waste my life had been, what a fool I was to throw myself away on this selfish liar! I instantly stopped, and I haven't "done" him since. It has been three weeks now, and every night he begs me to "do" him and swears that he will "do" me. I tell him, "Go 'do' yourself."

He is becoming a nervous wreck, and I am starting to weaken. Should I give in?

Not Done

A. Yes, give him his head. When he is *almost* "done," tell him that he must "do" you or he will be "undone." If he does "do" you, do not "do" what you did does don't do—oh, to hell with it! □

Robert Longe has been a patient of Dr. Farcus for several years. This article is reprinted with permission of Ashley Books, Inc., Port Washington, N.Y., from the book Files of a Counterfeit Sex Therapist. *Copyright by Robert Longe.*

WHO

JIM SHEA

The Bizarre Miss B.

Toni Basil is shakin' her booty again. An acclaimed singer, dancer and choreographer, best known for her smash production of a dance troupe, **The Lockers**. La Basil is also the spice in **Bette Midler**'s gyrations in the movie *The Rose*, and **Lynda Carter**'s wonder-wiggles in her new Vegas act. Toni's into self-actualization these days. Her own show, *The Follies Bizarre*, is finally taking off (you *Saturday Night Live* freaks probably saw a short preview of one last April). Toni Basil . . . the Florence Nightingale of the white-people-*can*-dance movement. Check her out.

—Toy Gibson

High-Flying Bush

Judging from her lyrics, **Kate Bush**, just 20, already knows love in more ways than most of us have fingers. The waifish redhead (she's four feet, eleven inches), in her song *Feel It*, explains, "After the party . . . my stockings fall onto the floor, desperate for more. . . . Here comes one and makes one." *Man with the Child in His Eyes* is a haunting story of a young girl and an older man, and the strange *The Kick Inside* may or may not be about a girl who commits suicide after incest. But Kate's biggest hit was *Wuthering Heights*, a revised musical finale to the **Emily Bronte** classic; it was number one in England for several weeks and made her the darling of the British pop-music scene overnight. Thanks to Kate, the famous doomed lovers are back together again. In a ghostly, hypnotic wail, she sings, "Heathcliff, it's me, Cathy. Let me in-a-your window . . . too long I roam in the night . . ." Kate calls *Wuthering Heights* the tale of a "young and passionate girl in an era when the female role was inferior." Kate also likes to transform herself into inanimate objects. In the song *Kite*, she becomes one of those high fliers, singing, "I feel a rush along my body like a bullet." Soaring, no doubt, right to the top of the charts.

—PETER GAMBACCINI

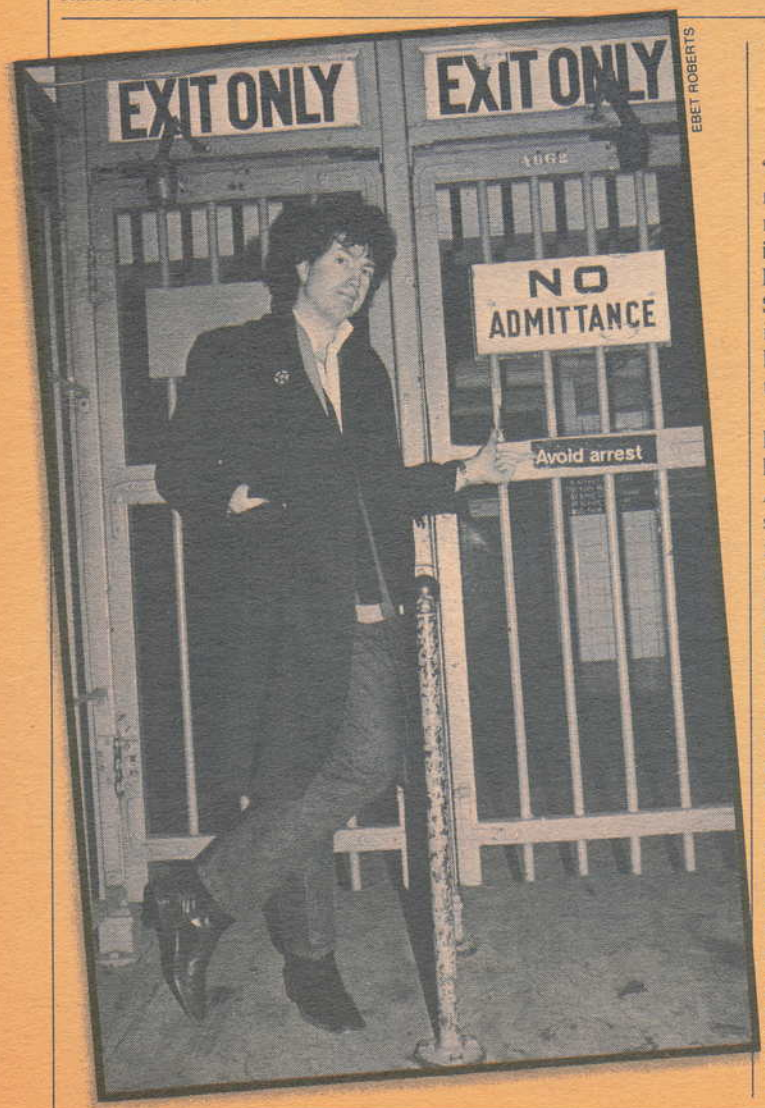
COURTESY HARVEST RECORDS

Playing with Stella's Dolly

Country-music queens like **Stella Parton** have stepped out of their siblings' shadows before. But even though **Crystal Gayle** isn't called **Loretta Lynn**'s little sister anymore, **Dolly Parton** does seem to cast a, well, bigger, more concupiscent shadow. But the singer of the hit *Four Little Letters (L-O-V-E)* had the perfect comeback to **Billy Carter**'s comment about inferiority complexes. Billy said that being the President's brother wasn't as inferior as being the smaller-chested kin of the voluptuous Dolly. "At least my situation can be remedied," Stella quipped. "But who ever heard of silicone for brains?"

Back to you, Billy. —P.G.

HARRY LANGDON



EBET ROBERTS

Robinson Pops Rockers

"Certain people high up in the rock world have abused their responsibility," says **Tom Robinson**. "People like **David Bowie**, **Eric Clapton** and **Rod Stewart** have openly made racist remarks in England and have taken their time about retracting them."

Robinson pulls no punches. His mixture of pop and politics has provoked both English and American audiences. Robinson, a homosexual, created a furor with his *Sing if You're Glad to Be Gay* number. He passes out leaflets and buttons, proclaiming "Rock against Racism," at his band's concerts.

The symbol of the Tom Robinson Band is a clenched fist, meant to indicate solidarity and brotherhood. Robinson believes the time has come for America to accept his rock-'n'-roll proselytizing. "Anybody that says, 'Let's turn back the clock twenty years to the good old days,' is the enemy to all of us. I think it's about time people wised up to this. There *are* only two sides." One can only guess as to Robinson's success on *this* side of the Atlantic.

—SAL MANNA & M.J. CARROLL

Deja Who?

The leading contender to the throne of British power-pop is the **Jam**, a youthful trio that comes on like a Seventies' reincarnation of the **Who**, circa 1964, with sandblasting chords and lyrics about their generation's frustration with the modern world. Yet 20-year-old **Paul Weller**, the band's guitarist-singer and songwriter, denies that the Jam are merely Who clones reviving rock's antediluvian days. "We are not a nostalgia group," he snaps. "I didn't even hear of the Who until three years ago, and I only sort of remember **The Beatles**.

EBET ROBERTS

Discovering the Who was like finding my musical roots."

Weller and his cohorts, 23-year-old bassist **Bruce Foxton** and 22-year-old drummer **Rick Buckler**, have been gigging since they were 14. Garbed in thrift-store black suits and razor-thin ties, they cut a stark, frenetic swath across stage. And although critics may view the Jam as an instance of lightning striking for the second go-'round, Weller promises that his group will not ape the heroes of the previous generation. "Being a rock star is boring. We're concerned with the ideas in our music, not trying to prove we are technically clever."

—Brad Balfour

ROBERT GALLUCI

Chopper Laureate

"There ain't no more men left in this country," laments **Geno Gentile**, a 250-pound Hell's Angel from Bridgeport, Connecticut. "We're the last warriors. After us, there's just little soft grapes walking around with their heads in their hands."

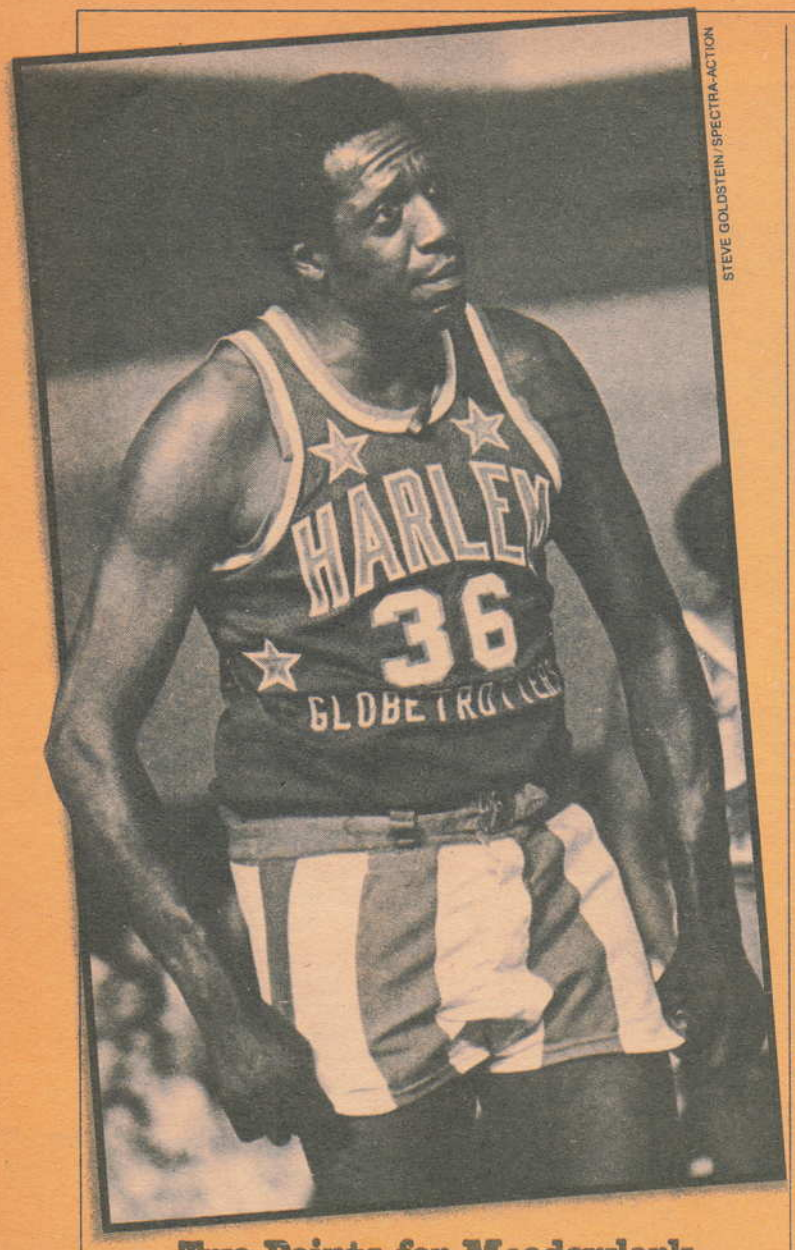
To make sure everybody knows what went on before the berries took over, Geno has published *Today's Barbarian*, the only known volume of poetry by a Hell's Angel. A sometime doorman ("we don't call it 'bouncer' anymore"), he's spent eight of his 32 years behind bars, where he first started composing verse. "You're either gonna write, weight lift or beat up someone. Prison reform stinks," he surmises. His biker pals apparently appreciate their poet laureate. One poem about a slain comrade brought them to tears. "We're all human," notes Geno. "I know a couple of hit men who are sentimental. They have feelings, too."

Geno has been trying to get a lecture tour together, but at one college stop, he says, "People were scared that if they said something I didn't like, I'd kill 'em." Of his younger and wilder days he says, "I used to drink a lot and do a lot of pills. If you live to thirty you slow down. At least I got a little wisdom. I've walked the earth." Geno, who can bench press 450 pounds and was kicked out of the seventh grade for punching out the principal, claims that the kids at his son's school idolize Hell's Angels. "They look at us like heroes 'cause we're real, like the Incredible Hulk or Spiderman or Jesse James." Personally, Geno claims that he has no heroes, but then he did name one of his five kids Conan Barbarian Gentile. And as far as the importance of such "heroes," Geno is philosophical. "Hell, if we didn't have crime in this country, a lot of people would be out of work." —P.G.

Marie Untamed

In *Cousin, Cousine*, **Marie Christine Barrault** was the dream woman we all wanted to go swimming with, paint tattoos on in the hotel bathtub and generally misbehave with at family Christmas parties. Now she's misbehaving in the tropics in the upcoming *L'Etat Sauvage*, with French countryfolk **Michel Piccoli**, **Jacques Dutronc** and **Claude Brasseur**. Marie Christine and the boys spent several weeks shooting in the Guiana Caribbean amidst plentiful palm trees, plantations and sandy beaches. (These French film folks really suffer for their art.) *L'Etat Sauvage* depicts the travails and tumults of tempestuous expatriates transplanted into a tameless, tropical society. Ms. Barrault works quite hard at being the faithless wife of Piccoli. While he trains the local police force, she works out with Dutronc, Brasseur and black actor **Doura Mane**. And they don't do any Royal Canadian Mounted Police exercises.

—P.G.



STEVE GOLDSTEIN/SPECTRA-ACTION

Two Points for Meadowlark

Meadowlark Lemon and the zany **Harlem Globetrotters**, who were dazzling folks with their roundball wizardry long before **Julius Erving** or **Pete Maravich** was born, have been called "the ambassadors of goodwill in short pants." Their fans have included **Nikita Khrushchev**, **Queen Elizabeth** and a couple of popes. They've brought their high-court-jinx to 92 countries and may be the only traveling sports troupe to stop a war. When Clown Prince Meadowlark and his sidekicks went into Algeria back in the early Sixties, the natives and their French overlords put down their guns to watch him and his pals dribble their stuff.

Meadowlark's wit has been a Globetrotter trademark for 24 years and over 7000 games. Now he's making his bid for a film career, co-starring with Dr. J in *The Fish that Saved Pittsburgh*. Lemon plays Reverend Grady Jackson, who doubles as center for a hapless NBA entry called the Pittsburgh Piscos. The Steeltown squad gets clobbered mercilessly—that is, until they learn to play the astrological way.

"I don't see how I've been able to play so long," says Meadowlark of his role on a team that plays as many as 300 games a year. He hopes *The Fish* will be a hit so he can act "full time, when I can no longer go up and down the basketball court. I guess I've probably been acting for twenty years or more, anyway." —P.G.

PETER MICHAELIS

Acomic Bomb

Why would a 21-year-old Princeton kid on academic probation suddenly get FBI protection, fool three panelists on *To Tell the Truth*, be the youngest entry in Scavullo's *Men* and be contacted by French and Pakistani officials? Well, ya see, **John Aristotle Phillips** figured out how to make an atomic bomb—the kind that blows up whole cities—and he did it with information he pulled from the public library and by making a few phone calls. Now Phillips tells how he put it all together in his book *Mushroom: The Story of the A-Bomb Kid*, which he coauthored with his roommate, **David Michaelis**. He'll also play himself in *Mushroom*, a two-hour NBC movie to air this winter. The network wanted **John Travolta** or **Henry Winkler** for the lead, but Phillips, determined lad that he is, commandeered the part for himself. Despite the dire implications of nuclear holocaust at the hands of Third World nuclear powers, the film, John insists, will be "a romantic comedy."

John should have no trouble projecting the fun-and-games mood found on *Happy Days*. His Princeton campus business, Aristotle's Pizza, has become a huge success due to an attractive and innovative billing procedure that both Barbarino and the Fonz would dub "genius." "We have a credit card on which students can charge," says Phillips, "and the bills get sent home to their parents."

—P.G.

La Dolce Pasta

In her *La Dolce Vita* days, **Anita Ekberg** was mouthwateringly statuesque in places where most women don't even have places. When she appeared in public a few years later with a tad too much avoirdupois for most folks' tastes, Anita insisted it wasn't fat; it was "development." Whatever you want to call it, there'd obviously been a little too much *dolce* in her *vita*. The sensuous Swede avoided the screen for a long time, rejecting producers' offers while she relaxed in her Roman villa. Finally, after shedding 60 pounds, Ekberg is back on location in a haunted Munich chateau, filming **Marijan Vajda**'s *The Mud*. Although it looks like she's doing an all-girl *Dracula*, her role is actually that of "an elegant and sexy actress who leads a life of debauchery, having nothing to count on except her memories."

And perhaps a little extra marinara sauce. —P.G.

LA BANCA/SYGMA

HOT PLOOT A terrorist today has more information readily available to him in most libraries than was available anywhere to the men who built the first A-bombs.

(Continued from page 52)
pitch aimed at selling reactor packages to any country that could afford them. Partly as a result of this program, there are now 65 reactors operating in the U. S. and 138 operating worldwide in 22 countries. In the next ten years, according to government and industry estimates, more than 40 countries will have gone nuclear. This means—putting aside for the moment the risks of accident, theft, sabotage and terrorism, and the problems related to radioactive wastes—that by 1990 at least 40 countries, many of which have traditionally "unstable" governments, will have the capacity to build 30–60 A-bombs each year thanks to their newly acquired familiarity with nuclear technology. India has already proved this can be done: In 1974, she exploded an A-bomb in the kiloton range that was made with materials and know-how derived from a nuclear package she bought from Canada and the U. S.

It is inevitable that once a technology becomes widely accepted and commercial, even if it is shrouded in secrecy, the secrets which govern its use will also become more readily available, not only to governments but to the public as well.

The list is endless, but two key publications released by our government in recent years have aggravated this problem. *The Los Alamos Project,* declassified in 1961, gives a detailed account of the technical difficulties that arose during the building of the first A-bombs. On the inside cover is printed: "Neither the United States, nor the Commission, nor any person acting on behalf of the Commission . . . assumes any liability with respect to the use of, or for damages resulting from the use of, any information, apparatus, method, or process disclosed in this report."

In 1964, a book called *The Los Alamos Primer* was declassified. In the *Primer* can be found the mathematical principles for a Hiroshima-type nuclear weapon. Both *The Los Alamos Primer* and *The Los Alamos Project* are available to the public from the National Technical Information Service of the Department of Commerce in Springfield, Virginia. With the basic facts from these and other declassified documents, all major encyclopedias and scientific reference books offer detailed information about the sizes, shapes, design and construction of nuclear explosives.

In other words, a terrorist who wants to build a nuclear weapon today has more information readily available to him in most *libraries* than was available anywhere to the men who built the first A-bombs. His only problem, if we dare call it a problem, is: Where and how do you come up with enough uranium or plutonium to make one?

The nuclear fuel cycle involves the manufacture, distribution, utilization, reprocessing, transportation and disposal of some of the most dangerous substances known to man: plutonium, high-enriched uranium, radioactive wastes and nuclear by-products.

Most reactors today use high-enriched uranium for fuel. When this fuel is exhausted, it must be shipped to a reprocessing plant where plutonium and other substances are produced. Plutonium can be used in some reactors as fuel with no further ado. It can also be made into a bomb or radiation weapon: One microgram can cause a lethal case of lung cancer. Recovered uranium must be reenriched at a conversion plant before it can be used again as reactor fuel. However, this reenriching process can be performed in a basement, using equipment available for less than $200 from any large chemical-supply house. Which means, of course, that recovered uranium is just a kiss away from being bomb-grade material.

There are basically three ways to get hold of enough uranium or plutonium to make an atomic bomb:

Storm a nuclear facility: Up until last year this would have been fairly easy (at least in the U. S.) but guards at all federally run nukes are now under orders to shoot to kill anyone attempting to break into a nuclear facility. The guards have also been given semiautomatic weapons, which, at least for now, would probably discourage an attack. On the other hand, commercially owned nuclear power plants are much easier targets. The industry has repeatedly claimed that if it were to install armed forces around each and every nuclear plant, it would not only cost a small fortune, but the industry's "image" would suffer: Nuclear energy would then be viewed as a threat to the public's safety rather than a necessary investment to uphold their standard of living.

Steal it in transit: It is no secret that until a few years ago bomb-grade materials were hauled around the country on ordinary trucks, often with no special security arrangements. One such truck, which carried a shipment of linoleum and 2½ kilograms of plutonium, also bore the sign DANGER: PLUTONIUM. Canisters which contain high-enriched uranium are known to be shipped in easily recognizable containers bearing the sign DANGER: FISSILE MATERIAL. It is also no great secret that until a few years ago bomb-grade material flew in the baggage compartments of most commercial airlines on regular flights. The practice, fortunately, has been limited—but not stopped—by rulings of the AEC

In 1971, the Kansai Electric Power Company removed some of its exhausted fuel assemblies from its reactors in Fukui, Japan, and shipped them to a reprocessing plant in England. The fuel assemblies contained 50 keys of ploot. From Cumberland, England, the ploot was sent to Kennedy Airport via BOAC. At Kennedy, the plutonium was loaded onto a Forest Hills Transfer truck and driven, on the New Jersey and Pennsylvania turnpikes, to a reprocessing plant in Cheswick, Pennsylvania, a few miles east of Pittsburgh. From Cheswick the ploot went to Columbia, South Carolina, for final inspection before being sent back to Japan. It is conceivable that one person could have hijacked this shipment with a .38-caliber revolver at any point in its pilgrimage. If so, he would have had ten times the amount of plutonium that was used by the U. S. military to take out Nagasaki.

Plootjacking on the high seas is also a real threat: In November 1968, a ship carrying 200 tons of uranium ore disappeared on the high seas between Antwerp and Genoa. Intelligence officials from the CIA and three European countries believed the uranium finally ended up in Israel, although none of the superspy agencies was able to come up with any conclusive evidence. Israel, of course, denied having anything to do with the hot uranium—which could, if run through the kind of reactor Israel has had since 1963, yield more than enough high-enriched uranium for 135 A-bombs.

Pilfer it: If one or more members of a terrorist group were to infiltrate a nuclear facility, they would be able to smuggle out enough bomb-grade material to build the bomb—or many bombs. Using saddle valves and diversionary pipes, they could divert small amounts of uranium or plutonium from any reprocessing plant in the world. And if they weren't greedy, they could even use certain safeguard accounting procedures to help them get away with it undetected.

Every nuclear facility loses a certain amount of bomb-grade materials. They get ground into machinery, spilled or just plain lost. The total amount of material that gets lost this way is ominously dubbed MUF (Materials Unaccounted For). No matter how precise or how well controlled an industrial system is, there will always be some MUF; therefore, an allowance is always made for MUF by the engineers who control the system. The "inside" nuclear thief who knows the sensitivity of the safeguards can use them to his own advantage. He not only doctors the books—he perverts the system and departs as quietly as he came, leaving no witnesses, for the simple reason that there is nothing to witness.

On April 30, 1965, an inventory of

HOT PLOOT Since Karen Silkwood's death, 20 of the 39 complaints of dangerous improprieties she filed against Kerr-McGee have been verified as true.

bomb-grade materials at the nuclear fuel-fabricating facility in Apollo, Pennsylvania, revealed that 381.6 pounds of high-enriched uranium, enough to make at least ten A-bombs, was missing. About a year later, the General Accounting Office was asked by the Joint Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy to investigate the loss. The investigators were stumped, however, because they could not even "pinpoint the manner or time of the losses because the company's records were so bad." Another government report concluded, on the basis of AEC interviews with "responsible employees," that "the most probable explanation" was that the folks at Apollo had "underestimated plant process losses." It was therefore assumed that rumors of nuclear thieves were just James Bond–ish fantasies run wild.

On February 22, 1966, the case was closed when the FBI refused to investigate because "there was no evidence the uranium had been stolen." In other words, there was no reason to be alarmed, since no one had found VIVA LA REVOLUCION! carved in the forehead of a defunct plant manager.

On November 13, 1974, a 28-year-old nuclear technician named Karen Silkwood was killed when her car swerved off Route 74 outside Oklahoma City. The accident occurred shortly before 8 P.M. while she was reportedly on her way to meet with a union official and a *New York Times* reporter. The purpose of the meeting was to give the *Times* reporter inside information on alleged irregularities and accidents at the Kerr-McGee plutonium reprocessing plant in Oklahoma City, where Silkwood worked.

Kerr-McGee had been open for only several months when, in October 1970, two workers were contaminated with radiation from a plutonium storage container that had been left in the open for three days. Soon after, another worker was killed instantly when a compressor unit exploded in his face. Within the next four years, a total of 73 workers were contaminated with airborne, liquid or powdered plutonium.

Silkwood was one of those who were contaminated several times. Some believe that because she was out to expose Kerr-McGee's administrators as callous, highly irresponsible and therefore a serious threat to society, she was murdered. No evidence has yet been found to support this allegation but, even so, many questions about her death cannot be easily dismissed. For example, four auto-crash experts have said there is evidence that Silkwood's car was pushed off the road at high speed, causing her to lose control and ultimately her life. Why, if there was even a possibility that this was true, were the tire tracks at the site of the accident destroyed by a tractor-grader just 24 hours after an initial examination, making it impossible to conduct any future investigations? And what happened to the inch-thick manila envelope—which a fellow union member has said in a sworn affidavit that he saw her carrying at 7:15 that same night—that supposedly contained proof that the Kerr-McGee folks were covering up? The first state troopers at the scene reported that the envelope was in Silkwood's car when they arrived and that it was still there when they towed the car to a nearby garage. Why then did the AEC and Kerr-McGee officials (who have yet to be named) insist on visiting the wrecked Honda at 12:30 that night in the garage? How did they find out about the accident so fast? The AEC and Kerr-McGee people insist they were checking the car for plutonium contamination, but why couldn't that wait till morning? (There were several cases on record where Kerr-McGee people had waited *days* before arranging for medical checks on contaminated workers. Why was this any different?) And if that manila envelope was still in the wreck when it was brought *into* the garage, why wasn't it there in the morning when the *Times* reporter and the union official came for a look?

Since Karen Silkwood's death, 20 of the 39 complaints of dangerous improprieties filed against Kerr-McGee by Silkwood and her union have been verified as true or partially true: Plutonium had been stored in desk drawers when it should have been stored in vaults; workers had been forced to work in areas which had not been checked for radiation. Several months after Silkwood's death, the *Times* reported that 60 pounds of ploot were missing from the Kerr-McGee plant, a charge that Kerr-McGee fiercely denied. There has been talk that Silkwood may have been about to reveal a plutonium-smuggling ring, or that she herself was smuggling plutonium out of the plant to prove security was weak.

But real questions remain: Who, if anyone, killed Karen Silkwood? And why?

On August 5, 1976, the *New York Times* reported that government-operated nuclear facilities in the U. S. were unable to account for three *tons* of weapons-grade materials—enough to make more than 1500 portable nuclear weapons.

In an unclassified section of its report, the government claimed the stuff was "lost" only in the sense that it probably became embedded in machinery or could not be found due to "crude statistical controls"—in other words, that it was MUF—although it was also acknowledged that inventory procedures at the facilities were so poor that "timely response and recovery actions are precluded."

Soon after the report was released, SANE, the antinuclear lobby, presented its third annual Insanity Award to ERDA, which is responsible for overseeing all the nuclear facilities in the country. SANE presents the award each year to groups or individuals it feels "best exemplify irrational approaches in foreign and nuclear policy." In a letter to ERDA, representatives from SANE stated: "With the amount of weapons-grade materials you can't find, someone could produce more than 20 times the explosive power of all the bombs and all the shells that have been used in all the wars in the history of humanity."

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The nuclear industry and government regulatory agencies have consistently reassured the public that the risk of a nuclear accident is so small it's not worth worrying about—that the odds against it are even beyond our comprehension. They base their optimism on the Rasmussen report, published by the Nuclear Regulatory Commission, which states that the probability of a serious nuclear plant accident is one in ten million per year for each year that 100 reactors are in operation. This doesn't sound too bad as long as you don't look at how they came up with that figure. For instance, Rasmussen and co-workers decided that, since human error could not be set at a fixed probability, it therefore could be dealt with only on a limited basis.

Which means if a guy at the Indian Point #1 Unit at Indian Point, New York, trips over a wire that just happens to short out the electrical system, which just happens to short out the safeguard system, which just happens to kill the telephones, which just happens to preclude the possibility of warning New York City of the inevitable doom cloud, which just happens to lead to a meltdown of the reactor core and releases enough radioactivity to poison an area the size of Pennsylvania for 250,000 years—that there is no way of knowing with *any* certainty when that kind of accident will occur. The worst accident to hit the industry so far—the so-called "incident" at Browns Ferry—was the result of just this sort of bungling. But rest easy. According to the Rasmussen report, it practically *can't* happen.

Furthermore, the Rasmussen report ignores altogether the possibilities of sabotage and terrorism. Yet, on October 16, 1974, the General Accounting Office reported there was not one nuclear power plant in the U. S. with a security force capable of preventing a takeover or sabotage of its facility by two or three well-armed individuals. A former U. S. Navy underwater-demolition official recently testified before Congress that he could "pick three to five ex-underwater demolition, Marine reconnaissance or Green Beret men at random and sabotage any reactor in the country."

In *The Silent Bomb*, Dr. Douglas DeNike, a consultant to Californians for Nuclear Safeguards, details several areas where saboteurs might strike. Employing conventional explosives, they could blow up the spent-fuel pools, control room, cable-spreader room, reactor containment structure or shipping casks in any $1 billion nuclear plant and literally destroy it, as well as cause a radioactive dispersal that could jeopardize thousands of square miles downwind.

"If the radioactive iodine in a single light-water reactor were uniformly distributed," *The Silent Bomb* reports, "it could contaminate the atmosphere over the lower 48 United States at over 8 times the maximum permissible concentrations to an altitude of about six miles. The same reactor contains enough strontium-90 to contaminate all the streams and rivers in the United States to the maximum permissible concentration 12 times over. Such an even distribution of these materials would be impossible." Even so, would you want one in your backyard?

The Rasmussen report does state that if a serious accident—which can't really happen—*were* to occur at any one of the 65 reactors now operating in the U. S., it would cause 3300 immediate deaths; 45,000 cancers; 45,000 cases of acute illness; 240,000 cases of thyroid nodules; an untold number of future genetic mutations in humans, plants and animals; and total property damage costing $14 billion.

The effects of sabotage would obviously be much more catastrophic than an accident. Suppose, for instance, that the SLA-PLO-IRA set, or some mutation thereof, got their acts together enough to simultaneously sabotage just six nuclear reactors in the U. S. Such a modest proposal could cause the deaths of hundreds of thousands of people, an unthinkable number of cancers and radiation sicknesses for generations, and millions of genetic mutations in millions of unborn humans, animals and plants forever; it would cause *$1 trillion* worth of property damage and would turn an area *six times the size of Texas* into no-man's-land for 250,000 years. With relatively little effort, a 12-man terrorist group could thus bring any government to its knees.

This has already happened in books. In James Mills's *The Seventh Power*, a small group of idealistic, young, amateur terrorists build their own A-bomb and proceed to blackmail the U. S. government into feeding and caring for the wretched of the earth. In a Nick Carter paperback, Chinese secret agents steal some high-enriched uranium from an American power plant in order to you-know-what, but their plan ends in failure and disgrace under Niagara Falls. In Martin Caidin's book *Operation Nuke*, Steve Austin (*The $6-Million Man*) must stop a freelance nuclear terrorist from taking out an important African summit conference. And so on. The list will undoubtedly grow as writers get hip to This Bad News for Today.

Professional opinion varies about the possibility of a terrorist group building its own A-bomb, but very few nuclear-weapon makers are willing to say it's impossible. Dr. Theodore B. Taylor is a theoretical nuclear physicist who once designed A-bombs for the U. S. government at Los Alamos and is now one of the most adamant critics of the nuclear power industry. In his testimony before a U. S. Senate subcommittee on March 12, 1974, Dr. Taylor said:

"Nuclear weapons are relatively easy to make, assuming the required materials are available. All the information, nonnuclear materials, and equipment required for designing and building a variety of types of fission explosives are readily available throughout the world. The technical skills and resources required would depend on the desired efficiency, predictability, total weight and yield of the explosives. Under conceivable circumstances, a few persons, perhaps even one person working alone, who possessed about 10 kilograms of plutonium . . . or two dozen kilograms of highly enriched uranium and a substantial amount of high explosives could, within several weeks, safely design and build a crude, transportable fission bomb—one that would be very likely to explode with a yield equivalent to at least 100 tons of high explosive, and that could be carried in an automobile. This could be done using materials and equipment purchased in a hardware store from commercial suppliers of scientific equipment and materials. All types of plutonium [and] uranium . . . now used or contemplated for use by the nuclear industry could be used for this purpose. The explosion of such a device could kill at least tens of thousands of people and destroy hundreds of millions of dollars worth of property.

"Smaller quantities of plutonium or uranium . . . could also be used for relatively simple dispersal devices for contaminating very large volumes of air with lethal concentrations of . . . these substances. . . . Air dispersal of a few grams of . . . plutonium . . . could kill most of the occupants of a large office building or enclosed industrial facility."

In a recent telephone interview, Dr. Taylor said:

"The problem is that people in the nuclear power industry tend not to know about nuclear weapons design in any de-

NEXT
OCTOBER
SPECIAL ANGER ISSUE
FIRST ANNUAL CELEBRITY PISS-OFF
Stallone, Fonda, Pryor
and others tell why they don't like you, either.
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and they all hate the blacks.
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Why it's not your fault.
WHY MEN AND WOMEN HATE EACH OTHER
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interview with Pete Hamill; and Nancy here, our
October center girl, gets it all off her chest.
AT YOUR NEWSSTAND SEPTEMBER 12

HOT PLOOT If nukes had been the rage back in the time of Jesus... what man-made facility could have withstood all those wars, earthquakes and/or acts of God?

tail. They say: 'No, we can't say it will *never* happen, but it would probably take ten or twelve highly qualified people. . . . And then our intelligence community would probably see such a thing going on before it actually came to fruition. So we don't have to worry quite as much as you're worried. We can afford to be lax.' This is what they were saying in the AEC just a few years ago. You would not get that kind of response from someone who knew about nuclear weapons design.

"Look at what the world is moving toward. If world energy consumption keeps growing at its present rate, by 2028 we'd be using 50,000 reactors in 100 countries. We would need 1000 reprocessing plants to reprocess the fuel from the 50,000 plants. We're talking, then, about 1000 links from the fuel-fabricating plants to the 50,000 reactors, and then 1000 links back to the reprocessing plants. Eighty million kilograms of plutonium would be circulating worldwide every year. It takes only five kilograms to make a nominal, first-generation A-bomb. So there'd be enough plutonium to make more than ten million nuclear weapons each year. Tell me, is that safeguardable?"

In *The Seventh Power* it was *one* A-bomb; in the Nick Carter paperback it was *one* A-bomb; in *Operation Nuke* it was *one* A-bomb; in Dr. Taylor's testimony it was *one* A-bomb. But what if those idealistic, young, amateur terrorists had five A-bombs, or ten A-bombs, or fifty A-bombs in their basement arsenal? What if the Chinese in Nick Carter's thriller *hadn't* muffed it? What if *Operation Nuke* were titled *Operation Nukes* and we needed five, ten or fifty Steve Austins to rescue five, ten or fifty summit conferences? Five, ten or fifty Olympic Games? Five, ten or fifty Geneva peace conferences? What happens when every terrorist group on earth has its own nuclear arsenal? Where will our "balance of power" and "national security" be then? How many *Operation Nukes* can the world tolerate?

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Just imagine that by noon tomorrow every person in the nuclear industry, from the President on down to the lowliest technician, suddenly became convinced that nuclear energy poses a terrible threat to our society and that we should do everything in our power to reduce and ultimately eliminate that threat.

Our first move is going to be to mobilize National Guard forces around every nuke in the country. We're going to ship all nuclear materials the same way we ship ICBM and SAC bomber components (which is to say, top secret). We're going to review every blueprint of every reactor that has ever come off the drawing boards, and then we're going to do it again and again until we've got all imaginable defects licked. We're going to have frequent inspections to make sure we're still on the right track. We're going to find a permanent solution to the problem of radioactive-waste disposal. We're going to formulate a *real* national energy program with rationing procedures similar to what both sides used during World War Two, while at the same time spending our R-&-D dollars on "soft" energy technologies—solar, shale-oil and coal-conversion, for example. It doesn't take a Ford Foundation scientist to figure out that it would be at least 250,000 times easier to find a way to burn coal cleanly and efficiently than it has been to spend 20 years *not* to find a way to get rid of nuclear garbage. We would be absolute cretins if we didn't get to work on that *muy pronto,* considering that we have enough coal within our borders to last for centuries. We're going to learn the benefits of conservation once and for all. Our ultimate goal, of course, would be to disengage ourselves entirely from the nuclear boondoggle.

But even if all these steps could be taken tomorrow, would we be safe? Not on your life.

—No matter how secure our protective forces and electronic detection systems are, there is always the possibility—indeed, the probability—that they can and will be foiled from the outside or perverted from the inside. "Those who do not remember their history are condemned to repeat it," said George Santayana. In other words, no matter how sophisticated our Secret Service is, an assassin always manages to kill or seriously injure a President every few years; thieves manage to steal millions; vandals manage to destroy great works of art; terrorists manage to terrorize.

—Even if it were economically feasible to think up ways to transport all nuclear materials in utmost secrecy, who could say that that secrecy would never be breached? Who could guarantee that that ship, train, truck or plane would never break down or be struck by lightning?

—We may be able to figure out a technical solution to the problem of radioactive-waste disposal (although, again, no sane engineer would stake his life on this), but who's to say we will ever be capable of guarding those disposal sites for 250,000 years? And even if we come up with a safe way to isolate those wastes, won't it always be a temporary solution, for the simple reason that we won't be around to see if it worked? Just imagine what would have happened if nukes had been the rage back in the time of Jesus, or even the ancient Greeks. What man-made facility could have withstood all those wars, revolutions, earthquakes, plagues and/or acts of God? And that would have been only a fraction of the facility's required lifetime!

—Even if we could formulate a national energy program—and many people in many fields believe we can, with energy savings in the 30–50 percent range—and even if this led to the death of the nukes, we would have severely limited the threat they hold over our lives, but we still would not have escaped it altogether. Even if every nut and bolt in every nuclear reactor in the world were dismantled tomorrow—and for the sake of argument let's include nuclear weapons—we would still be left with the prospect that sometime, somewhere, most likely when we least expect it, someone will sabotage a waste-storage facility or detonate some sort of clandestine nuclear weapon. The point being that no matter what we do, no matter how huge our assumptions are about human infallibility, there is no way we'll ever be able to say, "It can't happen here."

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According to recent Council on Environmental Quality estimates, solar energy could contribute as much as 25 percent of the nation's energy requirements by the year 2000, and 50 percent by A.D. 2020.

These estimates, of course, strongly conflict with estimates made by GE, Westinghouse and TRW Systems Group. In their joint report to the National Science Foundation in 1974, they respectively claimed that solar energy could provide a maximum of 1.6 percent, 3.0 percent and 5.7 percent of our national energy budget by A.D. 2000. The reason for the discrepancy is obvious: GE, Westinghouse and TRW stand to lose the most if we go solar, for who will bail them out of 25-year-old investments with losses in the hundreds of billions? Perhaps this is why 65 percent of ERDA's budget in 1977 was still being spent on nuclear energy. Even after all this time and money, they still haven't come up with solutions to the problems of radwaste disposal and solid security. They know now that they blew it; they know they can't deliver reliable power, let alone "meterless power"; and yet, how can you blame the executive boards of GE, Westinghouse and TRW for looking out for number one?

We can hardly expect GE or Westinghouse to ditch a multibillion-dollar investment for something so unbusinesslike as "ecology," "the sake of our children," or "to help preserve world peace." Truth is, money talks. Therefore, it will take an act of Congress to do one of two things: ban or severely restrict the use of nuclear energy because it is a serious threat to our national security, or reimburse all industries involved in nuclear technology. In other

words, shut them down or pay them off. Hardly a pleasant alternative.

Of course, the nuclear industry itself could decide that it stepped into it a little too deeply this time and the only *economical* solution is to go solar. This could happen for any number of reasons: Decentralized energy systems, such as small solar and organic-waste recycling systems, could really catch on and threaten a substantial portion of the energy market, thereby forcing the large utilities to invest in them on a competitive basis. Conservation strategies could become a national movement and make a real dent in our total energy consumption, thus bringing down the prices of *all* forms of energy. Nuclear power could, very simply, fall victim to ordinary forces that control all sectors of our economy; in other words, it could become uneconomical to run nuclear reactors, let alone invest in new ones.

You might say, and rightly so: Why should we pay for their mistakes? The answer, unfortunately, is: We will pay either way. We will pay when we lose New York, London or Cairo; we will pay when a bomb or a radiation-dispersal weapon goes off God-knows-where; we will pay when acts of nuclear terrorism become as popular as acts of "conventional" terrorism are today. We have no choice, because it is the job of those who hold power over us to take away our choices. Or to put it another way: We do have a choice—we can do nothing. And one fine spring morning in 1998 we might wake up to the fact that half our population all of a sudden got very dead and another one-quarter consists of walking wounded. And it will be too late to say anything except, "Who's next?" □

Rothman was arrested for making grenades when he was 11 and blew up a junkyard with homemade thermite when he was 12. Now 21, he became intrigued with plutonium when he paged through an encyclopedia and realized that he knew enough to build "the bomb."

"Let me know when you've had enough foreplay."

(Continued from page 72)

tion of people, which is very dangerous. Sometimes I've put myself out of a job because I'll say, "What about this?" And they'll say, "Hey, shithead, who wants to see that?" I'm trying to fight the very thing that's making me attractive to people.

OUI: How can you fight it when there's a greater celebrity glut on the market than ever before? Magazines like *People* and *Us*—even *Time* and *Newsweek*—find they sell more copies when a star is on their covers.

VOIGHT: There's a need in the United States to have these sex images. A lot of people who are against pornography are very, very attracted to that kind of teasing image, are very susceptible to the "Man from Glad" with an intention to sexually stimulate. It's very unhealthy.

OUI: We take it you're against celebrities endorsing products, such as John Wayne selling us on Great Western Savings or Charles Bronson and Muhammad Ali doing commercials on Japanese television?

VOIGHT: I think that's dangerous. Very, very, very dangerous. You can add sixteen *very*s to that. We're in a lot of trouble. People should think about what the hell they do and what they endorse. And if they can't make money doing something decent, then don't make the money—figure out some other way to live. Beg in the fucking street if you can't do that, man. If you look at it in a certain light and have a proper guide through the Pentagon Papers, you can tell exactly how the war was perpetrated, how certain values are perpetrated because of paranoia, because of sales and an attitude towards selling people ideas instead of examining the ideas. That's a real dangerous aspect of our life today. Everybody's selling something. They use the most incredible words to sell television sets and the Panama Canal treaties, the selling of beliefs, Sunday religious shows. Everything is a big hype. Use these fantastic words like *truth*: "No one has ever said a *truer* thing to this day . . . something, something, blah blah TV . . ." What the fuck am I listening to? It's mind-boggling. That separation from people being concerned with what they sell and with *how* to sell what they have, is a real problem, a real morality issue, a mind-pollution issue. Like people hype children on sugar-coated cereals that might be damaging to their health. We should get down about that in every way we can. We're recommending things we don't believe in.

OUI: Have you ever done any commercials?

VOIGHT: I actually did one in the early Sixties for a frankfurter company, and I checked the company out; it was a good, kosher frankfurter. But I didn't like what I did. I said, "Hey, I'm not a salesman; I

don't want to endorse products. I'm a serious actor." So I quit. I told everybody from that point on I am not doing commercials. I did it because I needed the money.

OUI: Let's focus on the pollution in Hollywood. There are some fairly high sums being paid for the services of people like Brando and Streisand; even Ryan O'Neal gets three-million-dollar offers he can't seem to refuse.

VOIGHT: We make a considerable amount of money. If an actor works his life and makes a couple of million dollars, what is that today? It seems like a lot, but that's really small potatoes when we're talking about how many actors do that. I think I should be well paid, because I don't work as much as other people. If I make money, it goes to good things, so I'm OK. But overall, economically, there's a whole lot of stuff to be questioned and altered. When I'm working in a scene and I'm making ten thousand dollars a minute and the guy next to me is making four hundred fifty dollars a week—hey—how good am I and how bad is he? And if he's as good as I am, who the hell am I to be taking this money away? It's a complicated problem.

OUI: Do you have an opinion of what went down with David Begelman and the investigation of his affairs at Columbia?

VOIGHT: That's none of my fucking business. I don't know any of the facts.

OUI: Does it concern you, though, when you hear things like this being just the tip of the iceberg and that, if all the exposures did surface, it would be the end of the film industry as it is today?

VOIGHT: You know who the people are you're talking about? The people in newspapers who are trying to find something to print for tomorrow that will grab the headlines. David Begelman is one person. He is an inveterate gambler. Do you know any gamblers? Any alcoholics? Alcoholics are untrustworthy people, because they're fucking diseased, sick people. We don't have to look at David Begelman to know that people can fuck up. I can look to myself and know that I can fuck up. David Begelman did illegal things and they will be dealt with in a legal way. It's a matter of justice. There's a lot of fucking crazy things going on. I don't want to waste my time talking about nonsense. There's a lot of major, important things happening, and it's just a waste of time to consider if scandal is going to ruin Hollywood. There are a lot of fucking good people in Hollywood who are working their fucking balls off to do something decent, and maybe they will—or maybe a fucking earthquake will hit and blow the place off the map.

OUI: Have you ever explored any of the Eastern philosophies?

VOIGHT: I'm aware of guys who can make soot come out of their hands, right?

OUI: Sai Baba.

VOIGHT: I don't know what use that is to them, but they can do it. And they can physically produce things.

OUI: Materializations. Do you accept that?

VOIGHT: Listen, as long as those guys aren't asking me for fifty bucks every time, I figure maybe they can do it. But anytime someone says, "I'll materialize something for fifty bucks . . ." That guy I don't believe in.

OUI: What about Steven Spielberg's contention that we are not alone?

VOIGHT: One of the things about the Spielberg and the Lucas movies, *Close Encounters* and *Star Wars*, was that the glamorization of things seemed dangerous to me. Like the world's fucked up; you don't know if you can breathe the fucking air; all this crazy political nonsense is happening all over the world—and this huge fucking chandelier comes in looking like something out of H.G. Wells, right? With all these gadgets and polluted devices that are changing energies, and it comes in like a huge fucking gasoline tank, with all these little spigots and shit. And it comes down and these beautiful, strange people come out and everything's peaceful and happy. To me, that's not where you're going to find it—not in a big fucking gadget that comes down. Like Henry Ford sitting up there before he died, not wanting to see a fucking car. He just hated cars. He wanted to see horses . . . fuck the cars. He hated the noise they made; he hated everything about them. And he made them! It's like what Ezra Pound said. He hadn't spoken to anybody or written anything for ten years, and someone did an interview with him. An interview with this fucking guy who hasn't talked in ten years! The guy asks him what happened with this silence; how did it develop; is it just another statement of your work? "Silence just overwhelmed me; it just came and took me," Pound said. The interviewer asked him what he thought about his other work. "It's all baloney; all my work is baloney. I look back—I didn't know what I was talking about. I just think it's all silly shit that I said. All these half-ideas thrown together. I don't know anything. I know nothing, that's what I know." He said, "I even committed the sin of anti-Semitism, which is the most stupid suburban sin in the world." Something like that. A beautiful statement. Finally, a guy made this pilgrimage to his door, to the great artist Pound. And Pound opened the door—this old guy in a bathrobe. He said, "Well, Mr. Pound, how are you feeling?" And Pound says, "Senile." That's the way I feel. If he hasn't got anything to say that will help anybody out, at least he's decided to shut up. Which is more than I can say for myself.

OUI: Before you lapse into silence, can you talk about some other people, those who have influenced you? Like Sid Caesar, the Marx Brothers, Laurence Olivier?

VOIGHT: I pay a lot of attention to Olivier's

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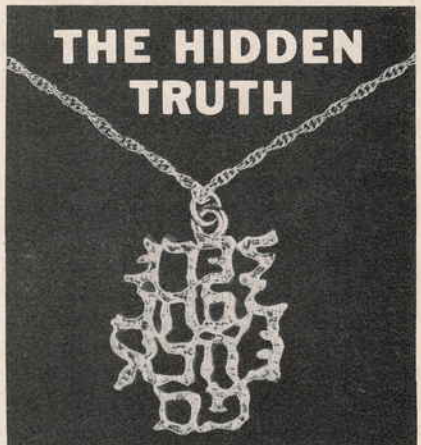

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VOIGHT (Fonda) comes on the set totally open; she comes with the emotions she's carrying with her, acts, leaves it and goes home. I spend more time thinking about my craft.

work. He said a great thing in an article once. His philosophy of life was: Keep your eyes open and get on with it. He'd been through so much shit by this time, he said, that's it, do the best you can. That's pretty much what I feel. Sid Caesar was certainly a major influence. I couldn't get him out of my head for a long time. I was imitating him all the time. Ernie Kovacs was a very powerful person.

OUI: Have you ever seen any of John Waters' films? *Pink Flamingos*? *Female Trouble*? *Desperate Living*?

VOIGHT: I have, yes. *Pink Flamingos* scared me. I actually thought it was distasteful, and I don't find that many things distasteful. Some of it was dangerous in its attitude toward violence. The general outlandishness I loved. But when it got to certain things, like when they were fucking and they killed the chicken on screen . . . I just don't like to see the death of anything. I liked the idea of the sexual complications—the flasher who flashes the girl who opens her legs and she's got a cock. A lot of funny stuff in it. And lots of appropriate shock value.

OUI: There's also a lot of shock value in performance art, with artists like Chris Burden, who was shot in a gallery, and Paul McCarthy, who wipes his body with butter, catsup and meat. Are you familiar with that?

VOIGHT: That crazy kind of thing seems to me positive. It's forcing people to look at values. I sometimes think some of those fellows take themselves too seriously. Comedy does an awful lot to put things into perspective. Like Abbie Hoffman, who was one of the first of those guys. He believed in street theater, live theater. I felt for a time I just didn't want to make movies anymore; I wanted to take it to the streets, because I felt that that was what was really happening in life. Your life is your art; that's it.

OUI: Do you think that's what happened to Brando, when he stopped making really powerful movies for a while? Barbra Streisand said that Brando was the greatest actor who ever lived. Do you have that kind of regard for him? Was he a major influence on all the actors who followed him?

VOIGHT: And Dean. Clift. I think the first five films Brando did are absolutely enormous. There is no question he is a remarkable actor. But to say he's the greatest . . . Spencer Tracy was a great actor. He did things that Marlon could never do. And Marlon did things that Spencer could never do. There isn't anybody you can mention who doesn't have something very special about them. I saw Al Pacino in his first successful play, *The Indian Wants the Bronx*. Well, there's nobody who could touch Al Pacino in that performance, it was so fucking brilliant. And Laurence Olivier, when he was doing his thing, was just sensational to me. So I don't really give Brando all the marbles. Barbra Streisand believes in mythology because she is a myth herself and she's living with that kind of mythology. I don't think it's healthy to encourage it, either. I mean, you know, Brando's had his problems, he's had his ups and downs. Old Marlon is sitting there being Marlon Brando and that's a tough road. It's like being Jane Fonda. Nobody has been more enthusiastic or supportive or excited about Jane Fonda than I, and yet I know all the big words and caresses ain't gonna help Janie. I love her as a person, not as some kind of myth. I don't agree with her all the time. I'm comfortable *and* uncomfortable with her. She's a great lady. That's the same way I feel about Brando.

OUI: You once made a distinction between stage actors and film actors, using Jane Fonda as an example. You said that Jane works well on the screen but not on the stage, because "she doesn't know how to make a larger movement, or one that's clear." Do you remember saying that?

VOIGHT: I didn't know what I was talking about because I didn't know Jane well then. She just doesn't want to do stage, that's all. She could if she wanted to. She organizes her day so she can do her film. She comes on the set totally open; she comes with the emotions she's carrying with her and goes through the acting of that day, leaves it and goes home. She's a mother and an activist, gets up in the morning, puts on her makeup and becomes an actress again. With me, I'm more of an actor all the time. I'm looking at things as an actor a lot more than she is. I take it home with me. I don't think that's necessarily a virtue. In a way, it's not as virtuous as her lifestyle, but I am an actor. I spend more time thinking about my craft.

OUI: You not only spend time thinking; you've also worked hard physically developing your body and your fighting skills for your next film. What made you decide to do *The Champ*?

VOIGHT: I saw the child they had chosen to do it. The footage on this kid was so good, and he looks so much like me, that if they didn't get me—and they hadn't gotten O'Neal and Redford—the kid wouldn't do the movie. So I said I'll do it. Give the kid a shot. I'm a little fearful of it. There are many fight pictures now. Everybody's doing one. To do another one seems a kind of insanity on the part of any commercial-minded personality. Things run in spurts. Last year there were five or six Vietnam movies at the same time. This year there are four or five boxing pictures because of *Rocky*. There are also a whole lot of pictures about broken families. *An Unmarried Woman*. *Kramer vs. Kramer*. Alan Pakula has a picture like that. And I wrote a picture called *Looking to Get Out*, which has a child featured in it at one point, about an irresponsible person who has a child.

OUI: Was any of it autobiographical?

VOIGHT: It was not at all autobiographical. I'm a very good father and I'm very dedicated to my kids. The script is about a person who's a gambler—I'm not a gambler—who has an inability to function very well, who really requires loyalty and is very stimulating to friends, but is finally dangerous to everybody and to himself.

OUI: How much writing do you do?

VOIGHT: Not much. I mostly collaborate. I don't consider myself a writer.

OUI: Didn't you also do another script?

VOIGHT: I did *Robin Hood*. That had a kid. Every film I have I put a kid in it, because I think kids are a part of life. You get movie stars walking around without kids, sixty-year-old guys that are still looking for a good lay. What the fuck is this? Don't any of these guys want to get married and have a kid? [Sarcastic] Nah, I'm too fucking good-looking to have a kid. Going to get gray hairs if you have kids, be up all night, have bags under your eyes. He's a fucking movie star—give him a rug and send him out there with the young girl!

OUI: Is anybody interested in *Robin Hood*?

VOIGHT: Not at the moment. Then I wrote a script with a friend called *Softly on a Bed of White*. A rather serious, Bergmanesque film about a man whose father committed suicide. See, I'm a pretty weird guy.

OUI: Fathers and sons are on your mind quite a bit.

VOIGHT: The theme of father and son interests me, because my dad died and my dad was very important to me. And my children are important to me; so I'm interested in families.

OUI: In your own family, you were the second of three brothers. The youngest is a singer, Chip Taylor, and the oldest a college professor. Are you close with them?

VOIGHT: My brother Barry and my brother Chip are real close buddies of mine, two of my best friends in life. Barry called me up and said, "I don't know how it happened. We raised three second-class geniuses in our family. We're geniuses . . . but we're second-class." He's a fucked-up professor in geology, see, who has somewhat of an international reputation. Everybody thinks he's smart, but he knows he's a fucking moron, and *I* know he's a moron. And yet he is the smartest guy in our family.

OUI: Were you brought up religious?

VOIGHT: When I was young I was inter-

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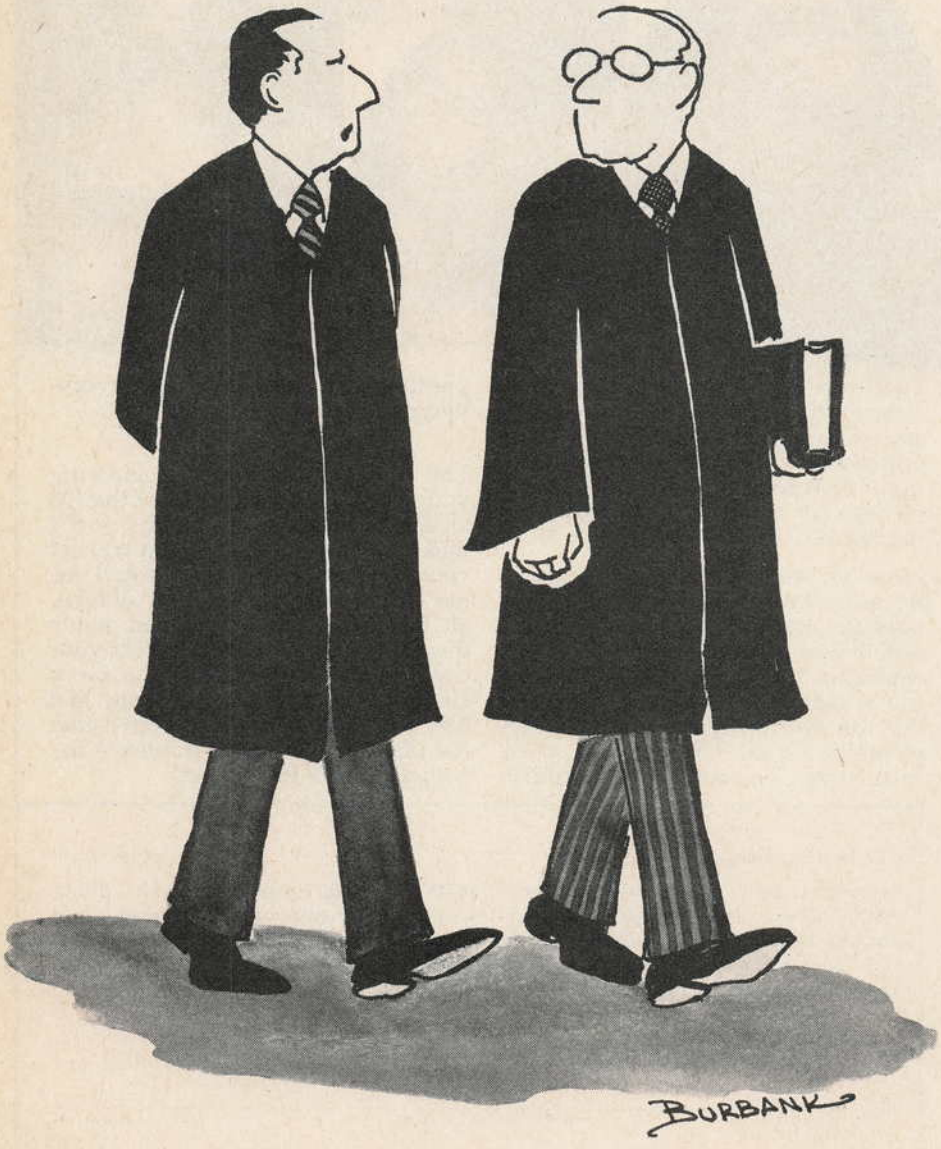
ested in religion. As I got older, I became less concerned about it.

OUI: Any reasons why?

VOIGHT: I just felt it was quite silly. I didn't believe in it and I didn't like it. I don't want to get into that—I can't think straight about that stuff. I was very angry at the Catholic Church for a while. The church structure and all the ritual. It's like people saying, "OK, everybody stand on your left foot and you'll be saved. Those on your right foot will go to hell." If they stick up their left finger they'll only get forty days in hell. I mean, how many angels can you get on the head of a pin? All right, people who said five hundred, over here in this corner. You people are going to go to hell. It's all so fucking stupid. One of the major reasons why I dislike religion is because I failed metaphysics when I was in Catholic University in Washington, because the teacher thought I was imitating him when, in fact, I wasn't. How can you fail metaphysics? He'd give a lecture comparing the Holy Trinity to a radiator. The iron is God the Father, the heat is the Holy Ghost and the steam is the Son. Then you'd have to write this down at the end of the exam. And he failed me! I mean, if I got it right I'd be a moron: "My recollections of the Trinity are it is *exactly* like a radiator. I saw God last night; he looked just like a radiator. And he was warm to me. I turned him off at seven o'clock." It's all stupid. If you have a good sense of humor, you can't take all that stuff seriously. A good sense of humor gets you in a lot of trouble. I can't even take interviews seriously. □



"No, I haven't had any trouble setting community standards in obscenity cases. I figure if it turns me on, it's porn."

(Continued from page 58)

enced handicapper knows that half of all races, maybe more, are governed by unknown factors: The horse does not feel well today or is off its feed; a female horse has suddenly gone into heat and, in a meet with males, is pursuing a stud in midrace instead of trying to win; a horse gets bumped coming out of the gate, falls way behind and cannot recover.

More than a hundred such unknown factors can and do occur. If they wipe out the pro handicapper's selection in one race, he shrugs it off and quickly begins studying for the next, because he cannot afford to waste time becoming exasperated, and he knows he has a shot at known factors governing the outcome of other races. The racetrack Johnnies—the cabdrivers, waiters, bartenders, business executives taking some time off to play, factory workers on their days off—will never recognize the existence of unknown factors. To admit them would spoil the game of astonishment they play with each other when their absolutely obvious pick loses to a horse that "doesn't figure."

"That was a boat race [fixed] if there ever was one. . . . That dirty [name of jockey] is the crookedest bastard on a track; they ought to ban him. . . . That horse is five lengths better than anything in this race. If he didn't win it, you know goddamn well it's crooked."

The pro handicapper hears this talk every day. Half the people at the track believe the races are fixed; yet they're still addicted.

Every day for two weeks, a black cabdriver, using up his vacation time and pay on the nags, would walk up to me at the conclusion of a race and tell me: "You know why that horse didn't win? The jockey held him back. Yeah. I stood right here and saw it."

"Listen," I said to him after hearing this for the tenth time, "why do you keep coming out here when you know the races are fixed?"

"I'm not," he said. "I'm not coming out here anymore. The jockeys throw the races. I'm staying away from this shitass place."

"You saw —— hold him back, didn't you?" he said, walking up to me at the end of the second race the next day. "Yeah, you did. I stood right here and watched him. He held the horse back."

The professional handicapper tries every conceivable means to avoid such people, or *any* people. He does not want to listen to horse talk, or any kind of talk. He wants to concentrate on his computations and intuitions. He switches seats, switches grandstand sections, moves around often. Still he cannot escape them. Because he is by himself, he is a target. They don't even introduce themselves. They just walk right

up and start talking: "The goddamn jockey waited too long to make his move; I don't know why I ever play that guy . . ."

•

After a few more days of sensational prophecies and wins, the numbers stopped coming in for me. Like thousands of junkies before me, I sat up even later hours, from dusk till dawn, and then spent the two dark days working out systems: long, detailed charts involving points and mathematical chances. Some work for a while; none works consistently. You may have read a story somewhere about a character who worked out an infallible system to beat the races and who, to this day, is up there in the grandstands winning a thousand an outing. It's bullshit. There is no such person. There is no such system. I and other handicappers have used every system conceivable to the human imagination. All systems end up losers.

Some track addicts, becoming desperate as their point systems fizzle, run the expert handicappers' selections through computational rigmaroles to come out with consensuses. There's one trouble with that: All the expert handicappers are losers. The ones you read in the daily newspapers. The ones you read in the *Racing Form*. And those who are professional touts selling their selections for anywhere from one to a thousand dollars.

Pay a thousand dollars to a tout to pick a win for you? For Christ's sake—then how much do you bet on the horse to get any return? Well, I don't know for sure whether anybody *has* paid that much to a tout. But there's a guy on San Francisco Bay Area radio called "Jockey" O'Connor, who sponsors the results of each day's races, which is why I have happened to listen on occasion. He says he gets $200 each for daily double and Exacta selections and $1000 for his "Diamond Bonanza"—that being one horse in one race. I guess some people must be paying him these prices, because that's the way he earns his living, and he has enough dough to sponsor a daily radio broadcast and hire an announcer to do replays of the day's races.

My internist, Dr. Allan Jackman of San Francisco, worked as editor for his college paper in the same print shop used by the *Daily Racing Form* people. He once told me: "One of the *Form*'s expert handicappers used to sit back in a corner, puffing on a cigar and working out predictions late at night. One night I asked him, 'Can you really predict the outcome of races?' He flicked the ashes off his cigar, eyed me contemptuously and said, 'Do you think I'd be sitting in this goddamn hole all hours of the night, working a salaried job, if I could make a profit off my picks?' "

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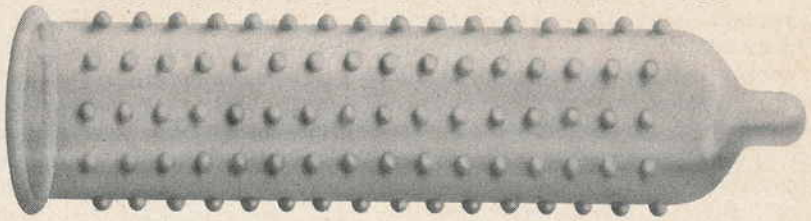

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secret, even lie about it; so I can keep long odds on my selections, and win huge sums of money I don't have to report to the Internal Revenue Service." But many people, in their frantic compulsion to be winners, do not think that way at all; they pay for information from the professional touts, though anybody can prove by simple calculations that all touts, like all the newspapers' "expert" handicappers, are overall losers. Not one of them makes a consistent profit on his picks. Most average two or three winners per card (usually nine races), and the winners are chiefly chalk horses (favorites, or those with low odds, not paying much). Figure bets versus winnings. It's a losing situation.

But neither the racetrack Johnnies nor even the professional handicappers—junkies, remember—are at the track to make a profit. They will swear to a man, or woman, that it is the only reason they are there, but nobody makes a long-run profit betting the horses. You can manage a sensational run for weeks, months or even a season; but if you try to keep on going, you will lose back all your winnings and more. Nobody beats the track.

The junkie is not there to make money, but to get his hype from the races when his pick wins. How can I describe the hype to you, unless you have gone through hours of computational logic, bet against the odds, bet against the experts, bet against thousands of other racetrack fans and students, bet against everyone and everything except your own handicapping and intuition, and gotten the power payoff of your horse breaking out of the pack to win? A thoroughbred horse, racing at full speed, is a study in grace, beauty and power. When such an animal pulls ahead of the pack, coming down the stretch, you get your sharpest view of its muscles rippling, tail flying, legs winging into air and then pounding furiously on the track surface. This vision is transferred from the track to your brain and bloodstream; you are infused with it. Like a prophet, you have predicted this outcome, and it is soaring into reality amid thousands of screaming people. There is an explosion within you greater than orgasm. Power and gratification race through your veins with more intense pleasure than that provided by a shot of heroin. The power-pleasure is at such a height that to fall off a single degree would propel you into a state of excruciating pain.

The junkie will come back to the track thousands of times in quest of that sensation, though he'll lose fortune, job, wife, family. One of my occasional buddies at the track is a former phone-company executive who went through all but $10,000 of his $75,000 in the bank before his wife filed for divorce and commandeered the rest, along with his house and children. Now he is a depressed cabdriver. Do you think he hates the track for what it has done to him? In fact, the only time he is not depressed is the moment when he has won on a race. Every dollar he has above rent, food and other basic expenses is used for the races.

"It's my drug, Burton," he confessed one day, for he is a self-analytical, perceptive fellow, and one of the few addicted horseplayers who will admit what is common to all of us. "I know it. But I love it; it's in my blood. This is my one pleasure in life."

There are thousands like him at racetracks everywhere. And stockbrokers, real-estate agents, big-money seekers of all kinds. And mobsters with racket money to burn. And downtrodden blacks and Chicanos on welfare, seeking a quick change of fortune. And sexually frustrated housewives, lying to their husbands about where the money is going. They will use food money, money meant for the doctor, money given to them for clothes—anything to get another day, one more hype at the track. Don't try to make it with them if you meet them. Most of them are unattractive, and those who are not are at the track for the substitute, not for the meeting of men to provide what is missing. Sure, there are exceptions. But have you ever balled a depressed, distracted or heavily sedated woman?

If you go to the track, admit your purpose and ride with it. Besides, to have any success, you have to spend all day concentrating on the horses, the *Form* and the tote board. Start to think about women or anything else, and you're finished.

•

One day in the midst of my failing systems, after I had already placed my computed bet and was on my way back to the grandstand, I was literally frozen at the entranceway by a mind- and body-shaking flash, which exploded sort of halfway between my brain and my eyeballs: "Number Three, Misty Sham." Like the popping of a massive flashbulb, it was a stunning experience. I looked at the *Racing Form*. The horse's record was horrible, no reason to play it. I looked at the odds on the tote board: 50 to 1. I shrugged, returned to the pari-mutuel windows and laid a $2 bet on the horse. Misty Sham won the race by five lengths, paying $104.

That was not the first psychic experience for me at the track. But I had never called it that. I called it coincidence, luck. I am a logical, rational, agnostic, cynical person. Until Misty Sham, I had refused to recognize the possibility of psychic experience.

Then I reflected: The first time I bet a horse, at age seven, on behest of my losing and disgusted father, I made my selection within a few seconds on the basis of color and name—Tide's In—a symbol, a flash of victory sweeping in like the crest of a wave into the shoreline. The horse won the race by ten lengths, and I, gone wild with power, was hooked forever.

Another day at the track with Dad, I focused on the name Spuyten Duyvil. If you had told me that is the name of a channel at the north end of Manhattan Island, connecting the Hudson and Harlem rivers, I would have spat in your eye. Irrefutably, that was some Gaelic rendition of "Spitting Devil." Me: A brat of a kid, always into mischief, playing tag on bridge beams a hundred feet above cement roads, tossing cats down sewer holes, snatching fruit off neighbors' trees, stealing pickles and maraschino cherries out of barrels behind Betsy Ross Potato Chip stores, stealing yo-yos out of the five-and-dimes, breaking into the playground house and pissing on a fire in the coal-burning stove to see how long I could bear the stench, smashing six windows in one night and being locked up at Tenth Precinct headquarters, playing stink finger with every hotpants, braided little neighborhood bitch I could get my fidgety hands on (for you nonhorseplayers: "stink finger" means . . .).

I tried to induce my father to bet Spuyten Duyvil, but he was accompanied by an ace handicapper who said the horse was a dog and would run last; so my dad's bet went on the ace's pick, and Spuyten Duyvil won the race by six lengths.

After I became old enough to read a *Racing Form* and place my own bets, I sometimes would cast handicapping aside and revert to childlike name-game playing, and win. Assuredly nothing but luck, coincidence. Nor would I change that attitude when, one day at the county fair in Pleasanton, California, I handicapped the number-six entrant in a quarter-horse race, walked up to the pari-mutuel window and told the clerk firmly: "Number three." (Quarter-horse races feature animals bred to run short distances, a quarter of a mile or less, at top speed.) I was back in the grandstand before I realized my mistake.

"Wolfe, you stupid asshole," I said to myself. "You spend twenty-five minutes handicapping a race, you get a perfect horse-jockey combination for this race in number six, and you buy a number-three ticket." I looked at the *Racing Form* for the record of number three, Villa Ridge: the worst in the race. The odds on the tote board: 35 to 1. "No, don't return to the window," I said to myself. "Sit here and eat shit, you dumb asshole."

I began studying the *Form* for the next race and looked up almost with bored

resignation when the track announcer said, "They're off." Villa Ridge broke out of the gate from the number-three slot as though he had been shot out of a cannon. He won going away in one of the faster quarter-horse times of the season, and paid me $83 for every two bucks I was supposed to bet on number six.

Some kind of spirit or demon gracing or infesting me with the predestined winner? Bullshit. You would never get a cynic like me to accept anything like that. Yet I had no other explanation for my going to the window to bet number six and telling the clerk number three instead, which turned out to be the winner out of 12 numbers.

Later, winning horses began appearing to me in nightly dreams, and the dreams turned into reality next day at the track. I heard "voices" demanding I play a horse other than my logical choice, and the "voices" turned out to be right. Then musical suggestions began racing through my mind, turning me on to horses I would not have bet otherwise. For example, the song *Lady Madonna* pounding in my brain caused me to switch my original bet to a horse called Bo Donna, and the tune *Struttin' Maria* suggested I play Struttin' George, instead of the horse I had selected—and the horses I bet strictly on the basis of musical suggestion won.

I scored on the most frightening of these music-induced picks in the fifth race one day at Bay Meadows. My handicapping was completed and I was about to place my bet, when a song flooded my senses: "It's still the same old story, a fight for love and glory, a case of do or die; the world will always welcome lovers, as time goes by." The number-three horse in the race was named Astimegoesby.

"Too obvious," I thought to myself. Other musical suggestions had been more subtle, therefore more believable: The winning horse's name was not the same as the song, only associated with it, and therefore conjured up *by* it. Here, I saw "Astimegoesby" on the program, and that would explain the song's introduction to my senses. Yet this sort of experience had occurred so often with the number *three*, and the song began pounding into my brain and I could not get it out.

I bet Astimegoesby, though my handicapping indicated at least four other horses would run ahead of it. In fact, at the finish of the race, Astimegoesby was running fifth, when there was suddenly a horrifying accident involving the front runners. Two horses and their riders went down. The horses got up immediately, one limping. Their jockeys were both stretched out on the track, could not move and had to be taken to a hospital. The track stewards immediately posted an INQUIRY sign on the tote board and, after viewing films of the race, ruled that the horses that had survived the accident to run first and second had squeezed toward the center of the track, interfering with Astimegoesby, which finished third. Therefore, Astimegoesby was placed first, paying $57 to win.

Feeling sick to my stomach at the sight of the two jockeys lying motionless on the track while ambulance people and other attendants examined them, I trudged unambitiously to the cashier's window and pocketed my winnings unhappily, as the song continued to pound in my brain: "It's still the same old story, a fight for love and glory . . ."

By then, because of the Misty Sham experience that had shook me, mind and body, I was no longer the immovable skeptic. As I reflected on all the winners I had played because of dreams, voices, songs and even inexplicable blunders seemingly induced by a genie, I accepted every one of these experiences as psychic phenomena, and my selections under these circumstances as examples of true precognition, not luck or coincidence.

How strange that I, in previously rejecting all arguments in favor of psychic phenomena, had frequently used the well-known line: "If these so-called seers really had psychic powers, they would be at the racetrack predicting the winners and making money." Now I was doing it.

Then I started *trying* to induce psychic experiences. Instead of studying the *Rac-*

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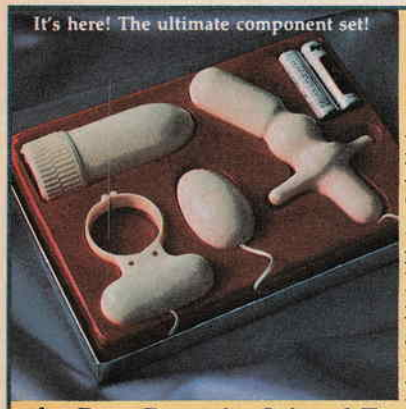

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RACETRACK

ing Form, I meditated. Nothing. Then I *tried* to call up my powers of precognition. Nothing again. I had lost it. Now I am no longer able to conjure up winners by flashes, dreams, musical inspiration or genie-imbued mistakes. I have no more idea of why it stopped than why it started.

When my name hunches, handicapping, systems, intuition and psychic experiences all ran out, I began losing heavily. In midseason I was $7500 ahead of the track. (Do not believe this figure; all horseplayers are liars.) Within less than a month, I lost it all. (Internal Revenue Service agents, take note.) Then I went through my checking account. When that was gone, I plundered my savings account and wiped it out. I had begun to dig into grant money from a foundation to do investigative reporting when I caught hold of myself and quit.

For a while I was outhandicapping every professional and expert handicapper in my part of the country. I'm sure horseplayers would have been much more appreciative if, instead of writing this melancholy story, I had explained how I did it, adding another piece to thousands of articles already in print on methods for handicapping the races successfully. But you see, there is no way to play the races successfully; and the truth about the whole business, when you reduce it to the nitty-gritty, is that it's just a hype. Consequently, the only advice I have to offer anybody is the bit you have heard regarding heroin: "It's so good, don't try it even once."

I would like to end by telling you I have quit permanently and intend to spend the rest of my days happily banging on my typewriter, adding catalogs full of literature to my present stash. That would be easy to say now, because it's the rainy season; it's cold and unappealing outside; and my handicapping is worthless when the track is muddy. So I interview people, bury myself in libraries and sit at home writing. But when spring comes, and the sun shines in my window, and the birds warble, and the grass grows strong and firm like the turf at Golden Gate Fields and Bay Meadows, and I have sold enough of my work to revitalize my bank accounts—I know that as surely as a filly lusts for a colt in her estrous cycle, I will go again. You will find me in the grandstands amid the rabble, one with them in their waste and degradation, yelling and waving clenched fists as I root for my selected horses in their drives toward the finish line.

You can cure an alcoholic by conditioning him to become sick at the sight or smell of booze. You can wean a heroin addict away from his habit by offering him methadone instead. But there is no medical, psychiatric or even practical cure for a racetrack junkie, save closing all the tracks.

And that's the coldest turkey of all. □

TITS

(Continued from page 76)

control pills for two months. It was like my boobs went *zap*, from a 32B to 34C. I woke up one morning and there they were. I was heavy then, but I lost twenty pounds, and all of a sudden, I'm getting all these comments like: 'Those are lethal weapons.' I was even grabbed on the street—some guy just goes trot-trot-trot-*bop*, and then he walks off. Even my friends still just walk up and go [holds cupped hands out] 'Mmmmrrrrowwwrr-hahaha!'

"It's like having a love-hate relationship with your figure. I wouldn't trade them for anything, but the snide comments . . . I used to be afraid to offend anyone, even though *they* were offending the hell out of me. Now I tell 'em, '*Stick your head up your asshole and jump.*' "

Given the kind of nonstop razzing they drew, it's not surprising that all the women of Sarah's size and up told me they were especially prudish during their teens. They all said they were hit on by guys who informed them that the bigger their tits were, the hornier they must be. As Sarah put it: "I was always being told busty girls were tramps; so naturally I was scared stiff of getting a *rep-u-tay-ay-ay-tion*!"

While the big girls went through high school with their tits misunderstood and their legs crossed, slender girls with nothing to protect at first base usually got to home plate a lot sooner. Neither Carol, 29, nor Jill, 30, ever experienced that second spurt of growth. Both felt that lack keenly, but neither has had any difficulty finding male companionship.

First, Carol: "I never felt a perfect bust would make things any better. Every woman has something; very few women have everything. I remember a time, at the health club, standing next to Barbi Benton in the sun-room. I'm looking at her, I'm looking at me, I'm looking at her breasts, her ass, her legs; y'know, when a woman sees a woman with a really perfect body . . . it's depressing.

"We all have to make the best of what we've got. I think women with big boobs like 'em mainly because they attract men, not because they physically feel so good to have. Especially in the summer, I've got a lot more freedom from hassles. Big breasts get in the way of dressing, sports, just about everything."

Jill, a fashion designer, has a very practical outlook on bodies: "I see a lot of tits in my business—I mean a lot. It would bother me if mine were ugly, but basically I have real pretty tits, just small. I was real proud of 'em when I was thirteen; they were getting there. . . . Then my mother bought me a padded bra! Once you wore it, you always had to or you'd shrink back down.

"I spent a lot of time in high school letting people feel me up. I'd read somewhere that women with little tits had more feeling 'cause the nerve endings were closer to the skin. I kept thinking, 'This is feeling so much better for me than for you people with big bosoms, ha-ha-ha—you may look a little spiffier, but I'm having all the fun.' Which is a crock of shit, of course, but at the time . . .

"I'm thirty years old; I don't sag; I still look good when I wear my shirt open to the waist, though I don't do that much anymore. Once, I was with this artist and a redneck friend of his. We were at my kitchen table, real drunk. The redneck stood up, pushed some shit on the floor and yelled, 'You motherfucker! People like you walkin' around with your goddamn tits hangin' out, uppity-cunt-motherfucker!' And my friend, the artist, stood up and made a speech about my honor—how I was a regular human being and how he should leave me alone. Then he [the artist] passed out facedown onto the table. I decided I'd button up my shirt."

•

Tits and ass won't get you jobs
Unless they're yours
—from "Dance 10, Looks 3," in *A Chorus Line*

One of the reasons for the Tony-award-winning musical *A Chorus Line*'s near-universal appeal is that it consists of one long audition, one long struggle for acceptance; it's like most of life. Like many women, Valerie Carter, the character who sings *Dance 10, Looks 3*, finds she can't compete successfully without the physical bait and emotional reassurance of a "fancy pair."

Lois Englund has played Val in the Broadway, international and Chicago companies. For dancers, the awareness of the relationship between the quality of the figure and the quality of life is more intense, but not any different, than it is for folks with merely mortal bodies.

"Val is based on the lives of two professional dancers. I knew one of them from the tour of *Cabaret*. She was flat as a pancake and thought she was homely. I thought she was a lovely dancer and a beautiful woman. She had the operation and went from a wiry balletic look to the glamor-girl look. What's important is that you feel better about yourself, and she does. It's a fact, though, that I and the girl who plays the other buxom dancer get the most interviews. When the press agent called, the stage manager walked into our rehearsal and yelled, 'Hey, Lois, there's some guy from OUI who wants to interview your tits!'

"Actually, buxom dancers do better on the West Coast than on Broadway. For my first job out there, the *Andy Williams Show*, they hired me before they saw me dance. For leading parts, however, it isn't

bigger tits—it's using what you have. The costumers use lots and lots of padding to make the proper lines, anyway.

"I once did a topless adagio act [a flashy *pas de deux* based on modern dances]. It was an incredible experience. I felt everything from sweaty sensuous sexuality to the body being an abstract work of art, used purely to create beautiful lines. Eventually the audience is irrelevant; it's you, your partner, the *dance*; there's an incredible sense of climax, of blending with your partner.

"I sometimes get to that point singing the tits-and-ass number. It takes me the whole show to progress emotionally to the point where I—as Val Carter—want to tell about having my tits done. I start back when I was twelve, waiting for it to happen. . . . By the time I get to the song, I'm deeply involved in the physicality, the sensuality of showing my body. Whenever I sing it, my nipples stand up because they know they're being talked about."

•

When told of Ms. Englund's experience, Dr. G., this survey's medical advisor, nodded enthusiastic agreement: "There's no doubt about it: Sexual phenomena are a function of the parasympathetic nervous system. Traditionally, there are two nervous-system functions: the autonomic, regulating things like heartbeat and breathing, over which you've got limited or no control; and the parasympathetic, which are those functions subject to conscious control. Theoretically, people should be able to control nipple erection and deflation, on either or both sides. You have to stimulate the correct part of the brain, which the song must do for her.

"Nipples are made up of spongy tissue, same as the clitoris or penis . . . rich vascular [lots of arteries] tissue. When a woman becomes aroused—cold, warmth, excitement and discomfort have similar effects, but that's another story—the arteries dilate, pumping extra blood into the area. On the other side of the system, the veins, which drain the blood, clamp shut. The nipples engorge, and the trapped blood just hangs up in there.

"As far as surgery is concerned, you've got to be very careful with either implants or reductive mammaplasty. Many times, in reference to the former, scar tissue forms around the implant and the breasts harden, usually after about one year. With the latter, they often have to remove the nipples, cut tissue and then sew the nipples back on. Nipples need a rich blood supply; they have to be carefully reconnected to the arteries, or they dry up and necrotize. I've been in the emergency room when a woman has come in with a nipple falling off."

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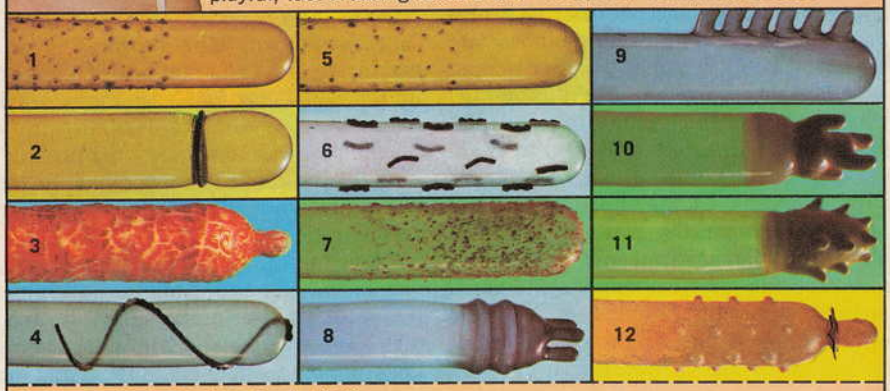

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firmly attached to their island-sized nipples, but they're all resigned to the fact that every day they're going to be the butt of more bad jokes than Kareem Abdul-Jabbar at a midgets' convention.

Libby, 29, is on the editorial staff of a men's magazine. She's one of those rare birds whose I.Q. is higher than her weight, which in her case happens to be distributed across the kinds of peaks that bring out the Sir Edmund Hillary in us all.

"Women still come up to me and say, 'I wish I could have some of yours.' And the men . . . I thought things would be a little more hip at the magazine, but every one of those fucking guys has made some comment about my tits, or asked to feel them, or just copped one, if they were drunk enough. I wonder if they're trying to live up to an image, or if it's the same for big women at insurance offices, the phone company or wherever.

"One of the editors took me to lunch while we were working on our first project together, and I thought, 'How nice, a new friend.' Then he spent two hours trying to talk me into posing nude! I found out he'd made a bet with one of the other guys that he could get me to do it. That's so sleazy, so disgusting.

"I guess men think lustiness is what makes 'em grow, and that I must always be up for sexual encounters, so they can take public liberties with me. Hell, because of the male obsession with my big breasts, it was easy for the first one who had the idea to put his hands in my *pants*—it was such an interesting change.

"Weird things happen. I stopped in my neighborhood bar one night last summer; it was hot, so I was pretty lightly dressed. I met some friends who introduced me to this couple. I was talking to them and they both started sidling up to me. The guy kept talking to my tits, praising them. They left when I did, so we walked together. He kept making comments about how beautiful my breasts were. I tend to be direct in this sort of situation; so, in the middle of the street, I opened my shirt and said, 'OK, there's my tit.' He bent over and kissed it; then the woman kissed it. Then she got this pretty straw hat with a snakeskin band from their car and said, 'You have such nice breasts, you should have this hat.' It's like—when you've got really big tits, everyone around you suddenly becomes aesthetically inclined."

Diane, 38, a sales rep for a line of imported clothes, has the high-energy drive common to successful American business people in their prime, and gives the impression of being too busy to do anything about her breasts, except enjoy them when she finds the time.

"As it happened, I developed late, at fourteen, but by the time I was seventeen I had a thirty-seven-inch chest. Today it's thirty-nine. I don't wear a bra, because they're uncomfortable; they ride up. I do karate and yoga. I don't cover up; I've always enjoyed the way I look. It wasn't till college that I even realized people thought tits were that important. It was still another year or so before I emerged socially, and I found that even the smart girls at Northwestern acted silly, talked baby-caca stuff around men, and I couldn't do that.

"They [big breasts] make you feel real feminine; you know who you are, and other people do, too. I've always had a sense of security about having success with men—not only attracting men, but knowing that I can give them a lot of pleasure. Think of it from my standpoint: There's a lot I can do for my partner, and *I* enjoy 'em too; I enjoy having them there. I was once with a friend I'd known for several years platonically, and we were listening to music. All of a sudden he started playing with my breasts. A lot of people have done that as foreplay, but not as the only thing. It got more and more intense—he wouldn't touch any other part of me. I had this crazy orgasm, flung out my arms and socked him right in the head, really hard. He never said a word, but later that night he came to bed wearing a pot over his head.

"I don't think guys know what really goes on with women in life. If you were hit on eighteen times a day, every place you went, and women stared at your cock and made jokes about it, wouldn't you be devastated? I even get it from women. I was walking down the hall in the Apparel Center one day, and a woman just reached over [makes grabbing motion] *wocko*. She says, 'Isn't that cute—I've always wanted one of those.' Could you handle it if another guy did that to you?"

•

Billie, 30, doesn't consider herself hetero-, homo- or bisexual, but *sexual*. A Ph.D. candidate in contemporary poetry,

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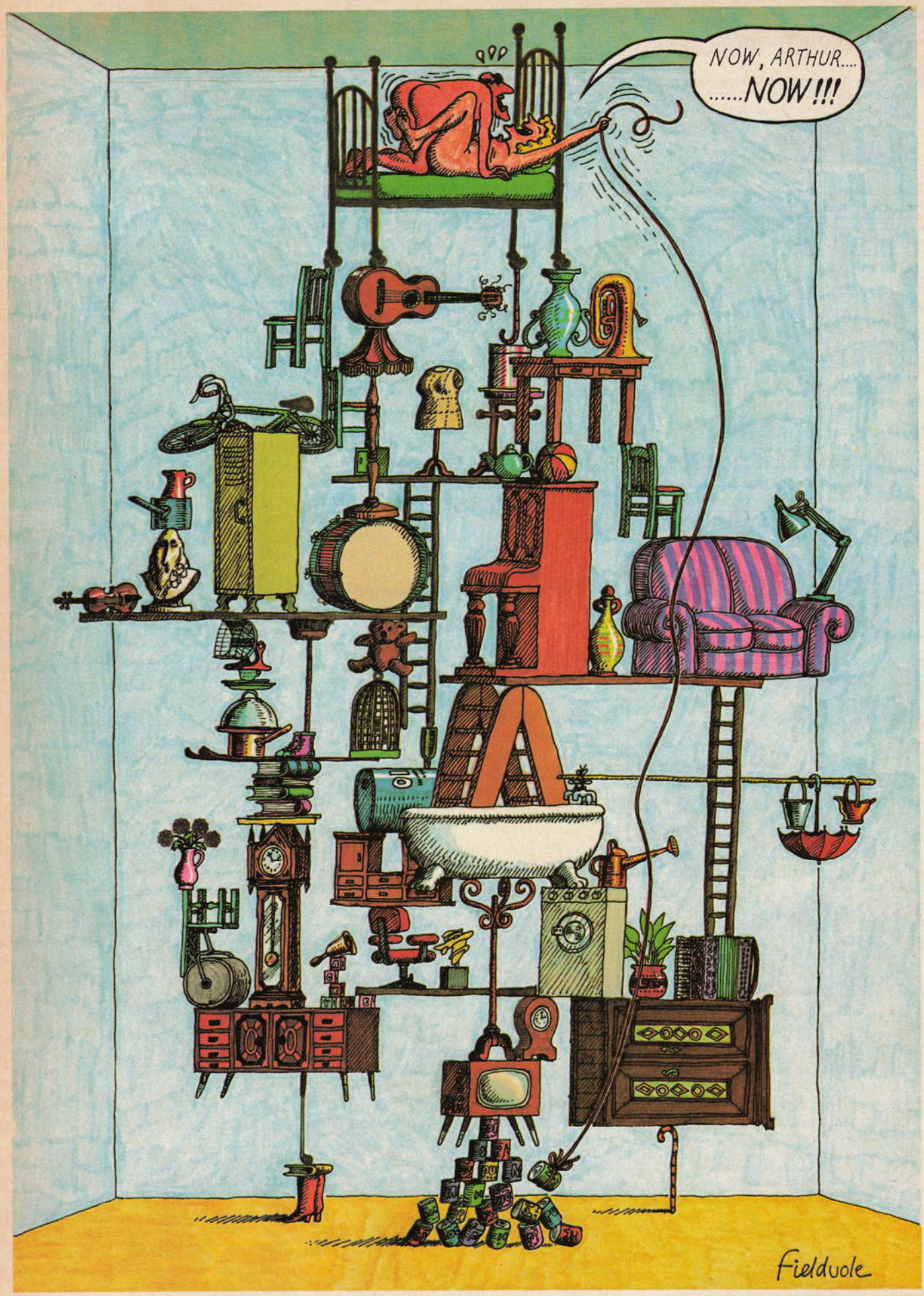
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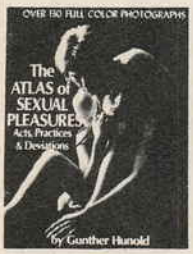

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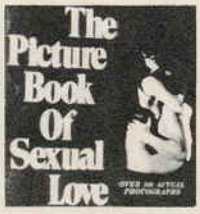

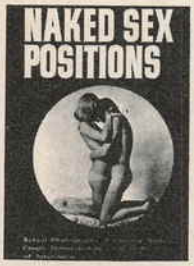

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she's in the throes of midthesis agony and looks for comfort in the softest of all refuges. "I think pillows were invented by folks who had no breasts to sleep on." But let's take it from the beginning.

"My first sexual experiences started with breasts, when I was nine or ten. My friends and I would take off our clothes and compare, and start fondling. It felt wonderful, and we usually ended up masturbating each other.

"Then, in junior high we all got very male-oriented and that was that. I didn't have any real sex until college. I went with a guy for a year, lost my virginity, and he split the next morning. After that I moved in with a bunch of people, men and women, where everybody took every kind of drug and slept with everybody else. Y'know—the Sixties.

"I still sleep with both sexes, though now it's mainly women. I'm not primarily attracted by breasts, but now that I think about it, I've never slept with very flat *or* very buxom women. I've always been turned on by women who're built like me, a 34C, average size. The one thing I can't stand is saggy boobs.

"It's rare to meet a man who knows as much about what's pleasurable as women do. Men are more into push, pull and suck, in a linear sequence starting from the neck down. Women explore the breasts more delicately, and will come back to them again and again, instead of doing X amount of minutes and moving on. Breasts against breasts feel better than hands or tongues, but then cocks feel good, too. How can you compare? It's apples and oranges. I guess what I want is everything.

"I only know one woman who leers and makes comments about your tits when she comes on, but it's mainly a parody. There is a new 'butch' vocabulary developing, though, and it scares the shit out of me. What does being obnoxious prove?"

•

If there's anything more pliable than a woman's mammary glands, it's the guy staring at them. In wielding Tit Power, size isn't nearly as important as attitude: It's all a matter of properly unveiling or elevating them. Effective tits fit Jimmy Cagney's description of great performers: "They just look you straight in the eye and tell you the truth."

Half the women told me they never used breasts to manipulate men; half said they used them as a last resort; all said they were nearly infallible.

"Well, I'm only five-one, but I've got these, uh, Lithuanian boobs. One summer I worked as a bartender. My shift partner was a real pro, a lifetime bartender. After about a week on the job, he was satisfied I knew my stuff, but he had a suggestion: I should wear the skimpiest tops possible. He guaranteed me we'd clear twenty-five dollars a night more in tips. That convinced me he was serious. So did the fact that, on nights when I wore my most dangerous halters, we sometimes cleared up to fifty bucks more!"

Psychology, though, can make up for acreage. One former sorority girl described the art of being tastefully lewd: "You dressed in a paisley headband, oxford shirt and soft sweater, pleated skirt, knee socks and sensible shoes, but you wore your sorority pin right over the nipple. The engraving on it is tiny; you had to get real close to make it out. Drove 'em nuts."

I did get one report of a loaded bra backfiring: "There was this friend who seemed to enjoy the way I look, y'know? We'd be talking and he'd do the nervous flutter, his eyes always flicking back up to mine from someplace down below. I didn't mind, 'cause he turned me on, too. Only he'd never ask me out, and I didn't know what he'd think if I asked him. So I gave him the whole shot—French bra, no bra, accidentally bumping him with the part of me he liked so much.

"Nothing. Eventually I just gave up on it. About two years later he admitted he really wanted to ask me out, but he believed women with big tits were harder to satisfy in bed, and he couldn't face the idea of failing some sort of test he thought I represented. Prejudice is a terrible thing."

•

I'm not sure what any of the following means, but it all seemed interesting.

—Buxom women were all told, frequently, that they were hornier, hotter types.

—The larger women said they felt they intimidated the smaller women a little, or had heard they did. The smaller women all said they'd never felt intimidated.

—The older the women were, the less they minded comments from strangers on the street. But only one said she enjoyed it. She's 32 and sports a 36DD chest. "I'm thrilled—I love it when men honk at me or yell something." She was also the woman who'd led the most repressed adolescence: "When I was sixteen, I broke up with a guy I'd been dating for six months because he touched my breast through my clothes on New Year's Eve. I was *very* turned on; that's why I wouldn't see him again."

—Women who'd had surgery, either implants or reductions, reported an increased sex drive.

Only one woman I requested an interview with turned me down. About 20 other women (noninterviewees), to whom I had mentioned the article, launched into free-association tit monologs with no prompting. There are 200 million tits in the country and, believe me, every one of them has a story. □

PLANTATION CLASS

(Continued from page 96)

number of other growers pulled up their entire crops, knowingly depriving themselves of a year's income and their own personal stashes. "I'll *never* do that again," Jeff says now.

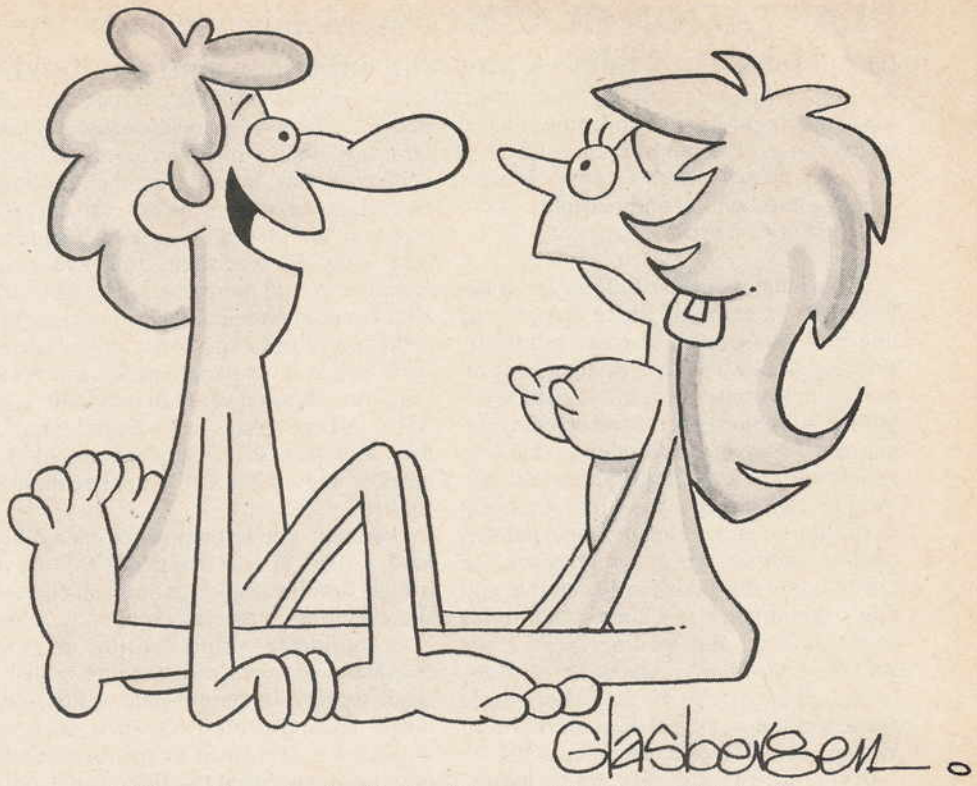
All nine growers were eventually set free without trial, the courts ruling that the sheriff's department had illegally entered private property without proper search warrants. Temporarily chastened by this defeat, the authorities kept quiet in 1974, and Jeff brought home a crop big enough for him to sell his ten excess pounds to a metropolitan dealer at about $400 per pound—hardly a fortune, but enough to feed his family and encourage him to keep on growing. Some of his profits went back into such basic development items as a gas-powered pump to bring water to his patch, saving him the horrendous and time-consuming labor of hand-hauling.

Dramatic changes were in store for the marijuana farmers in Jeff's area. The 1973 bust had galvanized the community of growers, who now publicized their claim that their relatively harmless form of agriculture was pumping new money into an economically depressed area. Local citizens, some of whom had once burned a long-haired newcomer out of his home, now resented the sheriff's high-handed and disruptive tactics, and many of them sided with the growers, who were, after all, "just trying to make a living."

Even more important was the arrival of an incredibly potent variety of seedless grass known as *sinsemilla* (Spanish for "without seed"). It could be grown by anyone who knew how to provide for its relatively simple needs, and it produced female buds that literally dripped with THC-saturated resin. A single plant, properly grown and tended, could deliver up to four ounces of piledriving weed, which meant that every plant was now worth almost $400 and every pound up to $1500.

Growers began to get rich, despite another (equally ineffectual) bust in 1975. One of Jeff's neighbors cleared $100,000 and promptly retired, only to plant again the following spring. New four-wheel-drive vehicles began to replace vintage pickups. Local shopkeepers were smiling at everyone, no matter how long the hair. "We don't call them hippies anymore," one of them said. "They're just people now, like everyone else." City people began to arrive in droves, filling the real-estate offices, madly figuring acreage-to-yield ratios with electronic calculators.

With rising prices and the influx of new people came a new danger: fame. Jeff and the other established growers in the area had feared this since the beginning, and now it looked as if their fears would be justified. One of the calculator-toting newcomers inexplicably gave a detailed interview to a reporter from a big-city newspaper, giving names, locations, prices and technical information on growing *sinsemilla*. The appearance of this article prompted a call from Governor Brown to the local police, which in turn prompted another bust in 1977.



"Okay, then, don't think of it as a blow job. Think of it as a natural way to revitalize weak facial muscles."

This one did not catch the growers unaware. Most of them, Jeff included, had invested a small portion of their marijuana profits in home CB radios; so, when the bust came, the growers were able to pinpoint police locations and communicate the information over their new defense network. Jeff recalls sitting by his CB unit 'round the clock for three days, listening to growers anticipate the sheriff's movements. "OK, they're here," came a message at dawn, followed by a static-laced chorus of *"Where's here?"* and an immediate response giving the locale. Growers in the invaded area performed a lightning harvest, hiding themselves and their crops in dense forests, where the police did not care to venture. Although the police did manage to destroy a few neglected patches, promptly claiming credit for the smoothest operation in history, the growers knew better. For all practical purposes, they had beaten the bust.

However, their troubles were not over. The same notoriety that had brought on the law also brought in a far more dangerous threat: Shotgun-carrying bandits began raiding isolated homesteads, forcing growers to lead them to the fields and then watch helplessly as the thieves harvested their entire crops. Bandits in ski masks burst in on one of Jeff's neighbors, forced the family to lie on the floor with shotguns pointed at their faces, and took not only his weed crop, but everything of value in the house. As soon as the robbers had left, the enraged grower raced to his truck to follow them, eventually catching up and attempting to bump them off the winding country road à la *Starsky and Hutch*. The grower quit when his adversaries fired a shotgun blast through his windshield, but he immediately called the police on his CB radio. The thieves were apprehended within two hours, arrested and charged with armed robbery. Word of this and several other CB-aided vigilante actions spread, and the rash of ripoffs stopped as suddenly as it had begun.

Jeff Robinson himself was not touched by either bust or ripoff. Although forced to sit on his crop for a time, as his buyers temporarily laid low after the bust scare, he did eventually sell most of it, netting over $20,000. Some of the money was put aside to support his family through the next growing season and to hire employees to dig the hundreds of holes necessary to plant on a large scale. The rest Jeff spent on toys and diversions worthy of his plantation-owner's status: He bought motorcycles for himself and his son, flying lessons for his wife and a month's vacation for his entire family in a beach house on the coast of Guatemala. He also built a studio addition to his house, where he is

PLANTATION CLASS Growers must regularly tithe up to 50 percent of their crops to a Hawaiian Mafia — powerful business and landholding interests from Honolulu.

now happily putting the finishing touches on his movie. "I've put two years and a hell of a lot of money into this movie," he says, grinning and lighting another joint. "It's a *very* expensive hobby."

•

In the jungles of Hawaii, John Jarvis has been known to spend three days sitting under a broadleaf fern during a rainstorm, smoking joint after joint as he communicates with his spirit diva. John is a grower's grower, a fanatic whose cross-breeding experiments have produced identifiable subvarieties for specific applications: He has weed for making love, weed for hard work, weed that brings on kaleidoscopic hallucinations. During the growing season, he camps out in the almost impenetrable rain forest for months at a time, tending his crop, smoking, and reading *High Times* and the *Cultivator's Handbook of Marijuana*. Like many of Hawaii's large-scale growers, John is almost legendary. In an average year, he makes more than $50,000.

In contrast to California, where a great deal of growing is done in relatively accessible, open places and where law enforcement often manifests itself as comic opera, the pot situation in Hawaii is intense, almost grim. Local attitudes are not nearly so tolerant, and busts and ripoffs are far more prevalent. Camouflage is of prime importance—not only must the plants be kept well hidden, but the growers themselves must also lead lives of disguise.

Large-scale cultivators (loosely defined as those who grow more than 100 plants) take great pains to live and look like middle-class citizens. Those who came directly to Hawaii from straight jobs on the mainland—a surprising number of whom are full-fledged botanists and horticulturists—took to their new lives with little hassle, but those who started as dirt-floor hippies had to shed their long hair and libertarian values so as to blend unnoticeably into the decidedly bourgeois social scenery. Some have tidy houses in manicured suburban neighborhoods; others use the proceeds from their weed crops to buy $30,000-an-acre land and $80,000 houses in exclusive rural areas. Most of them drive new cars, complain about property taxes and talk about sending their kids to college. Together they form a tight-knit, inbred social circle with almost paranoiacly stable relationships. "What if your old lady splits and starts talking?" says one. Consequently, they disparage those they see as "flaky" types, who pose a threat to their economic survival.

Hawaiian pot farmers work incredibly hard, usually in *huis* (cooperatives) of five to eight families, finding it more efficient to share their monumental work loads. Since it is considered virtual suicide to grow marijuana on one's own land, they plant small patches in state-owned wilderness, jungle and rain forest. Often it takes as long as two weeks just to cut their subtle paths through jungle "so thick you need a machete just to breathe."

The cutting of the trails signals the beginning of planting season. Trekking as much as five hours from their already remote parking places, the growers carry their month-old plants to preselected sites, where they are planted in patches of one to ten plants spaced anywhere from 100 yards to a mile apart. Tree branches are cut and placed so as to hide the crops from aerial surveillance while still allowing enough sunlight to enter—it is quite an art, demanding a constant changing of the camouflage configuration to keep up with the shifting angles of the sun.

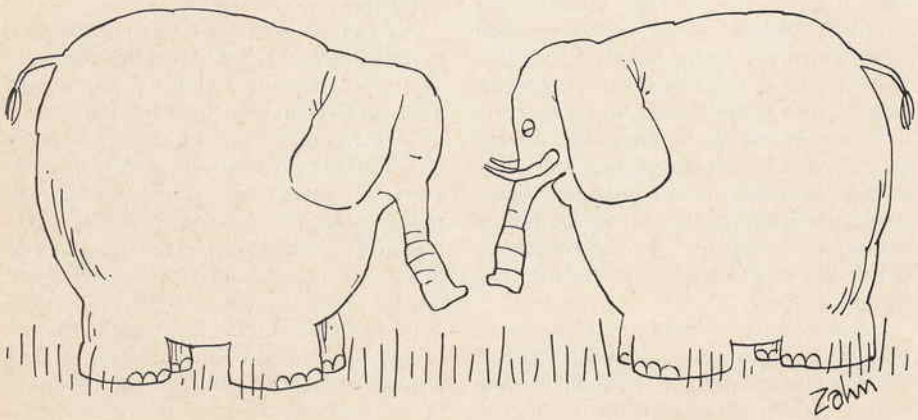
Like John Jarvis, many growers will camp near their patches throughout the growing season, leaving the jungles only to pack in new supplies and fertilizers. They tend the plants with an almost mystical reverence. One grower once told me: "People check the biorhythms of their plants, watch the waxing and waning of the moon, douse the young shoots with crystal to try to predict their sex. . . . Some people even sing to them." They battle all the traditional enemies—slugs, stem-borers, disease—hoping to get two ounces of salable tops from a plant that may weigh as much as four pounds at harvest.

If there is a harvest, that is. For the growers are not the only ones who know their way through the jungles: Homegrown Hawaiians, especially high school students, regularly pick their way through the wilderness to steal the choicest buds, and occasionally their older brothers, who tend to be far less playful and far more ambitious, steal entire crops at gunpoint. One $50,000-a-year grower told this typical Hawaiian horror story: "My business associate and I were going to check the patch, both of us carrying guns in case of trouble. All of a sudden twenty-five guys with guns jump out of the patch at us. I mean, even if we'd had M-16s we wouldn't have stood a chance. I had five guns pointed at my head, and then this two-bit punk said, 'We're going to separate you. We're going to ask you your name and address, your partner's name and address, and your old ladies' names and addresses. If either of you gives a different answer, we'll blow your heads off.'

"After the questioning was over, this punk says, 'OK, we know who you are. This is our patch now. If you give us any trouble, your old lady is dead.' Then they stole seventy plants ripe for the picking. They wiped me out, wiped me out."

Thieves are not the only enemies. Boar hunters love to ride their horses over any plants they find. In areas where weed is grown on large expanses of open land, growers must regularly tithe up to 50 percent of their crops to a sort of Hawaiian Mafia composed of powerful business and landholding interests from Honolulu. And there is also competition from local Hawaiian farmers, who have for years been growing pot for the Honolulu market, and who somehow never seem to worry about ripoffs or busts.

On top of all of this, of course, there is the Man. After years of lackadaisical enforcement policies, state police suddenly mounted an intensive raid on one island in 1976, using National Guard helicopters and paratroopers in a sweeping search-and-destroy effort that netted 12 tons of fresh marijuana. Growers who had before been merely careful now became downright paranoid, pushing their patches even further into the jungle, carrying guns to scare off thieves and training the taproots to grow horizontally so that the plants could actually be grown *in* trees instead of



"How do you feel about nasal sex?"

just under them.

Most growers agree that it is a rare crop that survives intact to be harvested. As one says, "I grow one-third of my plants for God, one-third for the Man and the ripoffs and one-third for myself." Says another: "When you're a farmer, you get used to the idea of loss."

At harvesttime come the greatest fears and the most talk of imminent retirement. The members of the *hui* work feverishly for two weeks to pick and transport several hundred pounds of ripe buds, knowing that this is when they are most vulnerable to thieves and police alike. Once the weed comes down from the jungle, it goes immediately to a processing shed rented expressly for that purpose. (Rental fees often amount to as much as $3000 a week, and the landlords are always *extremely* close friends.) Here the buds are clipped, dried, weighed and bagged, a laborious project for which growers employ five to ten trusted friends, paying them up to ten dollars an hour and all the cocaine they can tolerate.

When the processing is finished, more nervous time ensues as everyone waits for the broker. Brokers are usually close friends or trusted business partners from the mainland—people with extensive contacts, ready cash (up to $2500 a pound) and enough *chutzpah* to get the weed to market. A given *hui* will deal with the same broker year in and year out, always on a strictly cash-and-carry basis. "I've been at parties after the harvest," says one observer, "where someone walks in, hands a grower $70,000 in cash and walks out again. Makes for a pretty good party."

With the cash in hand and the weed gone, growers can relax for three to six months. Those who choose not to take it easy will return to the jungles to plant "90-day wonders," a shorter, faster-growing reefer that camouflages easily while providing a second crop. Others, after washing their money through small legitimate businesses, take off to their second homes on the mainland or to roam the world in general. Many simply stay home to catch their breath, consolidate their gains and talk shop with their fellow growers. Inevitably, some of the talk turns to the future. "This is my last year," says one, expressing what amounts to an annual sentiment. "It's just getting too hard."

•

There is, of course, another possible future, one that warms the hearts of every member of the new plantation class. "If it's ever legalized . . ." they say, going on to flesh out that dream with all sorts of optimistic speculations, pointing to what they see as an ever-softening line toward marijuana on the part of lawmakers and enforcement agencies. Indeed, the evidence of change is impressive: Eleven states have already decriminalized the possession of small amounts of marijuana, and the U. S. Congress is now debating a Federal decriminalization bill (S. 1437/H.R. 6869). Of course, decriminalization is not full legalization, but many growers—not to mention NORML—consider it a first step toward the inevitable. Alaska, for example, has already legalized cultivation of up to one square yard of cannabis, and both California and Oregon are now considering similar moves.

This new legislation represents a considerable change of climate since the early and stormier days of the pot boom. In 1971, Dave Fleming, author of *The Complete Guide to Growing Marijuana*, was arrested for possession and cultivation at the Celebration of Life Festival in McCrea, Louisiana. Fleming had set up a booth at the festival to display three bushy pot plants under a huge GROW YOUR OWN sign. Although the plants attracted a great deal of surprisingly polite attention, the end of the festival saw Fleming cooling his heels in a Louisiana jail.

The growing success of the new plantation class has already inspired a host of ancillary industries to spring up in pot country. In Hawaii, a professional nurseryman augments his regular business by selling marijuana starts to growers, getting as much as $25 apiece for healthy young plants. Atlanta businessman Paul Cornwell, in a gust of what can only be described as premature enthusiasm, is already selling pot futures through his company, International Marijuana Wholesalers and Distributors. In Kentucky, ex-law student Gatewood Galbraith has formed the Future Marijuana Growers Association, whose goal is to persuade legitimate farmers to press for legalization so as "to keep the weed out of the hands of the tobacco companies."

Whether or not there is any reason to fear competition from the tobacco companies, growers are almost unanimously in favor of legalization, despite the speculation that government control and regulation of the industry would bring the present lucrative price structure tumbling rapidly down. Some growers plan on hiring themselves out to the marijuana industry as expert consultants, much as a skilled oenologist works for a large vineyard. Others maintain that superscale weed production will never result in high-quality smoke. "Who's going to buy Gallo," they say, "when they can get Château Lafite-Rothschild?" These growers see themselves as either contracting their crops to small, select gourmet weederies, or continuing to grow and sell high-quality pot of the bootleg variety. As Jeff Robinson puts it, "There'll always be something just a little more dynamite than what you can get at the store. Besides, once it's legal and the government takes control," he adds, anticipating a thorough Americanization of the industry he is helping to found, "they'll pay everybody up here *not* to grow." □

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KOREAGATE But when they brought Hancho to trial, guess what his defense was? I tell you, it's enough to give bribery a bad name. He said the KCIA was trying to frame him.

(Continued from page 86)

Louisiana. Repeat: Selling rice *to* the Koreans—as in coal *to* the Newcastlers.

Wait, there's more. *Chutzpah, encore chutzpah, toujours chutzpah.* For if Tongsun Park was an American success story, then Hancho Kim, the other half of the KCIA black-bag squad, should go down in the annals of foreign agentry as the chopstick Horatio Alger. To be sure, Hancho didn't get Tongsun's big media play.

But that didn't mean Hancho was averse to publicity. On the contrary, according to Kim Sang Keun (Remember him? Your friendly neighborhood defector), one of Hancho's jobs for the KCIA was to cultivate the American news media on behalf of the Park regime.

Thus, early in the summer of 1975, Kim set out for Manhattan to meet with foreign editors of the *Times* and CBS News. His objective: to hit a home run with his KCIA bosses by setting up interviews for President Park on the 25th anniversary of the outbreak of the Korean War. But at the *Times*, he offered to underwrite their correspondent's trip to Seoul. Strike one. At CBS, he said that in order to interview President Park the network would have to submit all questions in advance. Strike two. Back to Washington. There, Hancho sought to salvage matters by trying to go around Ron Nessen to arrange a one-on-one interview between President Ford and one of the Park regime's captive South Korean correspondents. Fat chance. Strike three.

But if Hancho Kim was a big out as a PR specialist, he possessed other entrepreneurial traits dear to the success ethic. For example, unbounded avarice. Tongsun Park, that old smoothie, was content with a broker's commission. Not Hancho. He wanted the whole bundle. Why share the wealth with politicians? Ostensibly subsidized by the KCIA to bribe U. S. congressmen, he had other ideas. But let the news account of his trial tell the story. From the *Washington Star*, March 29, 1978:

> *Kim is on trial charged with conspiring to use $600,000 in* KCIA *money to persuade members of Congress to vote favorably on aid to Korea. . . . The prosecution and defense agree that there is no evidence Kim ever actually bribed any member of Congress.*

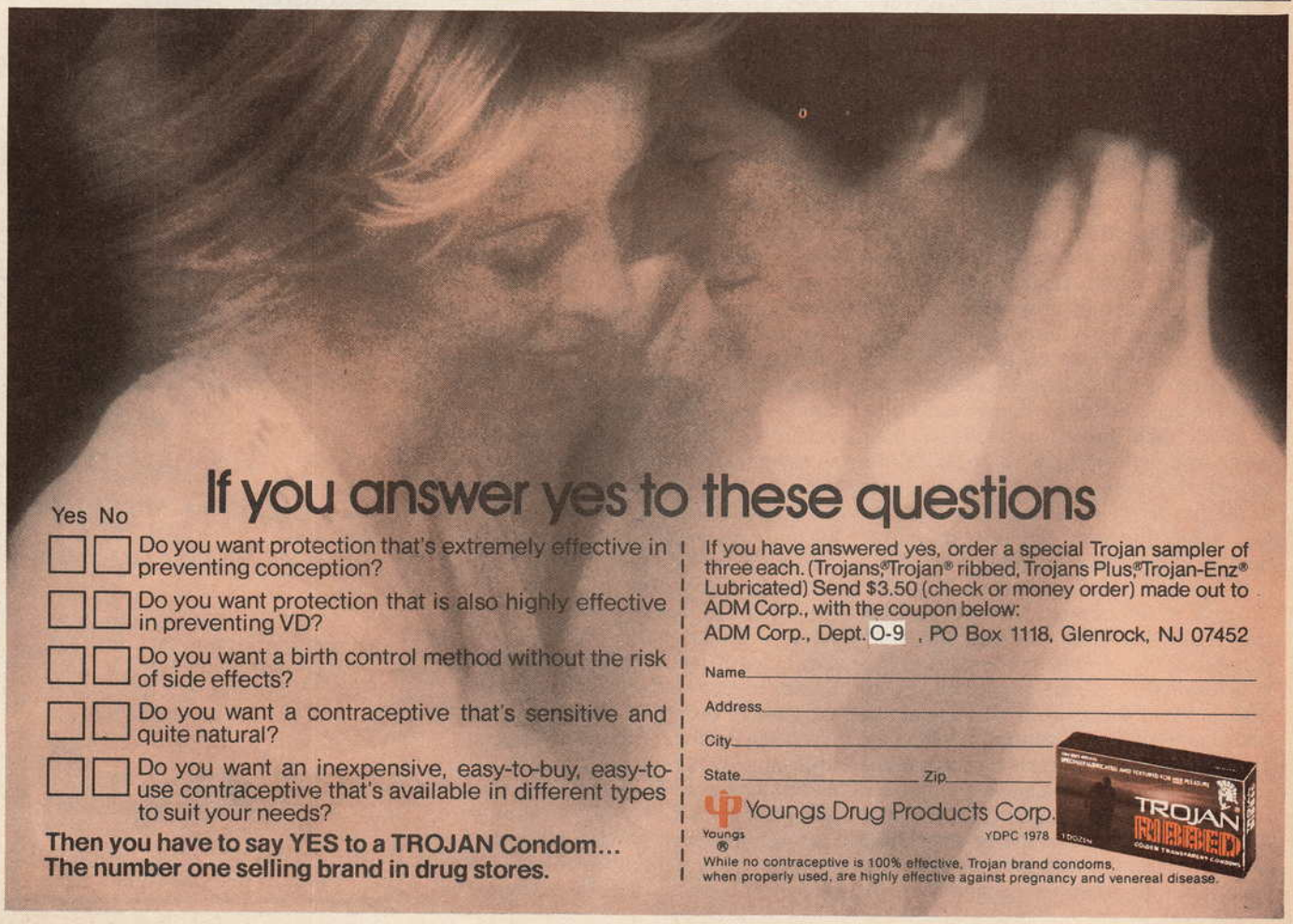
Meaning? That he took the money and ran, straight to two Cadillacs, a chauffeur, four kids in one of the finest private schools in Washington, a house full of servants, diamonds and jade as big as the Ritz. But when they brought Hancho to trial, guess what his defense was? I tell you, it's enough to give bribery a bad name: He said the KCIA was trying to frame him.

•

Call them The KCIA Gang That Couldn't Shoot Straight.

"You know something?" the retired Pentagon expert on Korea was telling his visitor. "My hunch is that Seoul has a better fraud case against Tongsun and Kim than Washington has. But who knows? There's no telling how much is still below the surface."

He might be right at that. There could be more to the saga of Tongsun and Hancho than meets the eye. Maybe it isn't just one big laugh. Maybe with digging, perseverance and journalistic bird-dogging, there could be a major scandal here. Another Watergate, after all. A massive conspiracy to undermine the system. It deserves, really deserves, looking into by a dedicated reporter. And I'd like to be the one. I really would. But I just can't. Somebody else—Woodward, Bernstein—will have to do it. Too bad; but, you see, I have this early deadline. □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(Continued from page 28)
much as they like to make believe they've had all these other experiences. We've had our share of experiences, but now we're just interested in keeping our marriage sexually healthy. I bet your other readers are, too, though they probably wouldn't admit it.

SUSIE AND TONY T.
St. Louis, Missouri

NYMPHOMANIA

I was very interested in your *Sex Tapes* on nymphomania. I suppose I am what you might describe as a nymphomaniac. However, I have no problem reaching orgasm. As a matter of fact, I have one right after the other.

I am 31 years old and well stacked, have long black hair and a 38-24-36 figure. Some people might call me promiscuous, but I have no need to cheat on my husband, as I have his complete approval to get anything I see that pleases me—and I please easily.

I love to dress provocatively and swing through the busy lobby of a resort hotel. I never fail to pick up an attractive stud within a few minutes after reaching the lounge. I waste no time, since I am not looking for romance. All I want is a damn good fucking with plenty of orgasms. I've never regretted my adultery, nor have any of my experiences lessened my desire for my husband. In fact, my giving him a blow-by-blow description of my extramarital copulation turns him on, and he fucks like an 18-year-old and comes like a racehorse.

I'm sure there would be fewer divorces in our society if more married people realized that no two people have the same capacity for fucking. I thank God for my marriage, as I can literally have my cake and eat it too.

BARBARA T.
Waukesha, Wisconsin

FOOD AND SEX

Since I've always been sincerely involved in sex, even to the extent of becoming a pimp, I've had a lot of ladies—over 200, I would say, including a lot of freak chicks who got tired of just fucking and sucking, since that's what they did all week. I recently read the stories about sex and food in your July 1977 issue—a lot of pimps can read, you'd be surprised—and they reminded me of one girl, a blue-eyed blond who stood about five-three, with a 37-23-35 layout.

I called her the Banana Freak, and she was the only lady I've ever known who was truly a food freak when it came to sex. She'd fuck and suck for me all week, so when it came time to service her in her own particular way, I didn't mind. Actually, all I had to do was fuck her; she was the one who had the crush on the 10 to 15 bananas that she always brought to bed with her. She'd crouch down on all fours, and occasionally I would enter the tight beauty of her womanhood; but, as the Banana Freak, she preferred my eight-inch manhood in her alimentary canal, while she peeled the bananas and stuck them in her vagina, one by one. She'd work each one around and up; then she'd pull it out, and I'd pull my dick out of her mouth so she could eat the banana, which would be coated with juice from her own hungry pussy. She never stopped, or wanted to stop, until all the bananas had been completely devoured.

As for my satisfaction—well, I have very good self-control, and the $1500 she was giving me every week helped keep me very satisfied. When you're a pimp, a session with someone like the Banana Freak is just another day in the life.

A.C.
Michigan City, Indiana

MALE MULTIPLE ORGASM

I never hold back on coming just so I can fuck for a longer period of time. I don't have to, because I have no trouble fucking five or six times a night. I just let it happen; I don't think about it. In fact, I usually fuck a chick a couple of times just to relax—to take the edge off my anxieties, so we can really get it on. I used to think maybe I was some kind of freak, but the more experience I get, the more relaxed I am about it—and the more control I have over my body. The problem is finding a chick who also likes that much fucking. I was living with a great one, but I ruined everything by playing around too much and she ran off with a typewriter repairman. The girl I have now likes to fuck my nuts off, all right, but she won't move in with me. She likes her independence. In fact, she likes to play around a bit, just as I do. I don't mind, except that I only get her for a couple of nights a week. You better believe I make the most of them.

GEORGE N.
Bangor, Maine

SEX ACTRESS

I am so sick of the topic of orgasm. It's just another means by which men oppress women. First we weren't supposed to have them, and now we're supposed to have them all the time or else we're frigid. As a result, a lot of women, myself included, have become expert actresses. Men never know the difference; so they go around thinking they're hot lovers when, actually, the girl is usually taking them for a ride—if you'll excuse the pun.

JEANNETTE S.
Lincoln, Illinois

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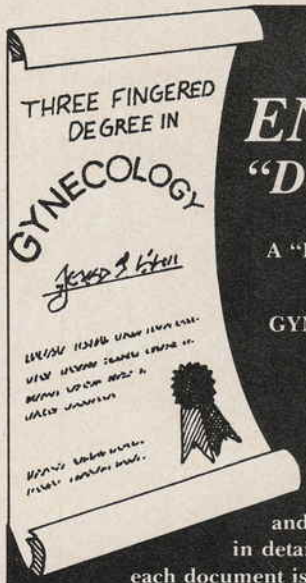

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